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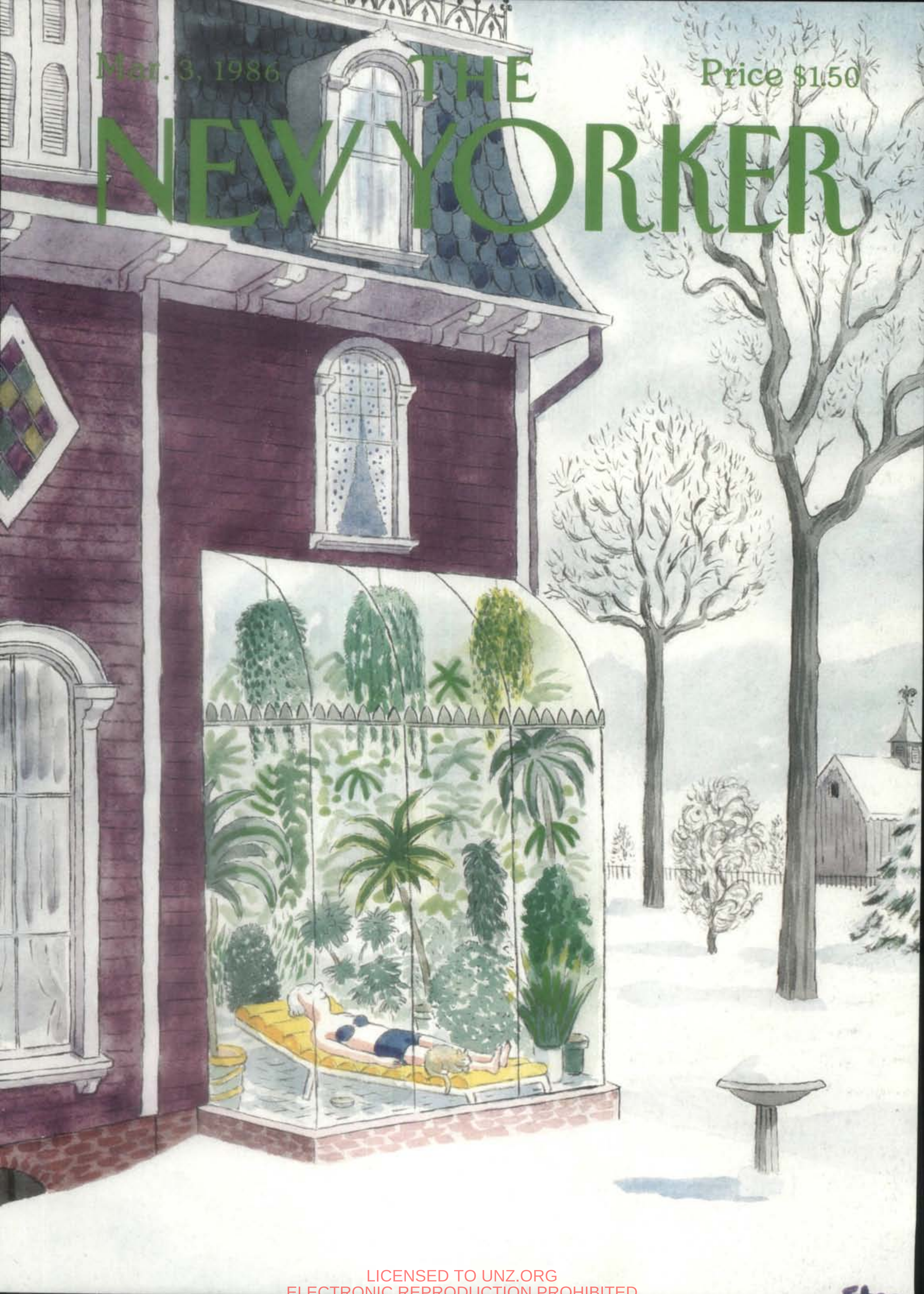

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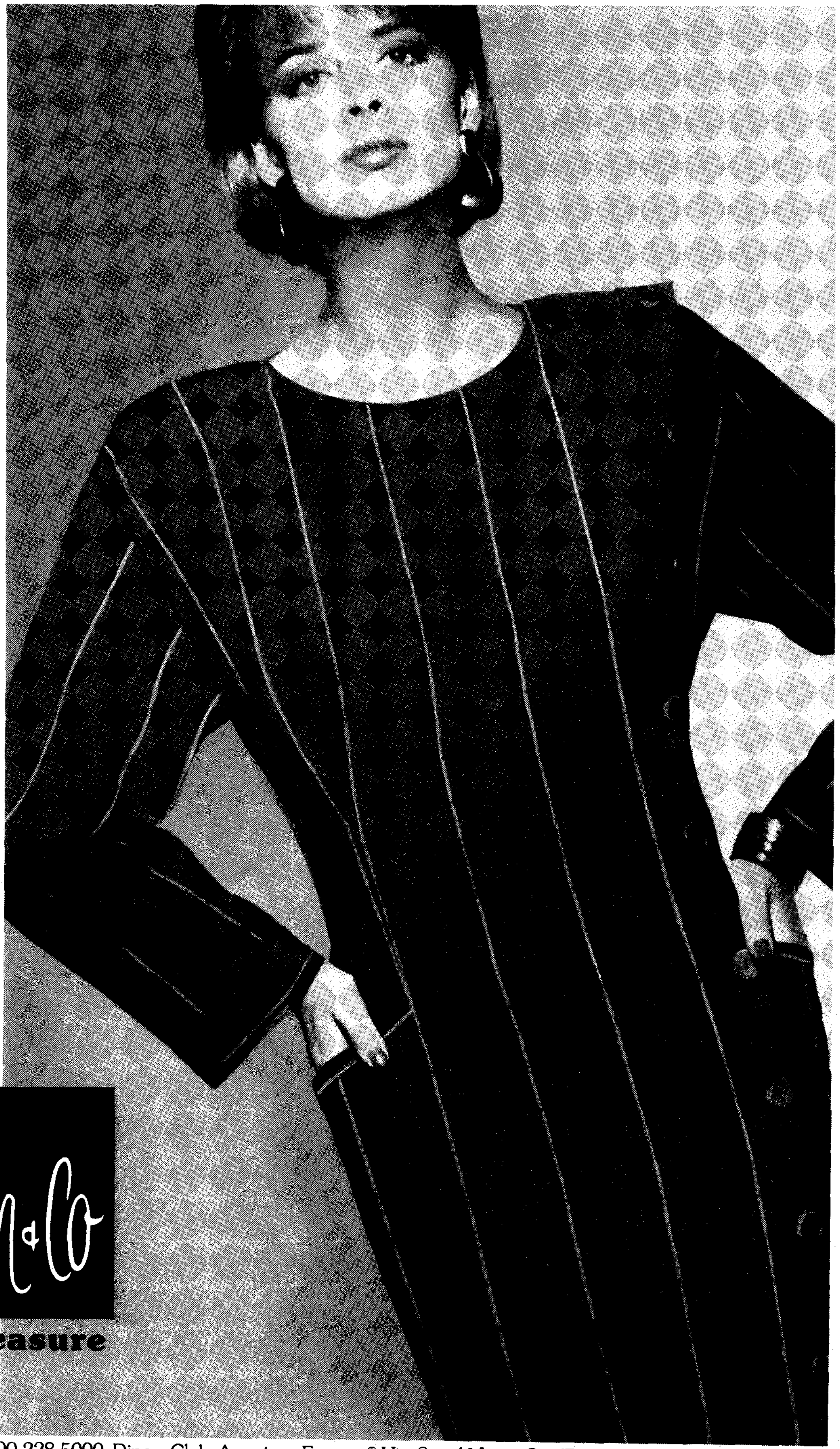

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) Performances resume on Tuesday, March 4, with a new cast, headed by Pamela Reed and Kathy Whitton Baker. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones in a *cleverly constructed and eloquently written* play by Michael Frayn, the burden of which is that attempting to do good in the world is a perilous adventure. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Daniel Jenkins plays Huck, Larry Riley plays Jim, and Clint Allen plays Tom. Heidi Landesman has provided an unusually evocative setting—somehow, she has managed to put the Mississippi River on a stage. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blood Knot—After a quarter of a century, Athol Fugard's play about the anguish of black life in South Africa has become a classic. This production, *starring* Fugard and Zakes Mokae and directed by Fugard, is unlikely ever to be surpassed. (12/23/85) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

Brigadoon—A revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical by the New York City Opera. The director is Gerald Freedman. Previews Friday evening and Saturday matinée, Feb. 28-March 1. Opens officially on Saturday evening, March 1, and will run through Sunday, March 30. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays *through* Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1.)

The Caretaker—A wan, disappointing production, by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company, of the early Pinter work. With Jeff Perry, Gary Sinise, and Alan Wilder; directed by John Malkovich. (2/10/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

Chacona—A play based on the poems of Gabriela Mistral, with music by Edward Flower. Presented by the Music-Theatre Group/Lenox Arts Center. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 27, and will run through Saturday, March 15. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Three plays in rotating repertory: **THE MOUND BUILDERS**, a revival of Lanford Wilson's 1975 drama. . . . ¶ A modern-dress version of Albert Camus's **CALIGULA**, adapted from an English translation by Stuart Gilbert. . . . **QUIET IN THE LAND**, by Anne Chislett. Previews begin for the latter *on Sunday, March 2. (Triplex, 199 Chambers* St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 618-1980.)

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Corpse!—Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea carry on *like happy schoolchildren in this improba*ble murder mystery, and they make us feel happy, too. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 10; Sundays at 7; and Monday and Tuesday, March 3-4, at 8.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of W. Somerset Maugham's play **THE CONSTANT WIFE** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 2. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fresh Horses—A play by Larry Ketron. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A revival of the 1973 musical revue, with the original cast—Ron House, Diz White, and Alan Shearman—who are also the authors, along with John Neville-Andrews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Halala!—A musical written and directed by Welcome Msomi, performed by a company of eight people who also play traditional South African instruments. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Hay Fever—It is hard to imagine a more delight*ful production of* Noël Coward's *youthful* comedy about a flirtatious actress in her middle years and the family with which she has more or less absentmindedly surrounded herself. Rosemary Harris heads a superlative

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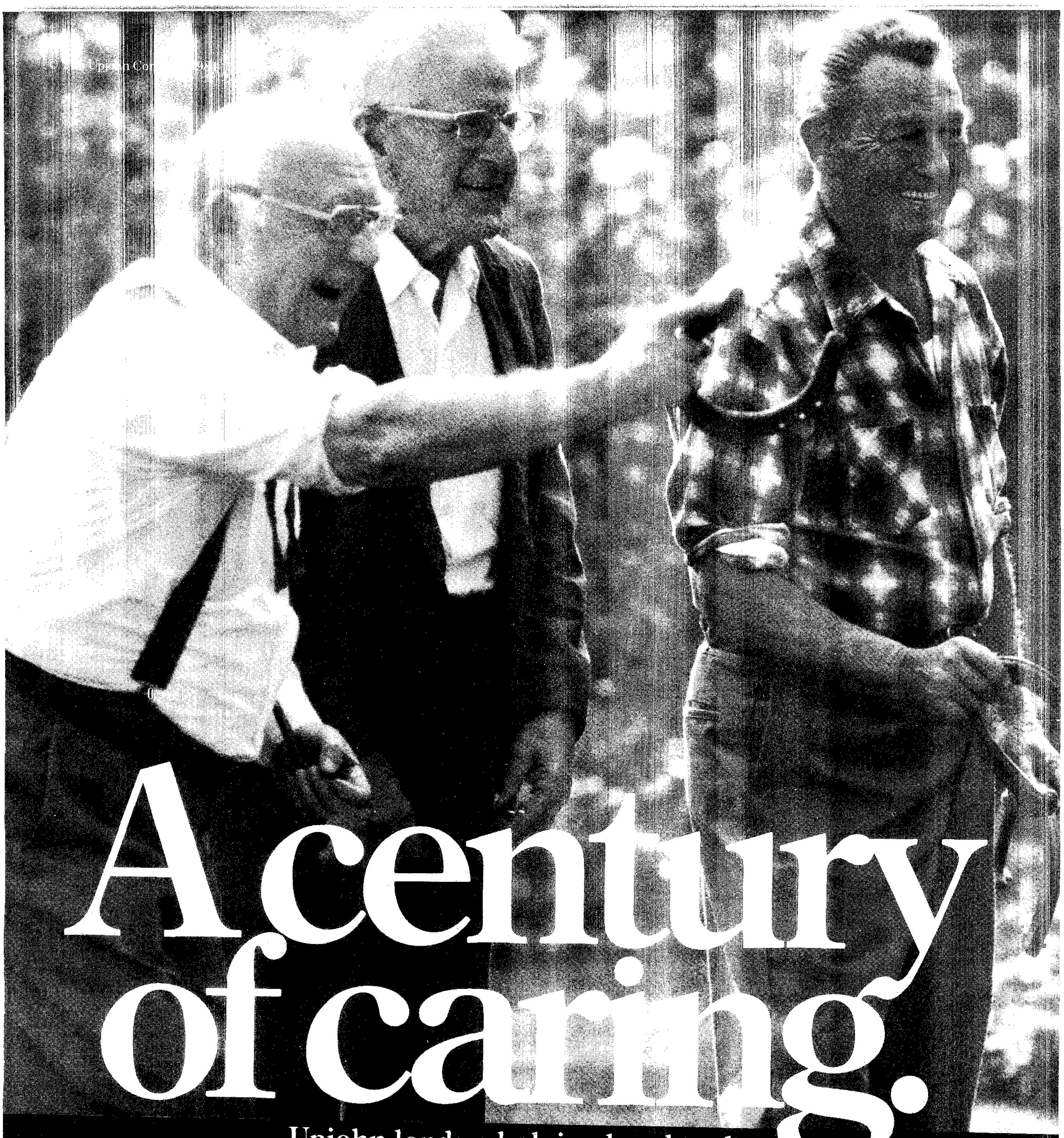

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cast; directed by Brian Murray. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Home Street Home—A play with music, written by Phil Bosakowski. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—An all-female non-musical in which three well-known performers—Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams—do their best to pretend they are not miscast as they spend the evening singing a very large number of Jerry Herman's all too readily memorable songs. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterful comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. The performances, under Mr. Shepard's direction, are extremely good, especially those by Amanda Plummer and Ann Wedgeworth. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and Wednesday, March 5, at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's THE DESERT SONG. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Little Footsteps—A comedy by Ted Tally. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 27. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

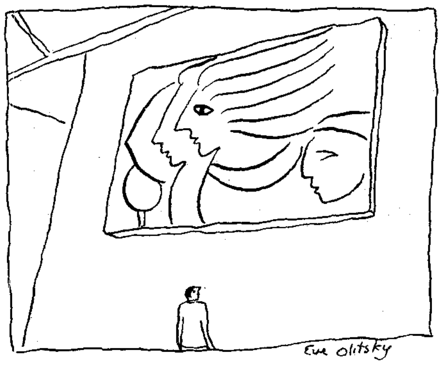
Loot—A far too mild revival of Joe Orton's fierce and highly polished farce about all sorts of criminal activity in England, but with considerable merriment, all the same. With Joseph Maher and Željko Ivanek, among others. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

Medea—Euripides' tragedy, adapted and translated by Claire Bush and Alkis Papoutsis. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Mirror Repertory Company—Geraldine Page does some marvellous clowning in this revival of THE CIRCLE, Somerset Maugham's brittle, shallow comedy about a pair of aging lovers, who return to England in 1921 after thirty years of exile in Italy. Bryan Clark is fine, too, as the chipper husband Miss Page left behind, and so is W. B. Brydon, as the grouchy nobleman she eloped with, but the rest of the acting is negligible, to put it kindly. Gail Cooper-Hecht designed Miss Page's astonishing, vivid costumes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223-6440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Old-fashioned, mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Betty Buckley, and Cleo Laine, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The third production of the season is JONAH AND THE WONDER DOG, a play by Judi Ann Mason. With Kevin Hooks and Douglas Turner Ward. Mr. Ward is the director. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 26-27. Opens officially on Friday, Feb. 28, and will run through Sunday, March 30. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)



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Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. Reopens Friday, Feb. 28. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Room Service—A sadly disappointing revival of the sturdy farce by John Murray and Allen Boretz, but with a very funny performance by Keith Reddin, as a young playwright, still wet behind the ears, who comes to town from Oswego and outsmarts everybody. (2/24/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

A Rosen by Any Other Name—A play by Israel Horovitz, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 26, and will run through Sunday, March 30. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 831-8603. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Rum and Coke—Keith Reddin's ironic mock documentary tells the story of a credulous Yale graduate who is recruited by the C.I.A., a couple of years before the catastrophe of the Bay of Pigs. Although Mr. Reddin's social commentary often sounds secondhand, his inventiveness is original and acute and funny. The production, under the direction of Les Waters, is first-rate. Peter MacNicol is exactly right in the leading role, and he is well supported, notably by Tony Plana, Polly Draper, and Frank Maraden. (2/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes after Sunday, March 2, for a ten-day vacation.)

Singin' in the Rain—What could be more bizarre than an effortful re-creation onstage of what a movie once did with consummate ease and grace? Twyla Tharp has directed and choreographed this sad, enormous oddity. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song and Dance—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Second Man—S. N. Behrman's rather weak comedy about a dilettante writer, done well enough to indicate what it might have been like with Alfred Lunt or Noël Coward, almost sixty years ago. (2/17/86) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

To Whom It May Concern—A musical by Carol Hall, directed by Geraldine Fitzgerald. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. 315-5020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Williams and Walker—A musical about the comedy team of Bert Williams and George Walker, written by Vincent D. Smith. The score is made up of music by Williams, Scott Joplin, and others. Performances resume on Thursday, Feb. 27. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays at 11 A.M., Wednesdays at 2, Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30, Saturdays at 2 and 7:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BILOXI BLUES:** A comedy that verges on auto-hagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Another remembrance of things past by Neil Simon. This time, the hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,752 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New Amsterdam Theatre Company—A concert version of **JUBILEE,** with music and lyrics by Cole Porter and a book by Moss Hart. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, March 2, at 4, and Monday, March 3, at 8.)

A Tribute to Spencer Tracy—Katharine Hepburn, Robert Wagner, Stanley Kramer, Sidney Poitier, Jason Robards, and Frank Sinatra will be taking part in a benefit for the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. (Majestic Theatre, 245 W. 44th St. Monday, March 3, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 614-0400.)

DANCE

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Jennifer Muller & the Works—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 26, and Friday, Feb. 28, at 8, and Saturday, March 1, at 2: Act I of "Beach," "Speeds," and "Solo: For Burt" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, and Saturday, March 1, at 8, and Sunday, March 2, at 3: "Darkness and Light." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Central Ballet of China—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 16—Tuesday, March 4, at 7, and Saturday, March 8, at 2 and 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Variations for Four," "The Demon and the Mermaid," and Act II of "The New Year's Sacrifice." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, March 5-7, at 8: "Three Preludes," "By the Spring," excerpts from "The Maid of the Sea," and either Act II Pas de Deux from "Giselle" or "Don Quixote" Pas de Deux. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

José Limon Dance Company—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: Three New York premières—"El Ultimo Canto," "Solo," and "Poème Danse"—"Break" (company première), and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Also Egmont, Bitte!," "Recueil," "Dances for Isadora," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: "There Is a Time," "Icarus" (company première), "Growing Up in Public," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8: "Also Egmont, Bitte!," "Icarus," "Dances for Isadora," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 2, at 2: "Also Egmont, Bitte!," "Recueil," "Icarus," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 2, at 7:30: "El Ultimo Canto," "Break," "Solo," "Poème Danse," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 4-5, and Friday, March 7, at 8: "Heart to Heart" (New York première), "Rooms" (company première), and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: "Also Egmont, Bitte!," "Recueil," "Dances for Isadora," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8: "El Ultimo Canto," "Break," "Solo," "Poème Danse," and "The Moor's Pavane." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, March 9.)

Serena Dance Theatre—In a program called "Visions of Salome." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Feb. 27, and Saturday and Sunday, March 1-2, at 8.)

Dancemobile Winter Series—Final performances—Saturday, March 1, at 7:30: The Gambia National Cultural Theatre. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 2, at 7:30: The Rod Rodgers Dance Company and Forces of Nature. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein sings and plays piano in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. Harmonica virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** performs at nine until Saturday, March 1.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and **ARTURO SANDOVAL** and their respective Cuban-jazz bands trade sets through Sunday, March 2; Monday, March 3, will belong to drummer **BILLY HART'S** quartet; and on Tuesday, March 4, keyboardist and singer **LES MC CANN** and tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will come in with their quartets. Sets begin after nine. Jubilant hard-bop trumpeter **TED CURSON** presides over after-hours jam sessions every night but Monday until about four in the morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-venue pop, rock, folk, and jazz club with, thank heavens, tables and chairs. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, trumpeter **TOM BROWNE,** flutist **BOBBI HUMPHREY,** and keyboardist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH;** Wednesday, March 5, Montreux; Thursday, March 6, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and and saxophonist **BENNIE WALLACE;** and Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, **SONNY ROLLINS.** Shows Sundays through Tuesdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good musicians. Composer, pianist, singer, conductor **DAVID AMRAM,** bassist **VICTOR VENEGAS,** and guitarist **VIC JURIS** are all on hand through Saturday, March 1, and on Monday, March 3, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS** will come in with bassist **ANTHONY COX.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room where, until Saturday, March 1, **GEORGE SHEARING** can be found singing breathily and playing piano melodically with support from bassist **DON THOMPSON.** Shows at ten and midnight. On Tuesday, March 4, **STEVE ROSS** will arrive to sing and play at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and soloing Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room. Tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** leads his band through Sunday, March 2, and on Tuesday, March 4, pianist **MC COY TYNER** will bring in his trio. Mondays are the property of guitarist and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The partial schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 26, the Oysters, the Dancing Hoods, and Louie Louie & the Lost Hombres; Friday, Feb. 28, **PAULA LOCKHEART;** Wednesday, March 5, the Wygals, Helen's Joyous Vision, and Miracle Legion; Thursday, March 6, Deidre McCalla; Friday, March 7, Casselberry & Dupree; and Saturday, March 8, **MELANIE.** Mon-

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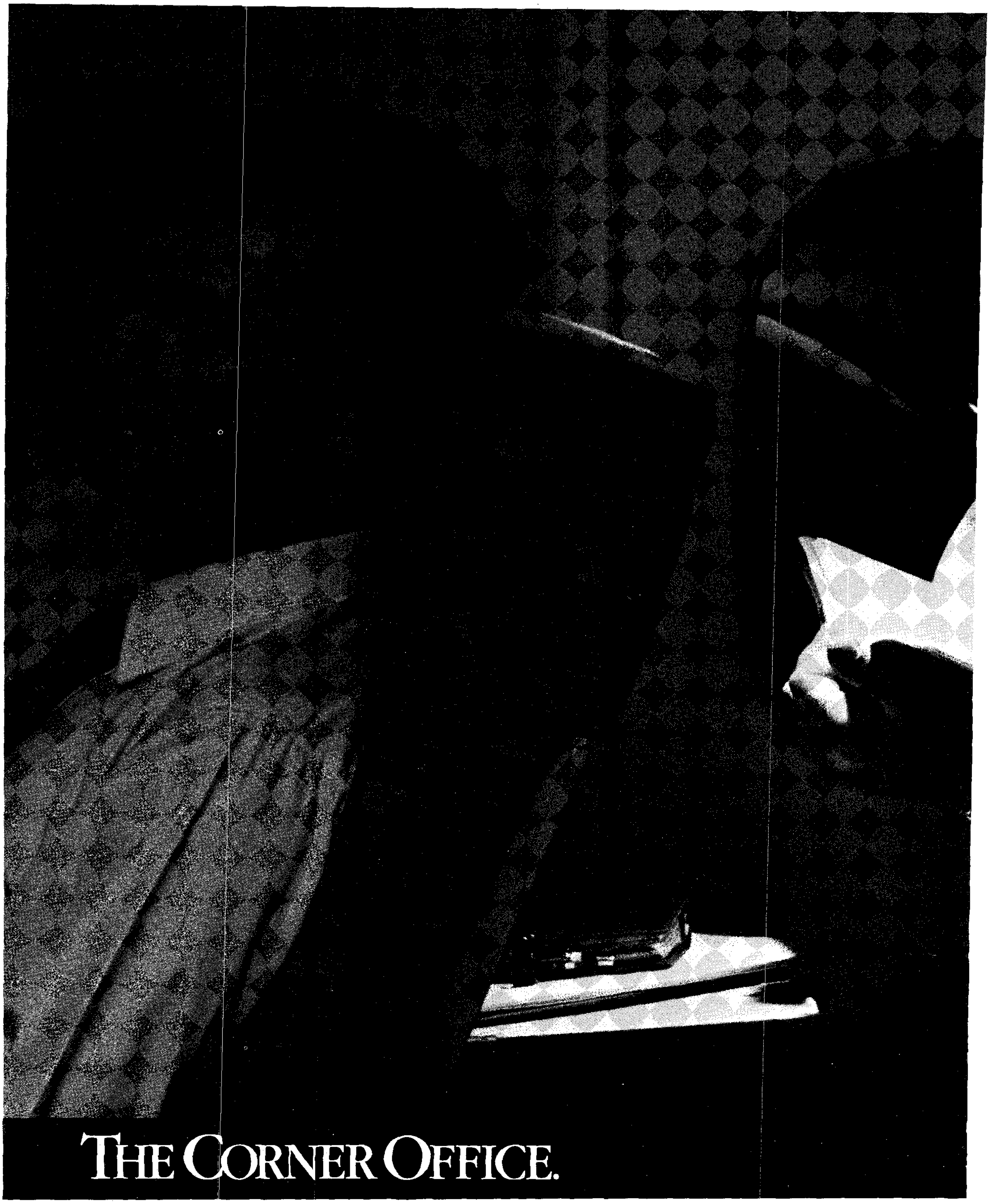
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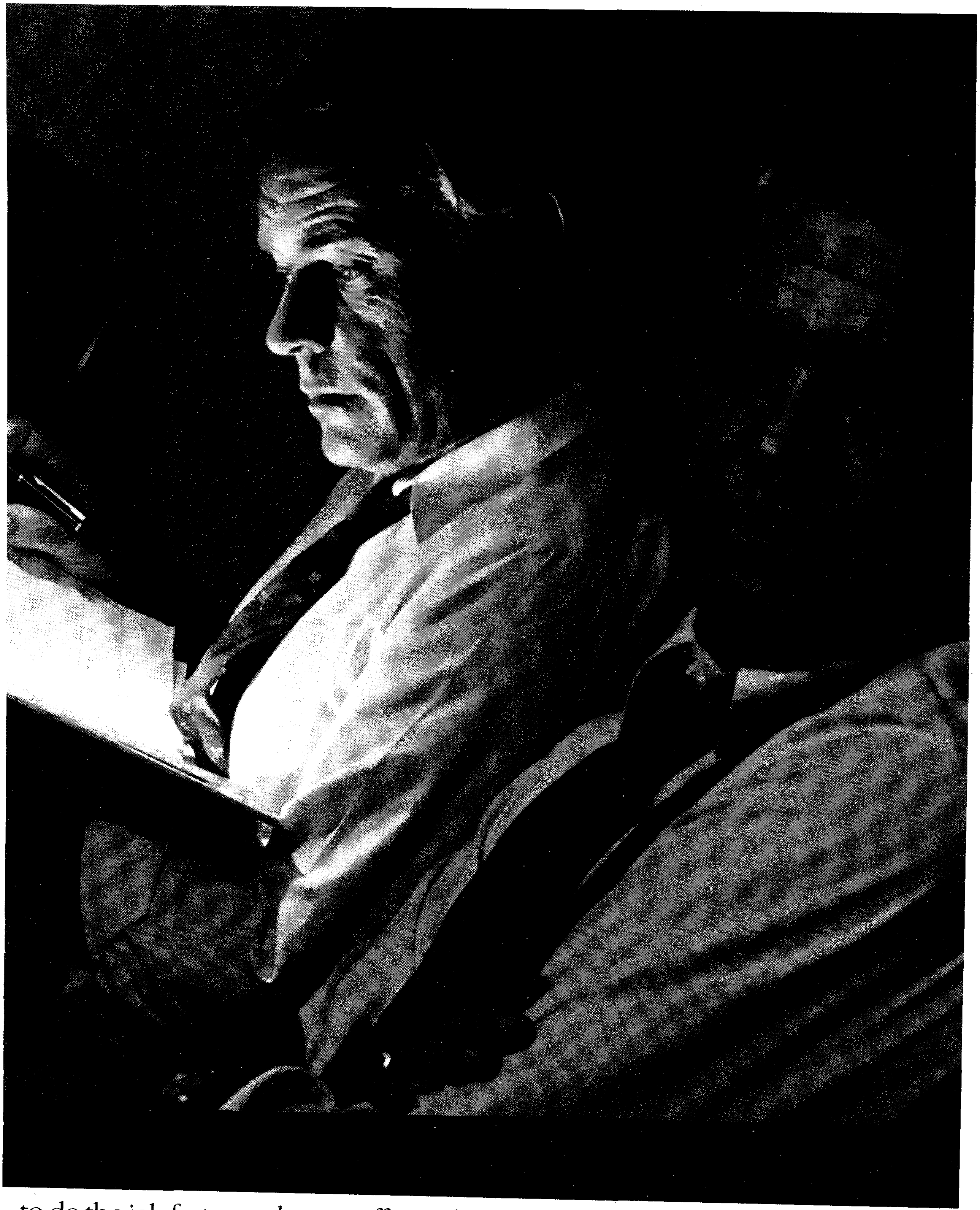

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**CAROL SLOANE** sings while under the influence of Ella, with support from pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN,** through Sunday, March 2. *Shows begin at nine.* Meanwhile, debonair, straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** is still on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **RALPH SUTTON,** who can really move on out at the keyboard, can be heard through Saturday, March 1, and on Tuesday, March 4, **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** another sparkler, will move in. Sundays are claimed by Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Harpist-pianist **CORKY HALE** leads a trio through Saturday, March 1, and starting Tuesday, March 4, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and super bassist **RON CARTER** will renew their longtime collaborations. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday, Feb. 26, nonflashy, sweet-singing zydeco-ette **QUEEN IDA** and Loup Gurou; Thursday, Feb. 27, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH** and Roomful of Blues; Sunday, March 2, Texas Independence Day, with **KINKY FRIEDMAN;** Tuesday, March 4, **JOHN CALE** and **CHRIS SPEDDING;** Wednesday, March 5, **BOBBY BLUE BLAND;** and Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, La Bamba & the Hubcaps. Music after nine. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The schedule: Thursday, Feb. 27, the Daniel Wilensky band; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his macho Latin-jazz quintet; Sunday, March 2, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Monday, March 3, **JUMP STREET;** and Wednesday through Saturday, March 5-8, **MICHEL CAMILO'S** sextet. *Music from about ten. Dining.*

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, Feb. 27, Bad Manners and Mass Extension; Friday, Feb. 28, the Damned; Saturday, March 1, Sandra Bernhard and Darlene Love; Friday, March 7, **WILSON PICKETT;** *and Saturday, March 8, the* Golden Palominos. Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this *club feels like the rush hour in Rio.* Wednesday, Feb. 26, gospel music with **RANCE ALLEN;** Thursday, Feb. 27, salsa, with **HECTOR LAVOE;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, African music, with **MIKATA;** Tuesday, March 4, Mario Toledo; Wednesday, March 5, drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY;** Thursday, March 6, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** and Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. *(242-1785)—Pocket trumpeter, music internationalist,* and jazz spiritualist **DON CHERRY** is here with **CARLOS WARD, MARK HELIAS, ED BLACKWELL,** and **NANA VASCONCELOS** until Sunday, March 2, and starting Tuesday, March 4, the **SUN RA ARKESTRA** will go into orbit. Mondays *are staked out by the experienced but unjaded* players in the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club. Wednesday, Feb. 26, Rosie Rex & the Cuchifritos and the Invaders; Thursday, Feb. 27, the Mad Violets; Friday, Feb. 28, blues saxophonist **BIG JAY MC NEELY;** Saturday, March 1, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** and Wednesday through Saturday, March 5-8, Mitch Ryder. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room, on Monday, March 3, with **LA SONORA PONCEÑA, PAPO LUCCA, ARTURO SANDOVAL** and his band, and guest jazz soloist trumpeter **JON FADDIS.** . . . ¶ On the Terrace, after nine-thirty, **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** perform piano-bass duets through Sunday, March 2, and starting Tuesday, March 4, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** can be heard. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops by on Tuesdays, too.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Altoist **PHIL WOODS** guides his quintet through Sunday, March 2; on Tuesday, March 4, **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** a younger-generation altoist, will come in with his quartet. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from nine-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of jazz. Saxophonist **BILL SAXTON'S** quintet is on the stand through Sunday, March 2, and trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** and *his* quintet will take over beginning Wednesday, March 5. On Tuesdays, Don Leight and his Masters of Swing own the room. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-*sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a* musical passageway between them. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** can be found in it nightly, except Sundays. Sundays are allotted to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Patti LaBelle—A three-week engagement. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-*0550. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8;* Fridays at 7 and 10:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 3 and 7. Through Sunday, March 9.)

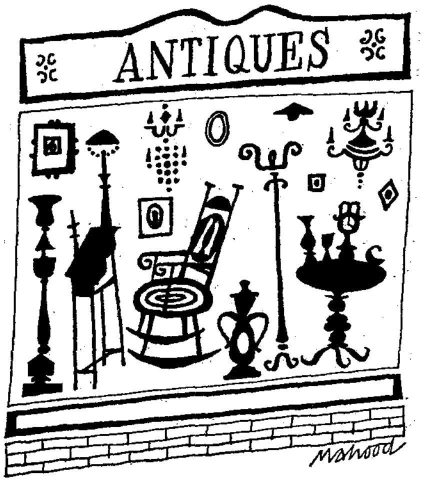
Tito Puente Orchestra and **Celia Cruz**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, March 1, at 8.

Laurie Anderson—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Sunday, March 2, at 8.

Violent Femmes—With Leo Kottke. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

Bill Cosby—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8; Saturday, March 8, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, March 9, at 3 and 8.

Jazz Center of New York—Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: Thom Gambino & the Umano Foundation Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 9 and 10:30: Bobby Sanabria & Ascension, with Claudio Roditi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 9:30 and 11: George Coleman quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: String Trio of New York and the Walter Thompson trio. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8:30 and 10: C'est What! . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 9:30 and 11: Jamil Nasser. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Gina Gilmour—A closeness to drowning seems disturbingly real in these large paintings, usually showing one female figure keeping another afloat in the water. Through Saturday, March 1. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen—Book shapes chiselled out of stone. Through March 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sandra Mackintosh—Freestanding abstract wood sculptures painted dark green and mahogany. Through March 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Graham Nickson—Paintings in which the beach is a stage for figures whose placement resembles choreography. Through March 11. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Stephen Posen—Paintings that make the most of the abstract qualities in recognizable images—a string of fish, for instance, or an old hat, or a rock sticking out of the sea. Through March 29. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—A selection (by the artist) of paintings dating from 1968 on—a group that shows the infinite possibilities inherent in folding a simple rectangle. Through March 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Martin Silverman—Pedestal sculptures, in bronze, of *sumo wrestlers which catch an* unexpected element of grace in these monstrous athletes. Through Saturday, March 8. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Werner Tübke—Paintings that have a richly varnished antique appearance, by an East Ger*man who concentrates on mythical or Biblical* subject matter. First one-man show in New York. Through March 15. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Helen Miranda Wilson—Small, neatly painted views of Manhattan and the American West. Through Saturday, March 1. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St.: An exhibit marking the fiftieth anniversary of the American Artists' Congress which reunites, through paintings, sculptures, and photographs, seventy of the organizing artists, including Berenice Abbott, Philip Evergood, Abraham Walkowitz, and Alexander Calder. Through Saturday, March 1. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: About a hundred drawings owned by members of the Drawing Society: works by Caravaggio, Degas, Homer, Matisse, Willem de Kooning, and others. Through Saturday, March 8. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Among new acquisitions here are a Matisse (still-life), a Modigliani (head of a young woman), a Picasso (his studio), and a small Archipenko bronze of a nude figure. Through March 15. . . . **SIMON-NEUMAN,** 42 E. 76th St.: Ten artists, David Hockney and Sol LeWitt among them, each represented by a single black-and-white work on paper. Through April 12.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—A large show that includes paintings from the "Homage to the Square" series and studies on blotting paper. Through Saturday, March 8. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jerry Atkins—Bronze figures reduced to a few telling gestures. Through Saturday, March 1. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer / William Conlon—Crusty abstractions in oil. Through Saturday, March 1. / Abstractions on paper showing isolated

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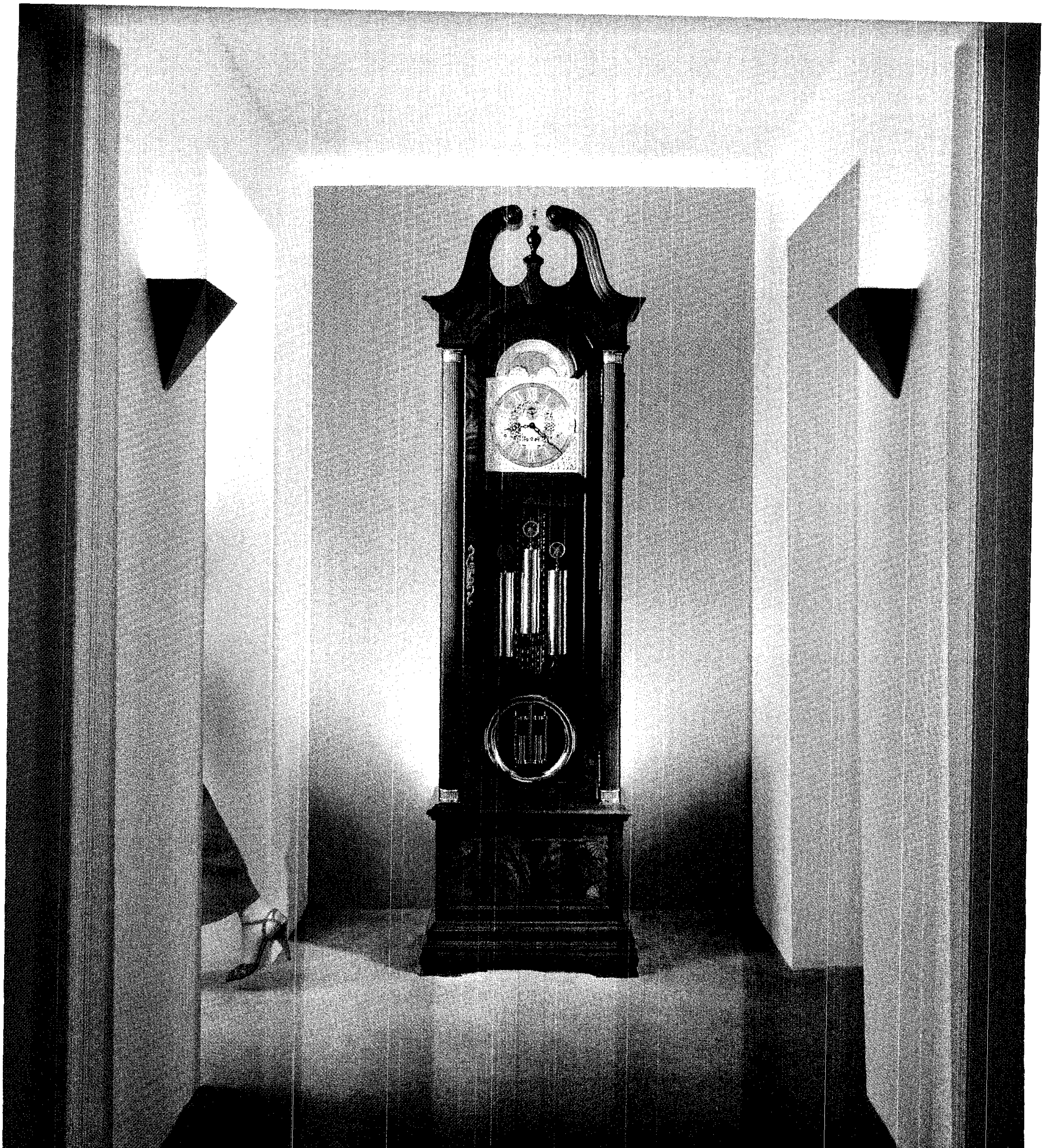

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

geometric shapes. Through Saturday, March 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Brown—Abstractions applied to layered wood panels. Through Saturday, March 1. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Paintings representing his work from 1942 on. Through Saturday, March 8. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Matthew Daub—Paintings and drawings of highly detailed cityscapes, many of them at night—New York, Chicago, and one bleak vista of Peoria at Christmas. Through Saturday, March 1. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Les Frères Duchamp—Approximately forty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by the brothers Marcel, Raymond, and Jacques. Through Saturday, March 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

K. M. Graham—Abstract landscapes. Through March 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mike Green—Brooding watercolors of interior details of mansions in Melbourne, Australia, where high-Victorian style reached its apogee. The artist is Australian. Through Saturday, March 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rebecca Horn—A conceptual installation called "The Gold Rush," which contains a number of electronic devices and a solid-gold bar. Through Saturday, March 1. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945) and **Paula Modersohn Becker** (1876-1907)—Drawings, paintings, and prints. Through March 15. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louise Kruger—Rough-wood figures, plus woodblock prints. Through Saturday, March 8. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kim MacConnel / Nabil Nahas—This artist seems eager to record in paint everything that catches his restless eye; a hula dancer and an alligator are among the figures in one teeming composition. / Abstractions rich in color. Through Saturday, March 1. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (1886-1969) / **Paul Rudolph**—More than forty drawings. A larger Mies show is at the Museum of Modern Art. / Drawings for public buildings under construction in Southeast Asia are the most recent works in a survey of about fifty. Through Saturday, March 1. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Robert Moskowitz—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada (1902-82)—Abstractions. Through March 15. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Stewart Waltzer—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 8. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

Marlene Tseng Yu—Dreams interpreted in watercolors done on damp paper and showing a sea of headless female nudes, zebras, frogs, swans, snakes, and other fauna. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 231 E. 60th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century works on paper by British artists. Through March 22. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Surrealist objects, photographs, and collages by André Breton, Eileen Agar, Man Ray, and others. Through April 4. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Gregory Botts—Large new paintings, in some of which black figures borrowed from Goya are partially blocked out by a square of a single color. Through Saturday, March 8. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Vivian Bower—Pastel studies of cloud formations and sparkling seas. Through Saturday, March 1. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

John Colarusso—Large-scale paintings in which the gentle, almost childish quality of the drawing and the bland colors are at odds with the things that are drawn—missiles, daggers, shattered trees, screaming people. Through March 19. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Jane Dickson / Dick Miller—New paintings by a young artist who interprets the hypnotic aspects of artificial lighting in Times Square and elsewhere. / Abstract sculptures. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

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Sandra Eisenstein—Abstract painted-cardboard constructions. Also, a slide installation in which images of the constructions are projected onto translucent theatrical drops. Through Saturday, March 8. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

J. Nebraska Gifford—Figurative paintings, prints, and a sculpture. Through March 12. (Nichols, 83 Grand St. Opens at noon.)

Laura Grisi—Massive wall pieces and sculptures mounted on pedestals. Through Saturday, March 1. Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Harmony Hammond—Paintings with shapes reminiscent of this artist's wrapped sculptures. Through Tuesday, March 4. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

David Haxton—Sculptures: abstract freestanding painted-wood pieces and a few small bronzes. Also, color photographs of paper constructions. Through March 15. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Dennis Kardon—Oil paintings that consider skin: as seen on a person's back, as tissue, as obscured in an X-ray. Through Saturday, March 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Barbara Kruger—Photographic works by an artist who subverts advertising techniques to her own purposes. Through Saturday, March 1. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Steve Linn—Sculptural tableaux, combining etched glass, metal, and wood; one celebrates Libby Riddles' 1985 victory in the Iditarod dogsled race from Anchorage to Nome. Through Saturday, March 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

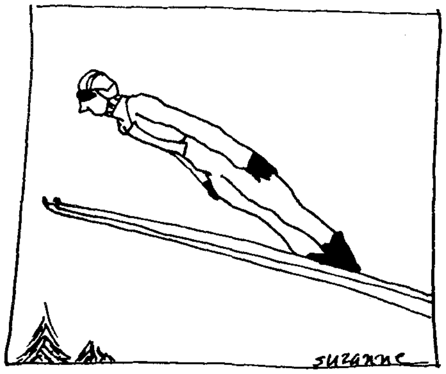
Robert Lowe / Robert Rohm—Figure paintings of remarkable solidity, in the tradition of Picasso's portrait of Gertrude Stein. / Antic sculptures, involving wood pillars, skeletonized vases, stepladders, and such, shown with miniatures of the same works. Through Saturday, March 1. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Margaret Miller—An installation that has freestanding painted-wood structures, rocks, tiles, twigs, and moss, along with slides of nature projected on the walls. Through Saturday, March 8. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Manuel Neri—Sculptures of female nudes who seem to be struggling to get out of the marble blocks the artist found them in. Also, bronzes and drawings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Edith Posel—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 8. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Lucio Pozzi / Taro Suzuki—A selection of eleven abstract works, ranging from 1972 through last year and from straightaway Minimalism to a crowded canvas. / A light installation in which colors flicker on walls. Through Saturday, March 8. (Weber, 142 Greene St.) . . .



¶ Daniel Newburg, 44 White St., is showing paintings and sculptures by Mr. Suzuki. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Edward Ruscha / Nassos Daphnis—New oils. / Photographs of some of his famous tree peonies. Through Saturday, March 1. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Saba—Large abstract paintings sparsely crisscrossed with thin shafts of color. Through March 12. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Salvo (Salvatore Mangione)—Mosques and stylized tropical vegetation are seen in many of these small, colorful paintings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

René Santos—Small, meticulously painted portraits of nineteenth-century French literary figures—Jules Verne is one—based on Nadar photographs, and done on panels painted in a severely modern design. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Jim Sullivan—Paintings of figures in dreamlike settings. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Jackie Winsor—A new series of cube sculptures. Through Saturday, March 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Terry Winters—Large paintings, mostly clusters of egg-shaped objects done in oil on linen. Through Saturday, March 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **LITTLEJOHN-SMITH**, 133 Greene St.: Assorted works by the gallery's women members, among them Roberta Fels and Cindy Kane. Through Saturday, March 1. . . . **SHAFRAZI**, 163 Mercer St.: Thin-wash paintings of people and animals by Samantha McEwen; abstract paintings by James Nares; and painted fragments of rococo plaster sculpture by Zadik Zadikian. Through March 15.

Sculpture—Folk sculpture shown with sculpture that is more sophisticated but mostly in the same down-to-earth vein. Thirteen artists and fifty-five pieces. Through Saturday, March 1. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Macyn Bolt—Bright-colored wall sculptures done in relief (wood, Styrofoam, acrylics) and representing people flying through space. Through March 16. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Paul Bowen—A two-gallery exhibit of works by a Welsh sculptor. Eleven pieces, including several wall reliefs, from the past ten years. Through Sunday, March 2. (Shainman, 500 E. 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ Sculptures made of found objects and held together with tar, wood, and wax. Through Saturday, March 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Thom Cooney Crawford and Max Coyer—Paintings. Through Sunday, March 2. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Richard Heinrich—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through March 29. (Jay Gallery, 13 Jay St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts.)

Mark McCloud—Abstract sculptures up to eight feet tall, made of glazed clay. Through Sunday, March 2. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Donald Traver—Abstract paintings. Through March 9. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Cy Twombly—A retrospective of works on paper. Through April 5. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM**, 17 White St.: Forty contemporary artists' interpretations of liberty and justice in this country. Photographs, paintings, and sculptures. Through March 22. (On Wednesday, March 5, at 8: Performances by Charles Allcraft, and Eric Darton and Salon Bon Ton. Tickets at the door.) . . . **AVENUE B GALLERY**, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: A sculptural work based on some inspired plumbing by Joanne Brockley; a manic narrative painting by Ed Valentine; a figure painting by Kevin Larmee, who used to paint surreptitiously on city walls; and other works. Through Sunday, March 2. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **CERES,** 91 Franklin St.: Dotty Attie, Louise Bourgeois, and Ellen Lanyon head a list of women painters and sculptors depicting "The Heroic Female." Through Saturday, March 1. (Opens at noon.) . . . **FRANKLIN FURNACE,** 112 Franklin St: More than seventy books selected from the archives of the Franklin Furnace, many of which stray from the conventional definition of the object. Through April 19. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **GORNEY,** 204 E. 10th St.: An outsize painting based on Kafka's "America," done on pages taken from the book by Tim Rollins and twenty-one members of an art class he teaches in the South Bronx; and photographic prints from Nan Goldin's slide show "Ballad of Sexual Dependency." Through Sunday, March 2. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **P. S. I,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: Mixed-medium abstractions on slate by Merrill Wagner, computer-plotted paintings on fibre glass by Jantje Visscher, and hammered-aluminum reliefs of rocks and trees by Robert Lobe are prominent in a collection concentrating on contemporary American landscapes. Through March 23. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

LUCIEN CLERGUE / ILSE BING—A retrospective. / Prints from the thirties, forties, and fifties. Through March 23. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

FREDERICK SOMMER / LUCAS SAMARAS—Black-and-white photographs of, for instance, smoke on glass and paint on cellophane. Also, abstract drawings. / Manipulated Polaroid prints. Through March 22. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

FRANCESCA WOODMAN (1958-81)—Photographs, some of which were done as assignments for the artist's classes at the Rhode Island School of Design. Through March 14. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BURDEN,** 20 E. 23rd St.: A two-part exhibit. Photographs of studio tableaux by Nic Nicosia, Dianne Blell, and others. . . . ¶ Prints from the thirties and forties by Lejaren à Hiller, a pioneer of this method. Through March 29. (Opens at 1.) . . . **303 GALLERY,** 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St.: Prints by twenty-two contemporary artists. Through March 15. (Opens at 1.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher, including "Toilet of Venus" (1751), which was done for a château of Mme. de Pompadour and Louis XV, where it probably resided in a bathroom. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. Through May 4. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the sculpture garden. Starts Thursday, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ A show commemorating Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's hundredth anniversary. Drawings, photographs, and models of his buildings are on display in the lower-level galleries. Furniture, including a Barcelona chair, is installed on the fourth floor. Through April 15. A complementary show (ending Saturday, March 1) is at the Max Protetch Gallery, 37 W. 57th St. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "Variants," a selection of black-and-white photographs by Americans and Europeans. Through March 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

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GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show devoted to the paintings, sculptures, and drawings of contemporary abstractionist Jack Youngerman. Starts Friday, Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

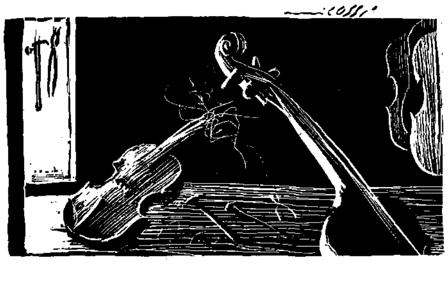
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Festival of India has brought a comprehensive survey of terra-cotta objects, one of whose characteristics is that they bear a striking family resemblance to one another, whether they were produced in 2500 B.C. or in the twentieth century. The more than a hundred and thirty pieces include cult figurines, animals, and toys. Through April 14. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of drawings for furniture, lamps, etc., by members of the Milan-based design group Memphis, along with such finished products as a Michele De Lucchi sofa that rests on metal poles attached to suction cups. Through April 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—"The Portrait Mezzotint in the Age of Reynolds," a display of prints from the eighteenth century, when this now obsolete relief process was at the height of its popularity; the works come primarily from the collection of David Alexander, who also mounted the show. Through March 28. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of approximately eighty Italian drawings from the baroque and Mannerist periods, on loan from the collection of Duke Roberto Ferretti. . . . ¶ A display of eighteenth-century pop culture in the form of English and Dutch single-sheet prints of illustrations and prose which were called "catchpenny prints," because they were sold on the streets for a penny. Both shows through April 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—A show of paintings, textiles, and three-dimensional folk art pointing out that the female figure carried the torch as a symbol for America long before the Statue of Liberty arrived in the harbor. Through May 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)



THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—"Choices: Making an Art of Everyday Life," an exhibit of videos and installations, mostly. One work is a room filled with notebooks, diaries, charts, and graphs kept by Morgan O'Hara, documenting every detail of her life for fifteen years. (Miss O'Hara will give a performance at the museum on Saturday, March 1, from 1 to 5, in which she will reveal her personal research methods to the public.) Also on view is a statement explaining that Tehching Hsieh's latest work is that of not doing any art. Further, Linda Montano will be seated in one of the museum's windows on Sunday, March 2, from noon to 5:30, speaking to passersby about art, a continuation of a seven-year project. . . . ¶ A display of videos by eleven artists, including Jill Kroesen, Michael Marton, and Maxi Cohen. Both shows through March 30. (Open Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century depictions of Niagara Falls, then a mecca for artists as well as tourists. Among the painters galvanized by the spectacle were Church, Hicks, Bierstadt, Cole, and Twachtman. Paintings, drawings, photographs, and memorabilia. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition of illustrated Japanese manuscripts of prose and poetry, culled from the library's collection; it includes notable ukiyo-e woodblock prints and an early Japanese how-to hand-scroll from the Edo period, explaining two flower arrangements. Through March 25. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St., has a show of early newspapers by black publishers (such as Marcus Garvey's *Negro World*) and other documentary material of historical interest. Through April 7. (The center is open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—The Squat Theatre's production of "Dreamland Burns" starts Wednesday, March 5, and will continue through Sunday, March 23. (Wednesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 11:30.)

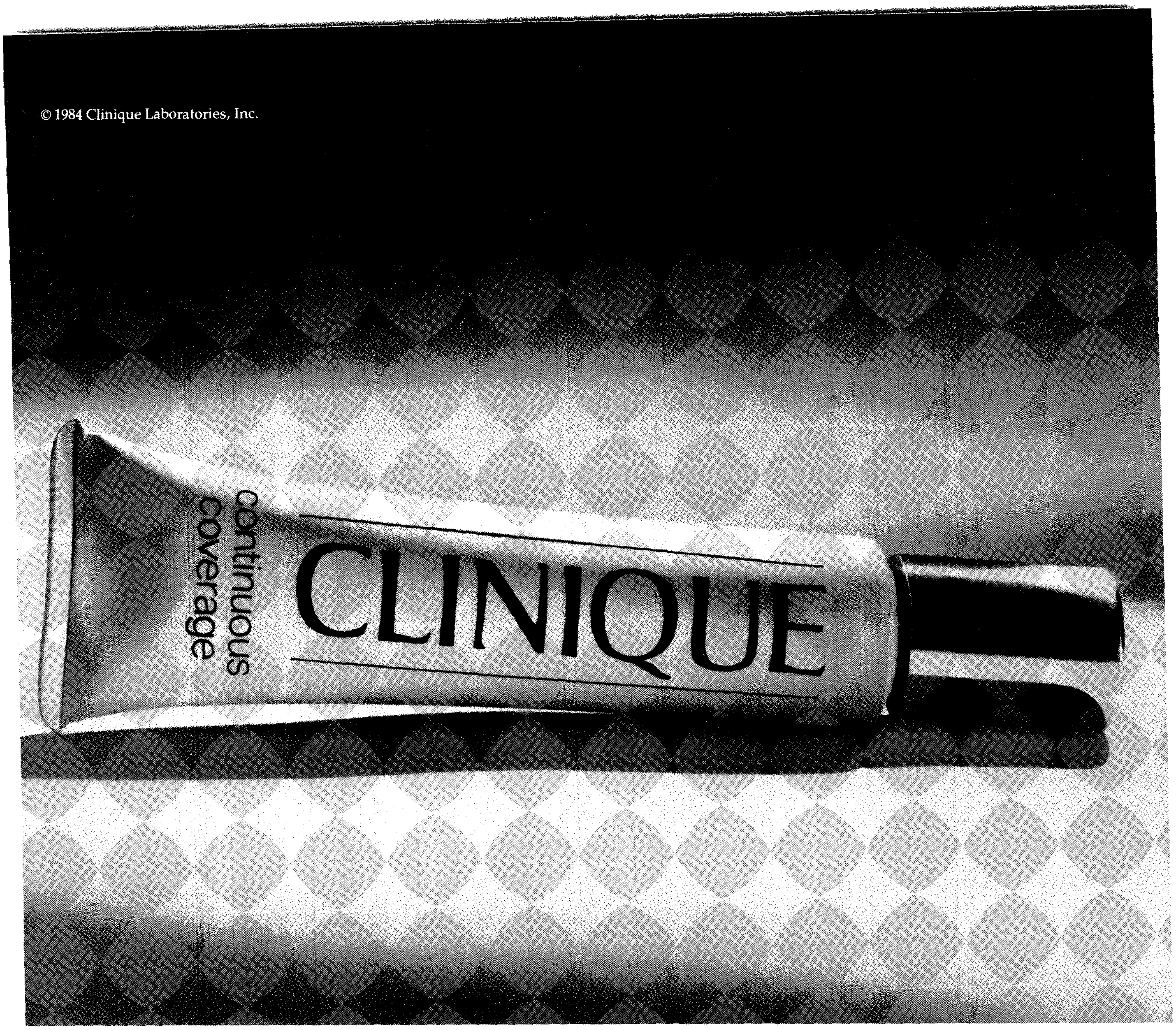
P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Two theatre works by Richard Elovich—"Ivan and the Lamp" and "What the Water Gave Me"—will be presented Friday through Sunday, Feb. 28-March 2, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Kiri Te Kanawa, Sandra Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Dimitri Kavrakos; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Falstaff," with Judith Blegen, Carol Neblett, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Giuseppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 2: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Kiri Te Kanawa, Sandra Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello



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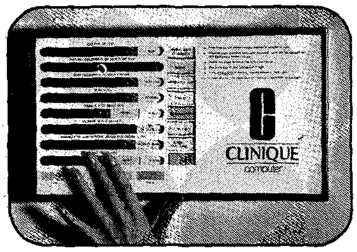

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Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, March 3, at 8: "Falstaff," with Judith Blegen, Carol Neblett, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Giuseppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 4, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Dimitri Kavrakos; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 5, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard J. Clark; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: "Samson," with Ellen Shade, Kiri Te Kanawa, Sandra Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Myung-Whun Chung. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Falstaff," with Judith Blegen, Carol Neblett, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Giuseppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard J. Clark; Nello Santi.

Amato Opera Company—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, March 1, at 7:30; Sunday, March 2, at 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, at 7:30.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Performances (in English) of Alexander Dargomyzhsky's "The Stone Guest." Conducted by Vladimir Kin and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Fridays, Feb. 28 and March 7, at 8; Sundays, March 2 and 9, at 4; and Wednesday, March 5, at 8. For tickets, call 496-0806.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta directing—Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8; Friday, Feb. 28, at 2; Saturday, March 1, at 8; and Tuesday, March 4, at 7:30: Performances of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; David Rendall and Peter Schreier, tenors; Peter Wimberger, bass-baritone; James Morris, bass; the New York Choral Artists; and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8; Friday, March 7, at 2; Saturday, March 8, at 8; and Tuesday, March 11, at 7:30: A Boulez-Mozart program, with Gueher and Sueher Pekinel, duo piano.

Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur directing the last two in a series of all-Brahms programs—Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: Symphony No. 4 and the Violin Concerto, with Kyung-Wha Chung. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: A performance of "A German Requiem," with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Theo Adam, baritone; and the Westminster Choir.

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Philippe Entremont conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

Academy of Ancient Music—Christopher Hogwood conducting, with Antony Pay, clarinet, and Lisa Beznosiuk, flute. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 7:30.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—David Zinman conducting, with Andrei Gavrilov, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of baroque music, with Paul Esswood, countertenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Yakov Kreizberg conducting, with Charles Neidich, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 3.)

Yale Symphony Orchestra—Leif Bjaland conducting, with Dawn Upshaw, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 3, at 8.)

Harvard-Radcliffe Collegium Musicum—Jameson Marvin directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, March 1, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the second in a series of three concerts, this one with Pete Seeger. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

"Theodora"—Dino Anagnost directing the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society and the Little Orchestra Society in a performance of Handel's oratorio. With Evelyn Petros, soprano. (Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, 319 E. 74th St. Saturday, March 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-5496.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir and Baroque Orchestra—JoAnn Rice directing a performance of Monteverdi's "Vespro della Beata Vergine," with Ruth Cunningham and Bernadette Fiorella, sopranos; David Smith, alto; Frank Hoffmeister and Mark Bleeke, tenors; Wilbur Pauley and John Franklin, basses; and the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble. (Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church, 155 E. 22nd St. Sunday, March 2, at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing, with Brenda Harris, soprano; Rebecca Russell, mezzo-soprano; Keith Olsen, tenor; and Jeffrey Kneebone, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 4, at 8.)

Verdi's Requiem—Johannes Somary directing the Amor Artis Orchestra, the Hampshire College Chorus, the Connecticut College Chorus, the Horace Mann Glee Club, and members of the Fairfield County Chorale, with Lynda Elliot, soprano; Alteouise DeVaughn, alto; Michael Sylvester, tenor; and William Fleck, bass. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, March 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 772-9408.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing an all-Monteverdi program, with guest artists, including Raymond Erickson, harpsichord, and Bonnie Richards and Fredric Fehleisen, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the last in a series of concerts. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

RECITALS

Marilyn Horne—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

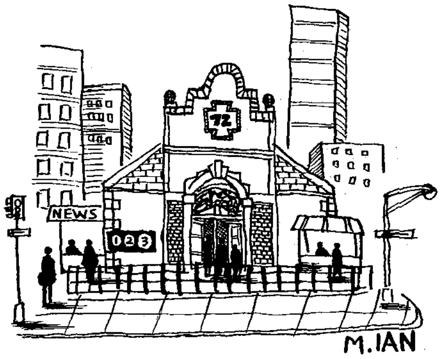
Annie Fischer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Parnassus—Anthony Korf conducting a program of music for wind instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Daniel Barenboim—The second in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—A Mendelssohn-Beethoven-Dvořák program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.) . . . ¶ The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)



Lockenhaus Festival—The third in a series of four concerts by musicians from Gidon Kremer's four-year-old Austrian-based festival. With Lukas Hagen and Annette Bik, violin; Veronika Hagen, viola; Clemens Hagen, cello; and Eduard Brunner, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

Continuum—A twentieth-anniversary concert that includes premières of works written for the group. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—The first in a series of three concerts, this one an all-Mozart program. (St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, March 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

Ken Noda—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 3.)

North/South Consonance—A program of vocal and instrumental music by living composers. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 2, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Music Before 1800—The eighth in a series of concerts, this one performed by Pomerium Musices. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 2, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Peter Schreier—Tenor, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Sunday, March 2, at 8.)

New York Symphonic Ensemble—Mamoru Takahara conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—A program that includes the premières of two Brazilian works. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Monday, March 3, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

William Moersch—Marimba. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, March 3, at 8.)

Deborah Kieffer—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 3, at 8.)

Pia Sebastiani—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 4, at 8.)

Lars Roos—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 4, at 8.)

Bowery Ensemble—With Jan Williams, percussion. Composers Joel Chadabe and Pauline Oliveros will also be present, performing their own works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, March 4, at 8. A pre-concert talk will be given at 7:45. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

Kaaren Erickson—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

Ensemble Intercontemporain—Pierre Boulez conducting—An all-Boulez program. (Columbia University Gymnasium, Broadway at 119th St. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.). . . . ¶ Two varied programs. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 7, and Sunday, March 9, at 8.) For information about tickets, call 799-9595, Mondays through Fridays.

Raphael Trio—The last in a series of Haydn-Brahms programs, this one with Michael Tree, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

Classical Quartet—The second of two Haydn-Mozart programs, performed on original instruments. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, March 5, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Waverly Consort—The third in a series of four programs, this one with music mostly by Monteverdi. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 6, and Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Atlanta Chamber Players—A tenth-anniversary concert. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

Gregory Haimovsky—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 2.)

David Kreider—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 2.)

Rosalind Rees and Susan Jolles—Soprano and harp. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at

54th St. Saturday, March 8, at 5. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Viktoria Mullova—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Dana Ragsdale and Elaine Comparone—A program of music for one and two harpsichords. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

MISCELLANY

"88 Tangos"—Pianist Yvar Mikhashoff presenting a marathon of tango compositions by such composers as John Cage, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Milton Babbitt, accompanied by tango dances choreographed by David Gordon, Phyllis Lamhut, Susan Marshall, and others. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 27-March 1, at 8, and Sunday, March 2, at 3.)

Avery Fisher Artist Program Tenth-Anniversary Concert—All former prize-winners—Emanuel Ax, Richard Goode, Horacio Gutiérrez, Lynn Harrell, Yo-Yo Ma, Elmar Oliveira, and Murray Perahia—will perform in a program of duo works. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 3.)

Benefit Concert—Ransom Wilson, Elaine Comparone, Elmar Oliveira, and others, in a concert honoring the late violinist Evan Paris. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Monday, March 3, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, March 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Tuesday, March 4, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, March 5. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, March 7. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Feb. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, March 2, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, March 4, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Winnipeg Jets, Sunday, March 2, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, March 6, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, March 1; the Toboggan Handicap, Sunday, March 2; and the Swift, Saturday, March 8.

Track Meet—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championship Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 28, at 6.)

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Andrew Harvey reading from his own poetry and fiction and Kenneth Koch reading from his own poetry. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, March 3, at 7:30. For tickets, call 645-5590.) . . . ¶ Peter Shaffer reading from his own plays. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 3, at 8.) . . . ¶ Michael Blumenthal and Terese Svoboda reading from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park. Wednesday, March 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Marilyn Hacker and Jane Cooper reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

Sanford Smith's Armory Antiques Show—A collection of American, English, Continental, and Oriental goods, exhibited by seventy-six dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 6-8, noon to 10; Sunday, March 9, from 11 to 6.)

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, April 8 (day), April 9 (night), and April 10 (d). . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, April 14 and 16-17 (all day games).

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 10-13.)

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships. (Madison Square Garden. March 17-23.)

Music—**metropolitan opera** (362-6000): The season continues through May 3. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, March 12. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, March 16. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, March 21. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, March 23. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, piano, March 23. . . . ¶ English Chamber Orchestra, April 2. . . . ¶ Margaret Price, soprano, April 4. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, April 6. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, April 9. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7800): Juilliard String Quartet, March 9 and April 6. . . . ¶ San Francisco Symphony, March 9-10. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 13. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, March 14. . . . ¶ Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, March 15. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, March 15. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, March 16. . . . ¶ Richard Strauss Opera Festival, March 16. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 17. . . . ¶ Bella Davidovich, piano, and Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin, March 19. . . . ¶ New York Pops, March 21 and April 4. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, March 22. . . . ¶ Yo-Yo Ma, cello, March 23. . . . ¶ Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal, March 24-25. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 30. . . . ¶ National Symphony, April 1. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, April 2. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, April 3. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, April 5. . . . ¶ Atlanta Symphony, April 6. . . . ¶ John Browning, piano, April 9. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's, April 10. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Jupiter Symphony, March 10. . . . ¶ Soviet Emigré Orchestra, March 12. . . . ¶ Indiana University School of Music Orchestra and Chorus, March 15. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 16-18, 28, and 30. . . . ¶ Maurice André, trumpet, March 16. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, March 22. . . . ¶ Jeffrey Kahane, piano, March 23. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 24. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 26-27. . . . ¶ English Baroque Soloists, April 4. . . . ¶ Winchester Cathedral Choir, April 6. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, April 9. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, April 10 and 12. . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Harvey Pittel, saxophone, March 12. . . . ¶ Sergei Edelman, piano, March 13. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 15-16. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, March 18-19. . . . ¶ Alexander Markov, violin, March 25. . . . ¶ James Kreger, cello, March 26. . . . ¶ Gary Karr, double bass, and Harmon Lewis, piano, March 29. . . . ¶ Young Uck Kim, violin, April 5. . . . ¶ Carol Wincenc, flute, April 9. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Paillard Chamber Orchestra, March 10. . . . ¶ Beaux Arts Trio, March 14-15. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 20. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 5. . . . ¶ Trio Sonnerie, April 10. . . . **town hall** (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi, March 18.

Dance—Merce Cunningham Dance Company, at City Center, March 11-23. . . . ¶ Joffrey Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 1-20. . . . ¶ Paul Taylor Dance Company, at the City Center, April 1-27.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Execution of Justice," a play by Emily Mann, focussing on the trial of Dan White, killer of two San Francisco city officials. . . . ¶ Richard Thomas will have the title role in "Citizen Tom Paine," a drama by Howard Fast. . . . ¶ Ed Harris and Judith Ivey in "Precious Sons," a play by George Furth. . . . ¶ "So Long on Lonely Street," a comedy by Sandra Deer. . . . ¶ A musical, "Big Deal," written, directed, and choreographed by Bob Fosse, with songs from the nineteen-thirties. The show is based on the 1958 film "The Big Deal on Madonna Street."

Other Dates—New York Flower Show, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, March 15-23. . . . ¶ St. Patrick's Day is Monday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 25-June 1. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is March 30. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1985 and estimates for 1986 are due Tuesday, April 15.

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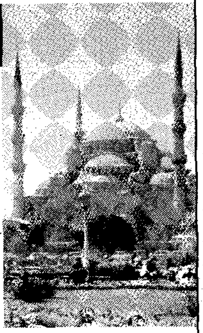

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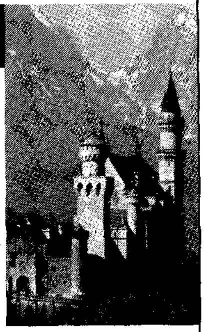

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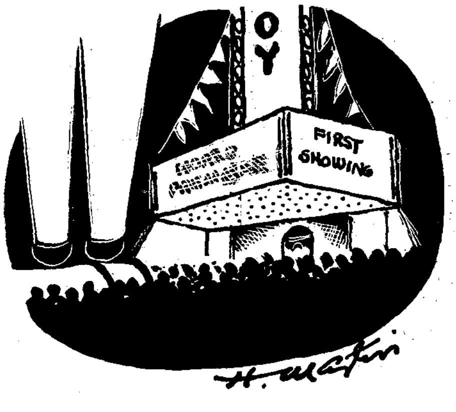
THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 27: "Ornette: Made in America" (directed by Shirley Clarke), a documentary about Ornette Coleman.
From Feb. 28: "Latino" (Haskell Wexler).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Brazil" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin. From Feb. 28: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.
Theatre 3: "F/X" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 27: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.
From Feb. 28: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ran" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon. From Feb. 28: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
Theatre 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Turtle Diary" (John Irvin), with Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 2: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 27: "F/X" (†). From Feb. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. From Feb. 28: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Brazil" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "Lady Jane" (Trevor Nunn), with Helena Bonham Carter and Cary Elwes. From Feb. 28: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Feb. 27: "The Goodbye People" (Herb Gardner), with Martin Balsam, Judd Hirsch, and Pamela Reed.
From Feb. 28: "Smooth Talk" (Joyce Chopra), with Treat Williams and Laura Dern.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Out of Africa" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 27: "F/X" (†).
From Feb. 28: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 27: "Knights of the City" (Dominic Orlando), with Leon Isaac Kennedy. From Feb. 28: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt.
Theatre 2: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through March 4: "The Women of Summer" (directed by Suzanne Bauman), a documentary; and "A Day at the Grave of Karl Marx" (1983; Peter von Bagh; in thirty languages), a short documentary. From March 5: "Antonio Gaudi" (1984; Hiroshi Teshigahara), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Straight Through the Heart" (Doris Dörrie; in German); and "Huey Long" (Ken Burns).
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: Through March 4: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell. From March 5: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 27: "Pee-wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-wee Herman; and "After Hours" (Martin Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne and Rosanna Arquette.
From Feb. 28: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 6: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav). From March 7: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.
Theatre 4: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 27: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon. From Feb. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 6: "White Nights" (†).
From March 7: "16 Days of Glory" (Bud Greenspan), a documentary on the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"French Lesson" (Brian Gilbert), with Jane Snowden.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Always" (Henry Jaglom).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through March 4: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.
From March 5: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through March 6: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.
From March 7: "A Room with a View" (James Ivory), with Maggie Smith and Denholm Elliott.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Brazil" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Kaos" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian).
Theatre 2: "Kaos."
Theatre 3: Through March 6: "The Crazy Family" (Sogo Ishii; in Japanese). From March 7: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I is shown daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah" (†). Part II is shown daily.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through March 6: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell. From March 7: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (Stephen Frears), Roshan Seth and Saeed Jaffrey.
Theatre 2: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 27: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon. From Feb. 28: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.
Theatre 4: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 5: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 6: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 27: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin. From Feb. 28: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "Knights of the City" (Dominic Orlando), with Leon Isaac Kennedy. From Feb. 28: "Hollywood Vice Squad" (Penelope Spheeris), with Ronny Cox.
Theatre 3: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 4: "F/X" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: "Power" (directed by Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.
Theatre 3: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 4: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 5: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 6: "Back to the Future" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408) "White Nights" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly; and "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close, Jeff Bridges, and Peter Coyote. From Feb. 28: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 3: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 27: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze. From Feb. 28: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Feb. 27: "Out of Africa" (†).
From Feb. 28: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Knights of the City" (Dominic Orlando), with Leon Isaac Kennedy.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "Terrorvision." From Feb. 28: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320) "Out of Africa" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"101 Dalmatians" (†). No performances on Tuesday, March 4.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 27: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick. From Feb. 28: "Hollywood Vice Squad" (Penelope Spheeris), with Ronny Cox.
Theatre 2: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon. From Feb. 28: "Eyes of Fire" (Avery Crounse).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 27: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin. From Feb. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "F/X" (†). From Feb. 28: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 27: "Day for Night" (1973; directed by François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
Feb. 28-March 1: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
March 2: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
March 3-4: "The Lion in Winter" (1968; Anthony Harvey), with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn; and "Anne of the Thousand Days" (1970; Charles Jarrott), with Richard Burton and Geneviève Bujold.
March 5-6: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.
March 7-8: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller), with Mel Gibson; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson), with Gibson.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Feb. 26: "Woyzeck" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes; and "Stroszek" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German and English), with Bruno S. and Eva Mattes.
Feb. 27: "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley; and "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
Feb. 28-March 1: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker; and "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
March 2-3: "Gandhi" (1982; Richard Attenborough), with Ben Kingsley.
March 4: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (1985; Wayne Wang); and "Chan Is Missing" (1982; Wayne Wang), with Wood May.
March 5: "The Searchers" (†); and "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru.
March 6: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (†) and "The White Sheik" (†).
March 7-8: "The Right Stuff" (1983; Philip Kaufman), with Sam Shepard, Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, and Scott Glenn.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 1: "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard; and "Mr. Skeffington" (1944; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Claude Rains.
March 2-3: "A Stolen Life" (1946; Curtis Bernhardt), with Bette Davis, Glenn Ford, Dane Clark, and Walter Brennan; and "Dead Ringer" (1964; Paul Henreid), with Bette Davis, Karl Malden, and Peter Lawford.
March 4-5: "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan; and "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli.
March 6-8: "Watch on the Rhine" (†); and "The Corn Is Green" (1945; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis and John Dall.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 26: "The Story of a Three Day Pass" (1968; Melvin Van Peebles; in French and English), with Harry Baird and Nicole Berger; and "Killer of Sheep" (1982).
Feb. 27: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968; Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef, and Eli Wallach; and "Duck, You Sucker" (1972; Sergio Leone), with Rod Steiger and James Coburn.
Feb. 28: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
March 1: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
March 2: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (†); and "Tales from the Vienna Woods" (1981; Maximilian Schell; in German).
March 3: "Mrs. Soffel" (1984; Gillian Armstrong), with Diane Keaton, Mel Gibson, and Matthew Modine; and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie.
March 4: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; "Jeopardy" (1953; John Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Meeker, and Barry Sullivan; and "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (†).
March 5: "Intruder in the Dust" (†); and "The Story of Temple Drake" (1933; Steven Roberts).
March 6: "Show People" (1928; King Vidor; a silent film), with Marion Davies; and "The Extra Girl" (1923; Mack Sennett; a silent film).
March 7: "Suburbia" (1984; Penelope Spheeris); and "The Loveless" (1984; Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery).
March 8: "Doctor Zhivago" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 26: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948; Max Ophuls), with Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.
Feb. 27: "It Conquered the World" (1957; Roger Corman), with Peter Graves, Beverly Garland, and Lee Van Cleef; and "The Cat Girl" (1958; Peter Hennesey), with Lynn Tracey.
Feb. 28-March 1: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.
March 2: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "The Southerner" (†).
March 3: "Bird of Paradise" (†) and "Our Daily Bread" (†).
March 4: "The Brainiac" (1961); and "Wrestling Women vs. the Aztec Mummy" (1964).
March 5: "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd; and "The Milky Way" (1936; Leo McCarey), with Harold Lloyd and Adolphe Menjou.
March 6: "Copacabana" (†) and "Love Happy" (†).
March 7-8: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 26: "How to Steal a Million" (1966; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole, Charles Boyer, and Eli Wallach; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.
Feb. 27: "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Wait Until Dark" (1967; Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna.
Feb. 28-March 1: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.
March 2: "Now, Voyager" (†) and "Dark Victory" (†).
March 3: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov.
March 4: "Nightmare Alley" (†) and "Kiss of Death" (†).
March 5: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "The Heiress" (1949; William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson.
March 6: "The Night of the Following Day" (†); and "Bedtime Story" (1964; Ralph Levy), with Marlon Brando, David Niven, and Shirley Jones.
March 7-8: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred

GOOD FOOD
Anne Burgess

MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Feb. 27 at 2:30: "Forbidden Love" (1983; directed by Jean-Pierre Dougnac; in French, with English subtitles), with Brigitte Fossey and Fernando Rey. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 6: "Staircase C" (1985; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French, with English subtitles), with Robin Renucci and Jean-Pierre Bacri. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2:30: "Elsa, Elsa" (1985; Didier Haudepin; in French, with English subtitles), with François Cluzet and Christine Pascal. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 6: "Forbidden Love." . . . ¶ March 1 at 2: "Le Grand Carnaval" (1983; Alexandre Arcady; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Macha Meril, and Richard Berry. . . . ¶ March 1 at 5: "Gag Men" (1985; Claude Zidi; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Serrault, Gérard Jugnot, Thierry Lhermitte, and Macha Meril. . . . ¶ March 2 at 2: "Mint Tea" (1984; Bahloul Bahloul; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 2 at 5: "Ganga Maya" (1984; Ludovic Segarra), a French documentary. . . . ¶ March 3 at 2:30: "Le Grand Carnaval." . . . ¶ March 3 at 6: "Elsa, Elsa." . . . ¶ March 4 at 2:30: "Robert Pinot, Profession: Cop" (1984; Gérard Jugnot; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Mondy and Jean-Claude Brialy. . . . ¶ March 4 at 6: "Sadness and Beauty" (1985; Joy Fleury; in French, with English subtitles), with Andrzej Zulawski and Charlotte Rampling. . . . ¶ March 6 at 2:30: "Vaudeville" (1985; Jean Marboeuf; in French, with English subtitles), with Marie-Christine Barrault and Guy Marchand. . . . ¶ March 6 at 6: "The Night Wears Garters" (1985; Virginie Thévenet; in French, with English subtitles), with Jezabel Carpi. . . . ¶ March 6 at 8: "Blessure" (1985; Michel Gérard; in French, with English subtitles), with Florent Pagny. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2:30 and 6: "When Father Was Away on Business" (1985; Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav; with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 8 at 2: "Staircase C." . . . ¶ March 8 at 5: "Robert Pinot, Profession: Cop."

Theatre 2: Feb. 27 at 3 and 6:30: "Strong Medicine" (1979; Richard Foreman), with Kate Manheim. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 3: "Broken Rainbow" (1985; Maria Florio and Victoria Mudd), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 6:30: "Las Madres—The Mothers of Plaza De Mayo" (1985; Susana Muñoz and Lourdes Portillo), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2:30: "Soldiers in Hiding" (1985; Japhet Asher) and "Unfinished Business" (1985; Steven Okazaki), both documentaries. . . . ¶ March 1 at 5:30: "Broken Rainbow." . . . ¶ March 2 at 2:30: "Las Madres—The Mothers of Plaza De Mayo." . . . ¶ March 2 at 5:30: "Soldiers in Hiding" and "Unfinished Business." . . . ¶ March 4 at 3: "The Statue of Liberty" (1985; Ken Burns), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 4 at 6:30: The five films nominated for the 1985 Oscar for short subject documentary. . . . ¶ March 6 at 3 and 6:30: "You Got to Move" (1985; Lucy Massie Phenix and Veronica Selver), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 7 at 3: "The Night Wears Garters" (1985; Virginie Thévenet; in French, with English subtitles), with Jezabel Carpi. . . . ¶ March 7 at 6:30: "The Fourth Estate" (1985; Serge Leroy; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Nicole Garcia, and Jean-Claude Brialy. . . . ¶ March 8 at 2:30: The five films nominated for the 1985 Oscar for animated and live-action short film. . . . ¶ March 8 at 5:30: "The Statue of Liberty."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"The Museum Reaction Piece" (1978-86), an installation by Howard Fried. Continuous showings. Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the lunatic edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/29/85.) (Criterion Theatres.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1958)— Mario Monicelli's gentle, casually underplayed comedy is about a group of petty thieves eager to move up in status—to rob a safe in a loan office. The thieves are ambitious, good-natured, and hopeful, but they are easily distracted; when they should be concentrating on plans, they become hungry or fall in love or quarrel or fuss over a sleepless baby. This is a shaggy "Rififi." With Marcello Mastroianni, Vittorio Gassman, Claudia Cardinale, and the superb clown Totò. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; March 6.)

Bird of Paradise (1932)—The director, King Vidor, and his associates performed near miracles on this outdated story about a Polynesian princess (Dolores Del Rio) whose love for a white man (Joel McCrea) results in her being punished by the Polynesian priests (she's thrown into a volcano). The talk is fearfully silly, but Clyde De Vinna's rich, tactile cinematography, the foliage of the locations, and Max Steiner's overblown score contribute to some high romantic effects. (Thalia SoHo; March 3.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (2/10/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Copacabana (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Thalia SoHo; March 6.)

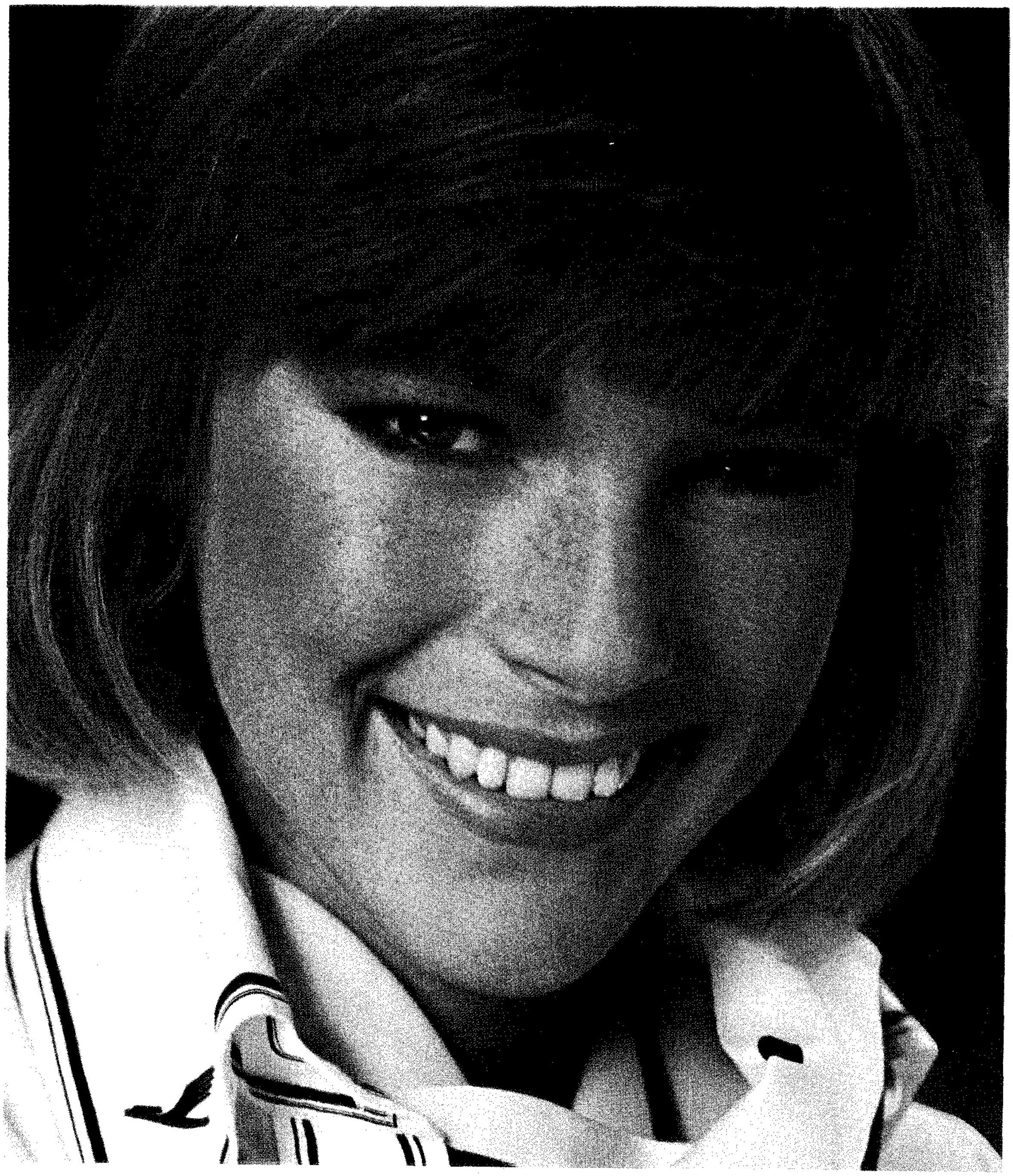
Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrentian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains, and Geraldine Fitzgerald is her best friend. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 2.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The pure-souled poet-doctor Zhivago (Omar Sharif, with wet, dark eyes) is at the center of the poetic enigma, and the director, David Lean, surrounds him with enormous historical reconstructions of the Russian Revolution. Neither the contemplative Zhivago nor the flux of events is intelligible, and, what is worse, they seem unrelated to each other. After the first half hour you don't expect the picture to breathe and live; you just sit there. It isn't shoddy (except for the balalaika music, which is so repetitive you could kill the composer); it's stately, respectable, and dead. With Julie Christie, Rod Steiger, Geraldine Chaplin, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Siobhan McKenna. From the novel by Boris Pasternak. (193 minutes.) (Thalia; March 8.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown), based in New York, who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, built like a barn and sporting a big, messy mustache, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. This picture loses something when it takes a turn toward acceptance of corruption, but the script, by Robert T. Megginson and Gregory Fleeman, gives Dennehy some sharp tough-guy lines, and he sends them home like a master comedian. He's so enthusiastically overscaled that he fills the screen. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched; Mandel's work is clean and brisk. The cinematographer, Miroslav Ondříček, gives the city a rich, dark glint. With Diane Venora as the

Efficiency expert.



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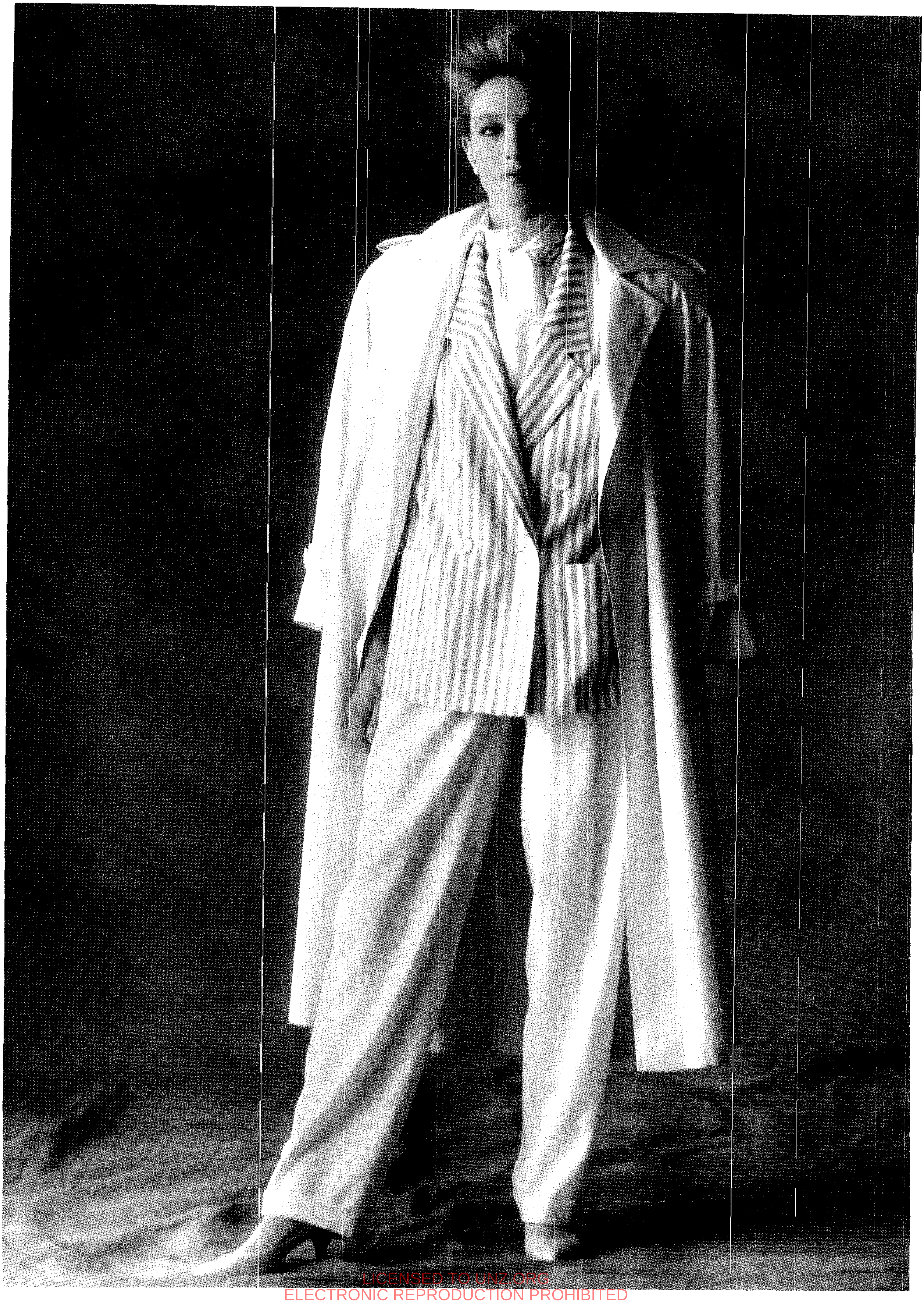

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wizard's actress girlfriend, Joe Grifasi, Jossie deGuzman, Cliff DeYoung, Mason Adams, and a few weak scenes with Martha Gehman. (2/24/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Gemini, U. A. East, and U. A. Twin; through Feb. 27.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. This extraordinary film, with its melancholy glamour, is perhaps the only one that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. With Dominique Sanda, Lino Capolicchio, and Helmut Berger. In Italian. (Thalia; March 2.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen, a new canto in his ongoing poem to love and New York City which includes "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan." It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here, as it was in "Interiors," but this time he's made the picture halfway human. People can laugh and feel morally uplifted at the same time. The willed sterility of his style is terrifying to think about, though; the picture is all tasteful touches, and there's an element of cultural self-approval in its tone, and a trace of smugness in its narrow concern for family and friends. He uses style to blot out the rest of New York City. It's a form of repression, and, from the look of the movie, repression is what's romantic to him. With Max von Sydow as a gloomy, rigid intellectual, and Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (New Embassy 49th St. No performances on Tuesday, March 4.)

Intruder in the Dust (1949)—Lucas Beauchamp, the "stubborn and insufferable" hero of William Faulkner's novel, is a black man who enrages the white people in his corner of Mississippi by his refusal to play nigger for them. The director, Clarence Brown, shot this movie in Faulkner's home town—Oxford, Mississippi—with the inhabitants in bit parts and in the crowd scenes. "All in all, I think it is a good movie," Faulkner said at the première, and it is a good movie—straightforward, tense, and assured. With Juano Hernández as Lucas, Claude Jarman, Jr., David Brian, Porter Hall, and Elizabeth Patterson. The screenplay is by Ben Maddow (with some revisions by Faulkner). (Thalia; March 5.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—A tense, terrifying New York crime melodrama, with an unusually authentic seamy atmosphere; the director, Henry Hathaway, brought his crew in from Hollywood and shot the entire film on location, in such places as a Harlem night club, a house in Queens, the Criminal Courts Building, the Tombs, Sing Sing. Victor Mature gives an unexpectedly subdued, convincing performance as a hoodlum convict who, for the sake of his children (their mother has committed suicide), agrees to work with the police as an informer. Richard Widmark, in his film début, created a sensation; he's a giggling, sadistic gunman with homicidal mania in his voice. Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer wrote the script, from a story by Eleazar Lipsky. With Coleen Gray, Brian Donlevy, Karl Malden, Anthony Ross, Mildred Dunnock, Millard Mitchell, Robert Keith, and Harry Bellaver. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 4.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema.)

Love Happy (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (Thalia SoHo; March 6.)

The Mystery of Picasso (1956)—Picasso and Henri-Georges Clouzot ("The Wages of Fear," "Diabolique") collaborate. The result is one of the most joyful of all records of an artist at work. Picasso has a volatile, explosive presence. He is the artist as clown, as conjurer, as master funmaker. For most of the film the screen is his paper or canvas, and in seventy-five minutes he draws or paints fifteen pictures. When he complains to Clouzot that the canvas is too small, the screen expands to CinemaScope size. Some sequences use time-lapse photography to compress the working time on a canvas to a few minutes. Cinematography by Claude Renoir; score by Georges Auric. (Film Forum.)

Nightmare Alley (1947)—A tough-minded treatment of telepathy. It opens in the carnival world, where the ultimate in how low a man can sink is represented by the Geek, who bites the heads off live chickens; shuddering dipsomaniacs take the job, for a bottle a day. We know that this is what is in store for the smart, smiling young climber Stan (Tyrone Power); this shrewd, absorbing movie is about how he gets to that point. Stan eagerly and ruthlessly learns everything he can from the plump mind reader Zeena (Joan Blondell) and, using her tricks, becomes a headliner in a Chicago night club and begins to sample the possibilities of spiritualist rackets. The film loses its imaginative energy once it moves out of the ripe, sleazy carny milieu, and from the start the technique of the director, Edmund Goulding, is conventional, even a little stodgy. Still, the material, adapted by Jules Furthman from William Gresham's novel, is unusual and the cast first-rate. With Coleen Gray, Helen Walker, Taylor Holmes, Ian Keith, and Mike Mazurki. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 4.)

The Night of the Following Day (1969)—Fancy kidnapping-for-ransom movie, with the production designed in gold and brown and blue and black, and the characters silhouetted against white walls and talking in pseudo-casual gangster jargon. Playing card-board-cutout thugs, Marlon Brando and Richard Boone have an edge of irony that makes the bad movie seem a joke we're all partly in on. With Rita Moreno, Pamela Franklin, and Jess Hahn. Directed by Hubert Cornfield. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 6.)

Now, Voyager (1942)—A campy tearjerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian, Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis), to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch, who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. The director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a schlock classic. With Paul Henreid, John Loder, Gladys Cooper, and Bonita Granville. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 2.)

Our Daily Bread (1934)—About how a young couple (Karen Morley and Tom Keene) make a go of life on a bankrupt farm by turning it into a co-op. King Vidor—restless, never satisfied by his commercial successes—borrowed up to his ears to make this movie, and it's innovatively well directed. The rhythmic visual conceptions are beautifully realized, but the acting and writing are awful. The earnest title indicates where Vidor went wrong: the film suffers from awkwardly simple thinking and from the excessive virtue ascribed to the common-man characters. With John Qualen and Barbara Pepper. (Thalia SoHo; March 3.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (Loews Tower East, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through Feb. 27.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza.)

The Searchers (1956)—John Wayne is the taciturn loner Ethan Edwards, a Confederate veteran who arrives at his married brother's ranch in Texas in 1868. Learning that there are Comanches in the area, Ethan and Martin (Jeffrey Hunter), a part Cherokee young man who lives with the brother's family, go off to look for them. While they're away the Comanches attack the ranch; they return to a scene of horror—the house has been burned down and the family slaughtered, all except Ethan's two nieces, who have been abducted. The ravaged body of the older girl is found and buried; the search for the little one (played by Lana Wood) goes on. What made this John Ford Western fascinating to the young directors who hailed it in the seventies as a great work is the compulsiveness of Ethan's search for his niece and his bitter, vengeful racism. He's surly and foul-tempered toward Martin, who accompanies him during the five years of looking for the girl (who by then has turned into Natalie Wood, in glossy makeup, as if she were going to a fifties prom), and he hates Indians so much that he intends to kill her when he finds her, because she will have become the "squaw" to what he calls a "buck." The film doesn't develop Ethan's macho savagery; it's just there. With Vera Miles, Dorothy Jordan, Ward Bond (who wears a fine top hat), Henry Brandon, and Ken Curtis. (Metro Cinema; March 5.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

The Southerner (1945)—Jean Renoir's poetic tribute to some of the patterns of American life. It's an account of the year of a poor-white Texas family—a chronicle of seasons and conflicts, adapted from the book "Hold Autumn in Your Hand," by George Sessions Perry. Zachary Scott, who usually played lounge lizards, is almost unrecognizable as a young tenant farmer; it was the performance of his career. Betty Field plays his wife, and his relatives and neighbors include Percy Kilbride, Blanche Yurka, J. Carrol Naish, Norman Lloyd, and Beulah Bondi, who is more than a bit much as Granny. The picture has beautiful, evocative moments, mysteriously solemn. (Thalia SoHo; March 2.)

The Strange Love of Martha Ivers (1946)—Enjoyable glossy melodrama. At the outset, the moody, adolescent Martha prevents her rich, sadistic aunt from killing her pet cat with a cane by using the cane to kill Auntie. Regrettably for Martha, a couple of her playmates, both boys, are around the house when the old lady is done in. Boy One (whom Martha loves) leaves town and becomes Van Heflin, a gambler. Boy Two, a sheepish sort in glasses, stays on, marries Martha (Barbara Stanwyck), and becomes Kirk Douglas, the district attorney. Robert Rossen, who wrote the script from a story by John Patrick, knew how to grab the audience, and the director, Lewis Milestone, knew how to hold it. With Lizabeth Scott, Judith Anderson, Darryl Hickman, and Roman Bohnen. (Thalia; March 4.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can, and it has the glow that movies get when they're about the need to have compassion. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Cinema II.)

Watch on the Rhine (1943)—Lillian Hellman's 1941 Broadway play—a cautionary polemical melodrama about the danger of Fascism in the U.S.—is housebound and fearfully lofty. Dashiell Hammett is credited with the screenplay, but from the theatrical look and sound of things he can't have changed much. Paul Lukas is the European underground leader, who brings his American wife (Bette Davis) and three children home to the Washington mansion of her mother (Lucile Watson). With George Coulouris, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Woods, Henry Daniell, and Beulah Bondi. Directed by Herman Shumlin. (Regency; March 6-8.)

White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Guild; through March 6.)

The White Sheik (1951)—This affectionate satire on glamour and delusion is probably the most gentle and naturalistic of Federico Fellini's films, but it was not a success, maybe because it is a little flat in places. The heroine, Brunella Bovo, has come to Rome for her honeymoon, but the devotion of the groom (Leopoldo Trieste) is much less important to her than her infatuation with the White Sheik—the hero of a photographic comic strip. She rushes off to find her ideal, and the cheap, crude actor (Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance) tries to rise above himself, to the level of her fantasies. The White Sheik, it turns out, is far more a creature of self-delusion than the star-struck bride. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; March 6.)

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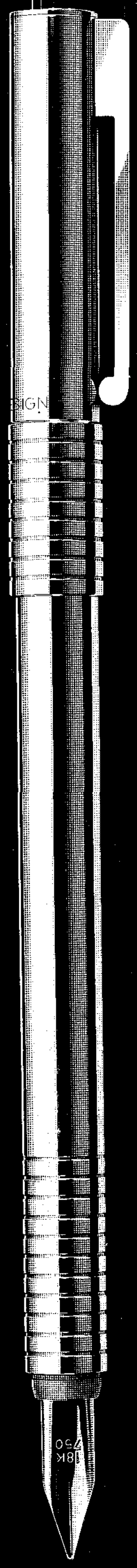

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

As events in the Philippines galloped toward their conclusion, amazing scenes of successful peaceful, democratic mass action—scenes that could be believed only because one knew that they were actually happening—appeared on American television screens or were described in the press. Whatever may occur next in the Philippines, it seems important to save, and savor, some of these scenes in memory:

A woman is standing in front of a tank, praying fervently. It seems that she has prayed the tank to a stop, for it is going nowhere. She is a member of an unarmed crowd that has gone out to confront an armored column of Marines which appears to be heading toward opposition forces now installed in Defense Ministry headquarters, on the outskirts of Manila. The crowd sits in front of the armored column. As night falls, the column retreats. A young woman in the crowd says, "We won. They went back where they came from." But her remark seems to fall short of the full truth of what has happened. To say that "we" have won seems to imply that there might be a "they" that have lost. But the soldiers, in deciding not to attack, "won," too. The front line of the battle that they won was in their minds, where common sense or humanity, or both, prevailed over their opposites. In that battle, no bullet fired from the crowd would have had any effect. But prayer may well have been the ultimate weapon. Having won their interior battle, the soldiers retreated to victory. One reporter suggested that this confrontation might prove to be the most important one in the entire struggle. If so, it was a "battle" that was "won" by the whole Philippine people, because there wasn't a battle. One man in the crowd may have expressed the deepest truth when he said, "We are all Filipinos—there is no fight here."

Around the positions that have been taken over are more people, also unarmed and peaceful. The newscasters are calmly telling us that the crowd has assembled to "protect" the soldiers, as if this were the most natural thing in the world. But, as one colonel remarks, "this is something new," adding, "Soldiers are supposed to protect the civilians. In this particular case, you have civilians protecting the soldiers." Inside, some light is shed on this surprising inversion of the usual order of things in an interview that Lieutenant General Fidel V. Ramos, a leader of the opposition forces, is giving to the NBC correspondent Marvin Kalb. Part of the interview goes as follows:

KALB: Do you believe, General, that you have the tanks, the planes, to repel any kind of attack that President Marcos may feel is necessary to launch?

RAMOS: We do not have the military hardware to resist the attacks that we feel are forthcoming, or are being contemplated, by Mr. Marcos. However, we are utilizing people's power—

KALB (*interrupting*): What do you mean by people?

RAMOS (*continuing*): —that prevails over the military formations of Mr. Marcos, and so far the use of the people confronting tanks and armored columns has proved to be very successful out here.

KALB (*in a "come-off-it" tone*): But then if the President chooses to use military force, you're a general, you know that you will have to have military force to fight back, and you're really saying you don't have it. Is that right?

RAMOS: We do not have as much as he has, of course. But I think that the power which is in the hands of the people to compel a decision favorable to us from Mr. Marcos is there.

Thus, at a key moment in the Philippine revolution, went an exchange between a reporter, who was astonished to consider the possibility that superior force might not be decisive, and a general who, after a lifetime of military service, had discovered a power greater than military force.

The crowd has encircled an armed military unit, which sits on the grass. The scene nicely symbolizes the apparent state of the Philippine nation at that moment. An island of military force is surrounded, and, for the time being, paralyzed, by an ocean of

popular resistance. Two kinds of strength confront one another: the strength of guns and the strength of the people's will—the strength of violence and the strength of peaceful action. Clearly, the guns, if they are used, can kill hundreds of the encircling civilians at any moment. And no prayers can stop the bullets once they are fired. But the bullets are not fired. Some sentiment or calculation or scruple stays the soldiers' hands, and they sit peacefully on the grass.

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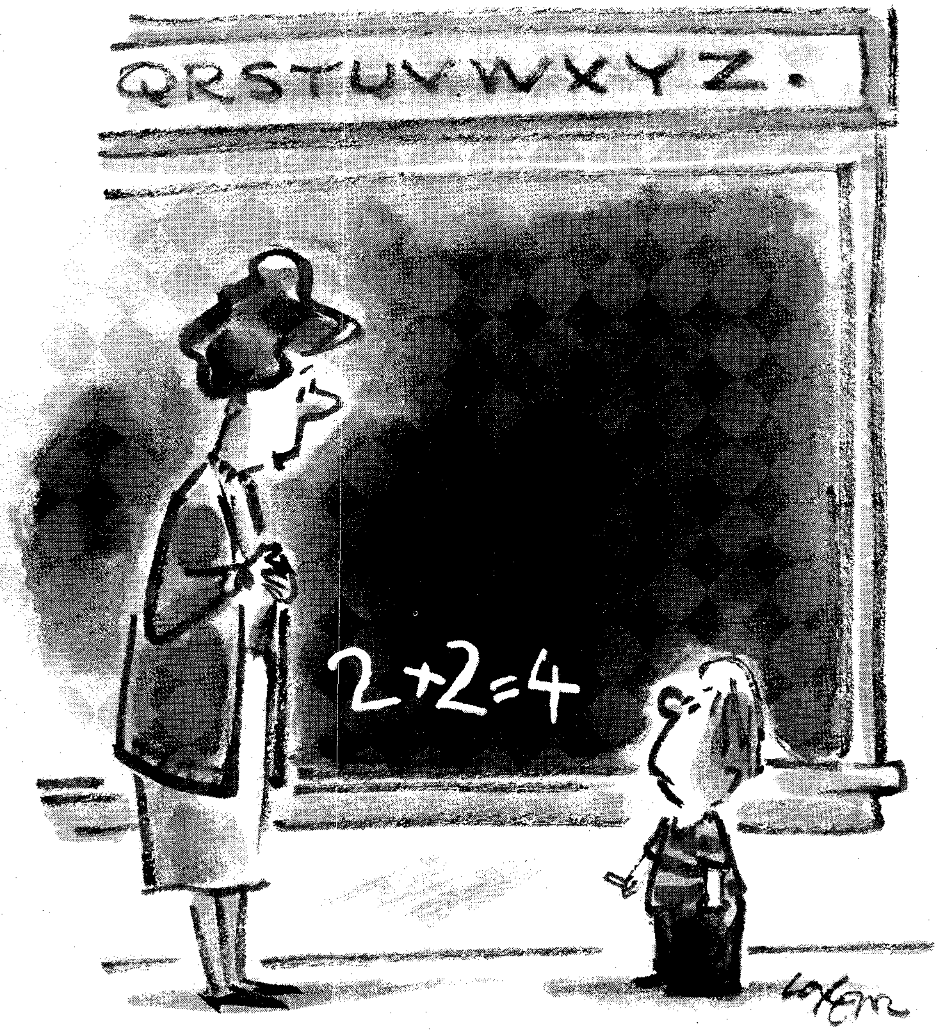
Boulez

PIERRE BOULEZ is back. This is the message we received from the New York Philharmonic, announcing a series of concerts and a conversation that are to take place early this month at Avery Fisher Hall and several other performing spaces to celebrate the multiple talents of its former music director. In his triple role as composer, conductor, and head of IRCAM—a government-financed institute for musical research which is housed below the pavement next to the Beaubourg cultural center—M. Boulez has established himself as the single most influential figure in contemporary music. During his years with the Philharmonic (1971-77), he redefined the orchestra's sound, making it clearer and more transparent; programmed many twentieth-century scores, to the occasional distress of some patrons; and promoted the work of young composers in informal lecture demonstrations. After five summers (1976-80) of conducting a revolutionary "Ring" at Bayreuth, he settled down in Paris, where he has been composing (two new works, "Répons" and "Dialogue de l'Ombre Double," will be presented here in March), conducting the Ensemble Intercontemporain (a chamber orchestra that specializes in twentieth-century scores), and supervising activities at IRCAM. For the past two years, M. Boulez has been directly involved with the creation of a new opera house in Paris, and it was there, at a press conference that had been called to announce details of the project, that we recently encountered him, in his capacity as vice-president of the opera's board. The new house, which is called the Opéra Bastille, because it is being built on a wedge-shaped plot on the Place de la Bastille, has become something of a political football, and M. Boulez has been using his considerable clout to make sure that the two theatres involved are designed in such a way as to encourage the production of twentieth-century opera.

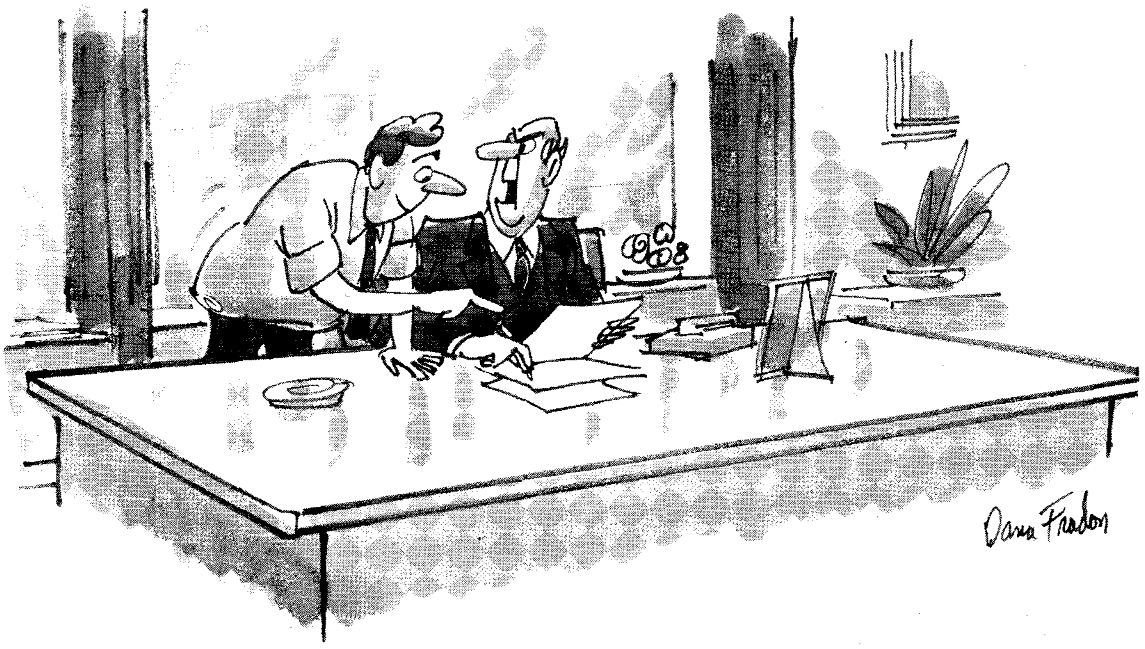
The conference, which was co-chaired by M. Boulez and Gérard Mortier, the director of the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie and the artistic adviser to the project, was held at the Intercontinental Hotel, an elegant century-old building, whose rococo woodwork provided an ironic frame for a scale model and a series of gigantic blueprints of what appeared to be an austerely utilitarian group of structures. (Carlos Ott, the architect, explained that he had designed the house to be "a tool for work, and not a monument.") M. Boulez—a bit thinner and grayer than when we'd last seen him, in New York—sat next to M. Mortier on a dais at one end of the room, fielding questions and introducing several government officials involved with the project. During the question period, he explained that the Opéra Bastille would have two auditoriums—a twenty-seven-hundred-seat theatre, in which both the proscenium arch and the orchestra pit would be adjustable ("We can cover the pit, as in Bayreuth"), and a smaller, modular theatre, which was inspired by IRCAM's main recording studio, and would have movable walls and ceilings. "These theatres will be extremely flexible," he said, "because we want to give contemporary composers the opportunity to express their ideas with as few difficulties as possible."

When the conference ended, we sat down with M. Boulez on a couch in a corner of the hotel lobby and asked him about his work at IRCAM and his coming visit to New York.

"IRCAM was organized to investigate a wide range of musical and acoustical problems, but it has focussed on the application of computers to composition," he said. "Since '75, we have had special computers that make



"That is the correct answer, Billy, but I'm afraid you don't win anything for it."



"Huddleston, I admire your hands-on approach to everything, but get the hell out of my office!"

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music almost instantaneously. The most sophisticated of these is the 4X, a portable computer developed by the Italian physicist Giuseppe di Giugno. You can write directly on this computer in real time, you can modify the sound of an instrument or a voice, and you can develop completely new sounds with it. The 4X is also portable enough to be used as an active electronic element in concerts. You will see it operating in 'Répons,' a half-hour piece I have written over a period of years and will conduct with the Ensemble Intercontemporain in New York. 'Répons' is composed for three groups of musicians and technicians, including eight computer operators, who are performers quite as much as the players of normal instruments. In the center of the Columbia University gymnasium, there will be twenty-four musicians playing conventional instruments. Around them will be seated the audience, and behind the audience there will be six solo instruments—piano with celesta, piano with electric organ, harp, cimbalom, vibraphone, xylophone-glockenspiel—whose sound will come through loudspeakers after being transformed by the 4X. Each of the six solo instruments is fitted with a tape recorder carrying background music—I call it 'wallpaper'—which will play only when the soloist performs. The result will be a cascade of responses—questions and answers—in a total musical environment. There will be the response between the center and the soloists and the response between the instruments as they and the instruments are transformed."

"How would you describe the musical structure of the piece?" we asked.

"I work with thematic entities," M. Boulez replied. "A thematic entity is not a theme, really, but something that pervades some moments of a work so that you can recognize, for instance, the speed, the loudness, the shape of the phrases, the rhythmical impact. I would compare the form of 'Répons' to a spiral. In visual terms, it's like the ramp at the Guggenheim: the form is permanent, but as you go up you see the whole thing from a series of different perspectives. This satisfies my feeling for development and, at the same time, gives me a point of reference."

We asked M. Boulez about his second New York première, and he replied that "Dialogue de l'Ombre Double" was a dialogue between a live clarinettist playing stanzas onstage and his doppelganger, a prerecorded tape of the same clarinettist playing "transitions" in a different acoustical environment. "This provides a kind of dematerialized, de-located sound, as the clarinettist responds to himself and expands himself," he said.

M. Boulez added that he was also scheduled to conduct the Philharmonic in a concert program that would consist of Debussy's "Jeux," Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale," and his own "Improvisations sur Mallarmé," a work composed in the late fifties for soprano and three groups of conventional instruments. "I don't learn very much now in conducting a large orchestra, but I enjoy it, because I have accumulated quite a lot of experience and because I do only the repertoire that fits me," he said. "It is not that I dislike Beethoven or Mozart; it's simply that I think I have another mission in life, so I stick to twentieth-century music."

We asked M. Boulez to describe "Rituel," another work for large orchestra, which Zubin Mehta will conduct during his visit.

" 'Rituel' is written for eight groups of conventional instruments which play together but on separate levels," he said. "Each group speaks its own language, and each group has an individual percussion instrument that gives it a special character. The conductor is occupied mainly in giving cues for the groups to start and finish. I would like listeners to understand that while the piece is written in a simple response form it varies greatly in density. One or two groups you can follow; with three or four, it becomes more difficult, more confused, and what you eventually hear is a kind of generalized sound, with beats that are completely different in each group."

"What kind of music are they writing at IRCAM?" we asked.

M. Boulez replied that most of the young composers there were primarily interested in using computers to synthesize and organize pure sound. "There is a dilemma that arises between doing research on really new material and being able to integrate these new sounds into a composition," he said.

"How do you judge whether a composition is good or not?" we asked.

M. Boulez smiled. "As a professional, I can see very quickly whether someone writes well technically," he said. "The problem is always development. The most difficult part of music is not to have ideas—everybody has ideas, especially when he is young—but to integrate them into the composition. Because if you don't there will be a kind of discontinuity, an incoherence in the musical language, and the piece will have no form, no direction. So my advice to the young composers who ask me to look at their work is 'Please, always try to see the consequences of your own invention.' "

The Lip

YOU may want to visit the New-York Historical Society sometime between now and late April to see an exhibit of more than two hundred and fifty works of art depicting Niagara Falls. Most of the paintings are interesting, and even beautiful, but a canvas painted by Frederic Church in 1857, which sits in the middle of the exhibit, makes all the others look artificial. "Frederic Church, the successor to Thomas Cole as the leader of the Hudson River School, was the most famous American painter of his day," Ella Foshay, the Historical Society's curator of painting and sculpture, told us. "He specialized in dramatic sites. He went to South America to do a huge canvas called 'Heart of the Andes.' He painted icebergs in the Arctic. He was very, very interested in volcanoes—he'd go almost anywhere to see a volcano. He wanted something he could bring back to civilization and astonish people with. He would rent a hall and sell tickets. He'd illuminate the room with gaslights, cover his painting with a black velvet cloth, and, at the right moment, whip it off, and people would gasp." Niagara Falls was an obvious choice. "Americans saw the Falls as much more than a geological fact," Miss Foshay said. "It was the epitome of America as the new world—pristine, handicrafted by God, untouched by man. The first five or six decades of the nineteenth century was a time of great optimism, and the Falls showed the dramatic possibilities of the new country."

Most of the early paintings of the Falls were done from its base, with the artist looking up at the torrents and the towering column of mist they produced, or from a distance, so that the whole spectacle could be included. They all make you feel as if you would like to go see the Falls, not as if you *had* seen it. Church, however, found himself a new vantage point, slightly above the Falls on the Ontario shore. He contented himself with showing only the Horseshoe, or Canadian, Falls. In the foreground is the lip, and then the great gulf, and then the face of the Falls on the far shore; the water surges over several rocks and a snagged branch as it runs toward the drop—some of it white and foamy, some of it dark and glassy, some green with shallow speed. Though the entire painting is masterly (John Ruskin, who was the leading critic of landscape painting in the English-speaking world, is said to have checked the windowpanes of the room he viewed the painting in to make sure that Church's soft rainbow was not the accidental result of sunlight refracted through glass), it is the water that one stares at—the water disappearing over the lip. Somehow Church—whose canvas drew thousands of paying customers—understood that the greatest power of the Falls was the possibility represented by the water as it approached the drop, and that the cascade's fascination had to do most of all with a personal, giddy trembling at that possibility.

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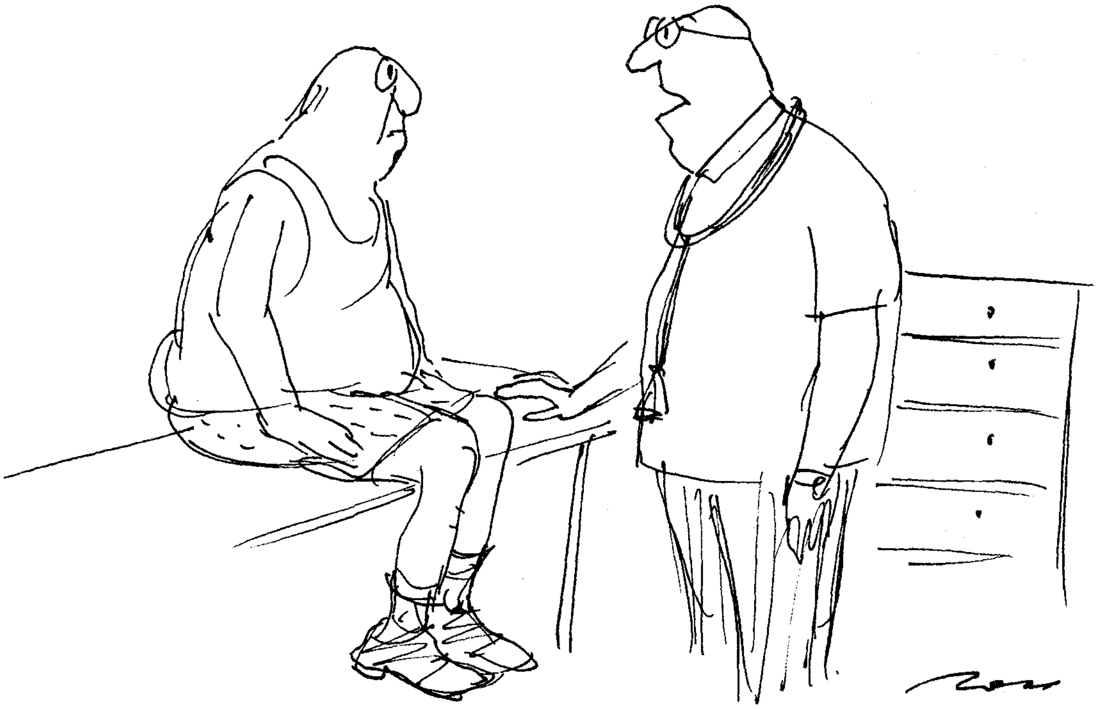
MICHAEL HALLÉ, the president of the Visitor and Convention Bureau on the Canadian side of the Falls, works in an office in the Skylon, the tallest of three restaurant-topped towers that peer out over the Falls. A born public-relations man (we remarked to him that the day was cold, and without a second's hesitation he replied, "It's much colder in many parts of the United States. Our latitude puts us well to the south of much of the upper Midwest"), Mr. Hallé said, "The Falls continues to draw tourists in the same way the river continues to pour over the edge. There is such a level of awareness. We had a mayor of a town in China here. He was fifty-seven years old and he spoke no English, but he said that when he was a boy of seven his schoolteacher had told him about Niagara Falls and he had never forgotten. We're really fortunate to have that wonderful product to sell. We have a total vacation package to offer here, but the Falls is the draw. About three million people a year pay to go up to the Skylon observation deck, and I know that most of them wouldn't be so eager to do it if it weren't for the Falls."

Still, Mr. Hallé said, growth in tourism had "flattened" a little in recent years. One reason, he agreed, might be that the Falls has "perhaps in some people's minds, something of an image problem." He didn't use the word "tacky," but it was definitely in the air. Almost since the discovery of the Falls, people have complained that the site was becoming too commercialized. Henry James said in 1871 that "the importunities one suffers here . . . from hackmen and photographers and vendors of gimcracks, are simply hideous and infamous." Today, visitors to the Canadian side alone can tour the Niagara Falls Museum (to which seven Egyptian mummies, including General Ossipumphnoferu, lured Mickey Mantle), Aquarium and Reptile World, the Niagara Serpentarium, the Burning Spring Wax Museum, the Waltzing Waters, the Wonderful World of Fantasy, Boris Karloff's Haunted House, Louis Tussaud's Waxworks ("New for '85—Boy George"), the Criminals Hall of Fame Wax Museum (with Gary Gilmore), the Houdini Magical Hall of Fame, the House of Frankenstein Wax Museum, the Movieland Wax Museum (with King Kong, "World's Largest Wax Creation, One Year in the Making"), the Castle Dracula Wax Museum, the Sports Hall of Fame Wax Museum, the Guinness Museum of World Records, Circus World (with Mickey Mouse Playing the Piano, and, if you missed it at the Met, the Treasury of King Tut), Ripley's Believe It or Not! Museum, the That's Incredible! Museum, Marineland (which boasts a buffalo herd), the White Water WaterSlide ("Wet n' Wild!"), Tivoli Miniature World, the Niagara Daredevil Gallery, and the Elvis Presley Museum ("The Only one of its kind in Canada"). "You can look at the water only so long," said David Hyde, who arranges motor-coach tours of the area. "We stop for a half hour at the Falls, and that's plenty. Most people are happy with that. One time, I had a group from California that wouldn't get off the bus, because there was too much mist, but ninety-seven per cent of the people are satisfied with the Falls."

And so, as always, were we. In the winter, chunks of ice choke the

Niagara upstream; the river runs clear at the lip of the fall, but at the bottom, perhaps fifty yards from the roaring foot of the veil, the ice closes in again. Most of the water pounds down the drop and then disappears under the ice, but some escapes, lofting in perpetual clouds of mist and settling on all nearby objects, casing each of them in a fat, smooth parka of ice. And at the bottom, in the gap of open water before the ice, great currents swirl logs and foam and lumps of ice the size of co-ops—unaffordable co-ops. These bergs break away from the pack ice, rush toward the fall in a near-magnetic backwash, and then, catching the force of the river once more, crash back toward the sheet of white. It is as routine and various as a fire, or the surf on a windy day, but even more shocking.



"Structurally, you're sound. It's your façade that's crumbling."

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STEVEN TROTTER, originally of Barrington, Rhode Island, dropped over the Falls in a barrel last August 18th—the latest American to have attempted the stunt. Six people before him, beginning in 1901 with Anna Edson Taylor, a Michigan schoolteacher, whose grave (natural causes) Mr. Trotter has visited, have done the same thing successfully, and three have died trying. We called Mr. Trotter last week. To pay off the fine for the Niagara stunt, and another levied after he swung on a cable underneath the Golden Gate Bridge on his birthday (his twenty-fourth, last November), he is currently tending bar at the Button Lounge, in Fort Lauderdale, the absolute epicenter of the annual college-spring-break Florida frenzy. "This is the wet-T-shirt capital of the world," he told us. "It's such a wild bar. It's non-stop fun. You should come down."

When Mr. Trotter was seven years old, his uncle, who lived near Buffalo, died. "We went up to pick up his car, and we decided to check out Niagara Falls. And I can remember looking at it and thinking, Hey, I'd love to go over. I went to the Daredevil Hall of Fame. It became, like, my biggest dream. I did a lot of other stunts, like with bikes and motorcycles. Like jumping the drawbridges over the Intracoastal Waterway down here. It's not so hard, but the guy who works at the bridge just freaks out. He comes out yelling, and you just wave at him and peel off. When I was seventeen, I began building my Niagara rig. If you call it a barrel, people know what you're talking about, but it's not really a barrel. The heart of it was two old Greek pickle barrels. I got them from a fish pier—they'd been used as bait barrels and they smelled real gross. I put them together, end to end. Now, the caps for the ends were the most intense part. You remember those displays they had in the supermarket for L'eggs panty hose? They had a giant egg, right? Well, we—me and the guys who were helping me—used that for the mold for the Fiberglas caps. And then we wrapped the whole thing in giant inner tubes, you know, to protect against end-over-end tumbling. The rig was sixteen feet long altogether.

"We finished it on August 16th, and put it on a homemade motorcycle trailer to haul it up to the Falls. But we got a half hour from home and there was a real front-end wobble. So we had to go back and rent a trailer. We had a ten-hour ride up to the Falls, and then we stayed at the Niagara Hilton—we hid the rig behind a van in the parking lot. The morning after that, the eighteenth, which is my grandmother's birthday, we hauled it down to the American side of the Horseshoe Falls. I was already inside, breathing through my scuba gear, and these three friends, who had ropes tied around them, dragged it out into the water and let me go. I had a walkie-talkie, and this guy Richard Peters, he was talking to me, and he was saying, 'You're a hundred yards away. You're fifty yards. You're twenty yards. Good luck, pal—you're going over.' And I was, like, 'Whoaaaa.' But it was great. It was like the greatest roller-coaster ride. It was like a real dip in a jet. I enjoy that kind of thing. And I was listening to music on my headphones, real loud. The Stones—'Under My Thumb.' So then I hit the bottom, from maybe seventy miles an hour to a dead stop. But I was packed in with the same stuff they ship nuclear warheads around in, and I had a harness on, and I was O.K. Just for a minute, I was, like, 'Hey, am I alive?' But no problem. So after a minute I opened my hatch and got out, and I was trying to swim with the rig over to the American side, because I figured, If I'm going to be arrested, I want it to be Americans. But the Canadians came out in their little boat, and they were completely cool. They took me to the hospital, and they let me talk to all the interviewers, and they gave me a court date, and then they let me go. They said, 'You're not going to go out and do this again the minute we let you go, are you?' And I was, like, 'No, man. Next summer.' "

LEAVING THE PARTY

Monsieur Fernand Blotte is leaving the Party. It was on the news tonight, just after the avalanche and before the weather report. There was a worrying image—a million tons of snow making for a herd of cows at seven knots. The avalanche music, the Berlioz "Requiem," sowed anxiety and apprehension. All at once, the music stopped, and there, *instead of the peak of an Alp,* was Fernand Blotte.

He wore a cable-stitch sweater in an attractive shade of gray. His makeup was yellowish along the hairline, with a touch of mauve on cheek and chin. They had propped him against a wall-to-wall bookcase, with his arms crossed on his chest—the leaving-the-Party stance. A thimble-size microphone hung round his neck like an amulet. He opened and closed his mouth without saying a word: perhaps it is his usual way of breathing. Once or twice, he bared his lower teeth—a symptom of political stress.

They were playing a leaving-the-Party waltz, a wistful air in a minor key, more suitable as background for a royal divorce or a thoroughly wet summer. Someone in the studio may have been rubbing it in.

On Blotte's head was a moderate amount of clean, short, serviceable hair—Party hair. A small comb in a plastic case could be seen lying on one of the bookshelves. The ready-for-use pocket comb is a Party sign—yes, even among the intelligentsia. It's too bad, but it's so.

When Germain Chaudfroid left the Party, about a year and a half ago, he *wore a green turtleneck pullover. His* hairdo was rather like Blotte's, but with a bit more bristle to it. A few months later Chaudfroid was interviewed again (his leaving-the-Party memoirs had been rushed into print), and this time the camera discovered a richer crop of hair, with a deep, strong, unequivocal part. Nothing straggling, nothing bushy, no random locks: just calm, glossy, abundant hair, tapered quietly to the nape of the neck—ex-Party hair.

Blotte's bookshelves, filled with thin, tired volumes in dull beiges and tans, offered nothing in the way of artistic ornamentation, nothing to appease the eye. Where were the strings of amber, the unframed graphics, the little squares of handweaving embroidered with pigs, pansies, watering cans?

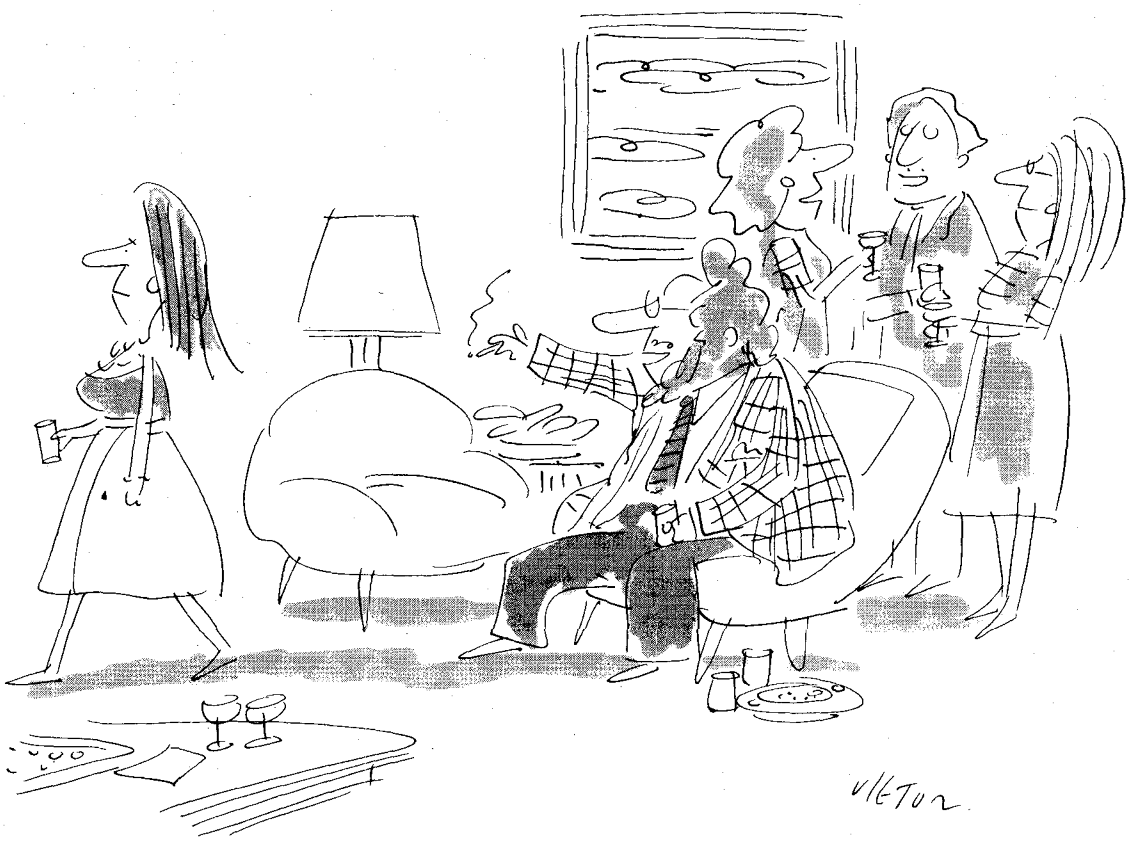
Chaudfroid, at the time of *his* first interview, still had such artifacts on his shelves. In the old days, when Blotte and Chaudfroid led delegations of authors and thinkers Eastward, they would be met by similar delegations travelling very slightly Westward, and the East-to-slightly-West delegates would cover them with People's presents. (The West-to-East delegates offered subtle advice and praise.) But during his second interview it would be seen that Chaudfroid had replaced *his People's presents with glass paper*weights.

For the moment, Blotte had just the comb.

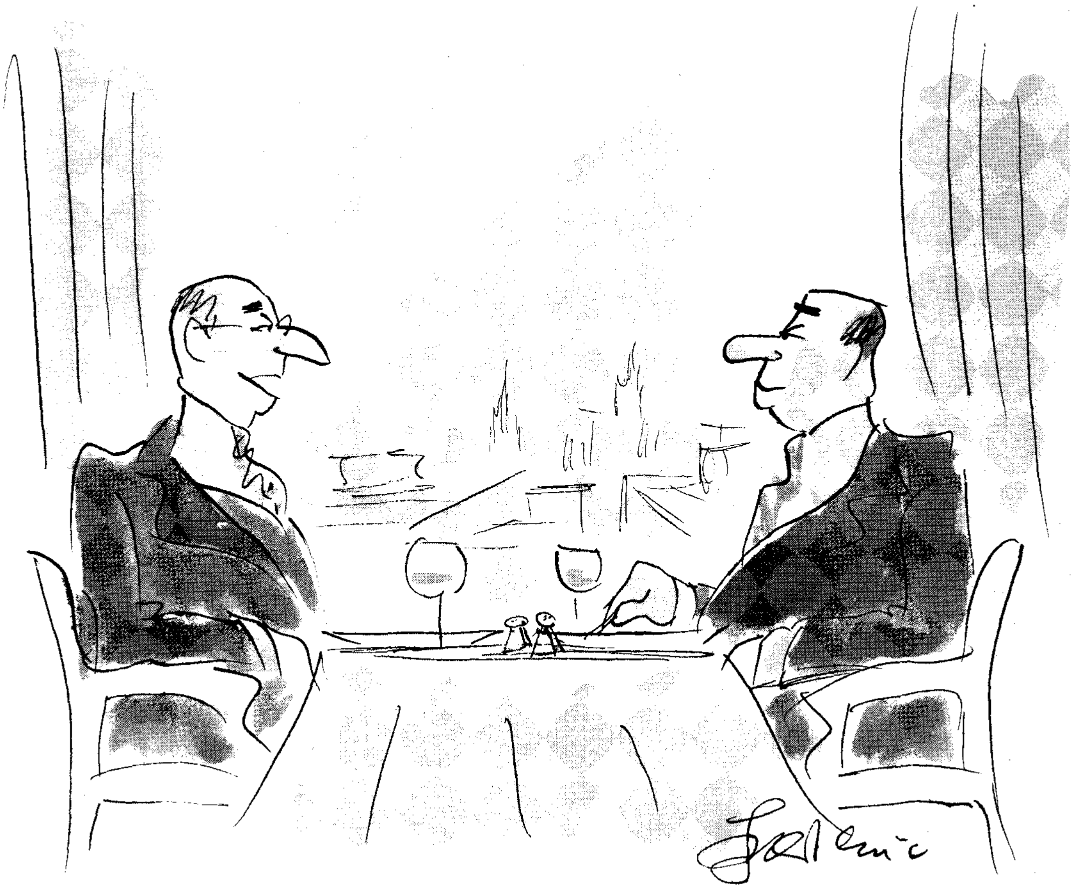
Blotte. Fernand Blotte. Isn't he the one who wrote the ground-breaking essay about paper knives? About the mutually supportive relationship that develops between reader and literature, provided that reader can learn to slice swiftly and coolly, leaving no ragged edges? Reader owes literature trust and fidelity, Blotte declared, and literature owes reader protection. The trouble was that by the time Blotte published his essay, ready-to-read literature had been on the market for some years and paper knives had become obsolete. His explanation was taken to be metaphor, and while it brought him acclaim on the one hand, it got him in trouble on the other. Blotte tried it again, apologizing for the mistake: it was reader that was supposed to offer literature protection, while literature stayed home and minded the children.

No, wait; that was Chaudfroid. Blotte's the fellow who turned up for his cell meeting, right as rain, happy as a lark, and suddenly they all started clapping and chanting, "Blotte, out! Blotte, out!" They took a vote, hands raised, and next thing Blotte knew he had been ejected into the dark street.

Actually, that sounds more like Chaudfroid. It's in the third volume of his memoirs. Chaudfroid was attached to a working-class cell, a collar-and-tie cell. Most of his comrades and acquaintances were in in-



"Hurry back. There's more of me."



“We’re negotiating with his agent to get Emmanuel Lewis to host our stockholders’ meeting.”

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tellectual cells, some wearing Shetland sweaters, some crewneck with vertical ribbed effect, some peon-style loose-sleeved pullovers with woolly waist fringe, some two per cent mixed-mohair. His comrades told Chaudfroid he was lucky to be in a working-class cell. Chaudfroid thought so, too. Then—boom!—the workers were clapping and chanting, “Chaudfroid, Chaudfroid, out, out, out!,” and when they took the vote he saw he hadn’t a friend in the room. He felt lonely, of course, but, as he said in the second interview, his arms folded over a black Italian cashmere T-shirt, “I knew I would never have to wear a tie again.”

(Soon after that, Louis [Loulou] Soupape, a worker, left the Party. He tore up his card, sent the pieces to headquarters by registered mail, and stopped paying his dues. His wife bought him a pale-blue shirt, because blue shows up better than white on television, and did his hair with the hand dryer in order to give it media volume and consistency. Nobody ever came to interview him; nobody hung a microphone round his neck, or littered the floor with wires and cables, or blew all the lights out by plugging them into the wrong place. He tried to issue a statement and was fined for pasting it on a wall. He went on a hunger strike but eventually gave it up and turned to poultry farming. Recently, Soupape told a visitor he believed he had been ignored because there was no perceived cultural symbol in his surroundings. He had thought of renting about twelve feet of an assembly line, so that he could stand with his back to it, arms crossed over the pale-blue shirt, but the place was too small; once he had the assembly line in place, there was no room left for a camera. His memoirs are on tape; he is still seeking a publisher.)

The leaving-the-Party waltz had been playing for about twenty seconds, with Blotte still silently breathing through his mouth, when his voice came in, above the music. It sounded oddly like Chaudfroid’s. He was in the middle of telling about a delegation and a journey by helicopter over a spruce forest. Down in a clearing there was a moral-rehabilitation center, where volunteers had gathered and were making electric fans. You see, the economy was in such a shaky condition (mark you, they weren’t too proud to say so, either) that there was no other way of getting electric fans to the— Unfortunately, the voice faded and Blotte began his wordless breathing again. The music changed to a sprightly passage from “Coppélia.”

Presently Blotte recovered his own voice, just to say that the West had been beaten out on the electric-fan question. He could speak from a position of strength now, without being accused of special pleading: he was leaving the Party.

Was Blotte merry or regretful? Did he miss the little squares of embroidered handwoven material? Does it mean he will never say another word about paper knives? These are questions he will probably answer in his book.

Meanwhile, there was the weatherman, wearing hair of a neutral color, decently cut, texture perhaps a little dry. He could do with a fresh herbal soft-soap treatment—say, twice a week. He was showing the impressive satellite photo, with all those wisps of cloud. There was rain in all the major cities, and it was foggy, foggy everywhere. The weather music was good, though: a brass band to set your feet tapping, with the odd clash of cymbals to keep you from dozing off.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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45—SHAKESPEAREAN SONNETS
“How do I love thee? Let me count the ways . . .”
Listen to the poetic beauty of these literary classics as only Shakespeare could write them. Literary form and technique will be included in the presentation.
—*Course catalogue of the State University of New York at Geneseo.*

Shakespeare is getting credit for everything lately.

WHERE YOU'LL FIND ME

FRIENDS keep calling my broken arm a broken wing. It's the left arm, now folded against my chest and kept in place with a blue scarf sling that is knotted behind my neck, and it weighs too much ever to have been winglike. The accident happened when I ran for a bus. I tried to stop it from pulling away by shaking my shopping bags like maracas in the air, and that's when I slipped on the ice and went down.

So I took the train from New York City to Saratoga yesterday, instead of driving. I had the perfect excuse not to go to Saratoga to visit my brother at all, but once I had geared up for it I decided to go through with the trip and avoid guilt. It isn't Howard I mind but his wife's two children—a girl of eleven and a boy of three. Becky either pays no attention to her brother Todd or else she tortures him. Last winter she used to taunt him by stalking around the house on his heels, clomping close behind him wherever he went, which made him run and scream at the same time. Kate did not intervene until both children became hysterical and we could no longer shout over their voices. "I think I like it that they're physical," she said. "Maybe if they enact some of their hostility like this, they won't grow up with the habit of getting what they want by playing mind games with other people.'' It seems to me that they will not ever grow up but will burn out like meteors.

Howard has finally found what he wants: the opposite of domestic tranquillity. For six years, he lived in Oregon with a pale, passive woman. On the rebound, he married an even paler pre-med student named Francine. That marriage lasted less than a year, and then, on a blind date in Los Angeles, he met Kate, whose husband was away on a business trip to Denmark just then. In no time, Kate and her daughter and infant son moved in with him, to the studio apartment in Laguna Beach he was sharing with a screenwriter. The two men had been working on a script about Medgar Evers, but when Kate and the children moved in they switched to writing a screenplay about what happens when a man meets a married woman with two children on a blind date and the three of them move in with him and his friend. Then Howard's collaborator got engaged and moved out, and the screenplay was abandoned. Howard accepted a last-minute invitation to teach writing at an upstate college in New York, and within a week they were all ensconced in a drafty Victorian house in Saratoga. Kate's husband had begun divorce proceedings before she moved in with Howard, but eventually he agreed not to sue for custody of Becky and Todd in exchange for child-support payments that were less than half of what his lawyer thought he would have to pay. Now he sends the children enormous stuffed animals that they have little or no interest in, with notes that say, "Put this in Mom's zoo." A stuffed toy every month or so—giraffes, a life-size German shepherd, an overstuffed standing bear—and, every time, the same note.

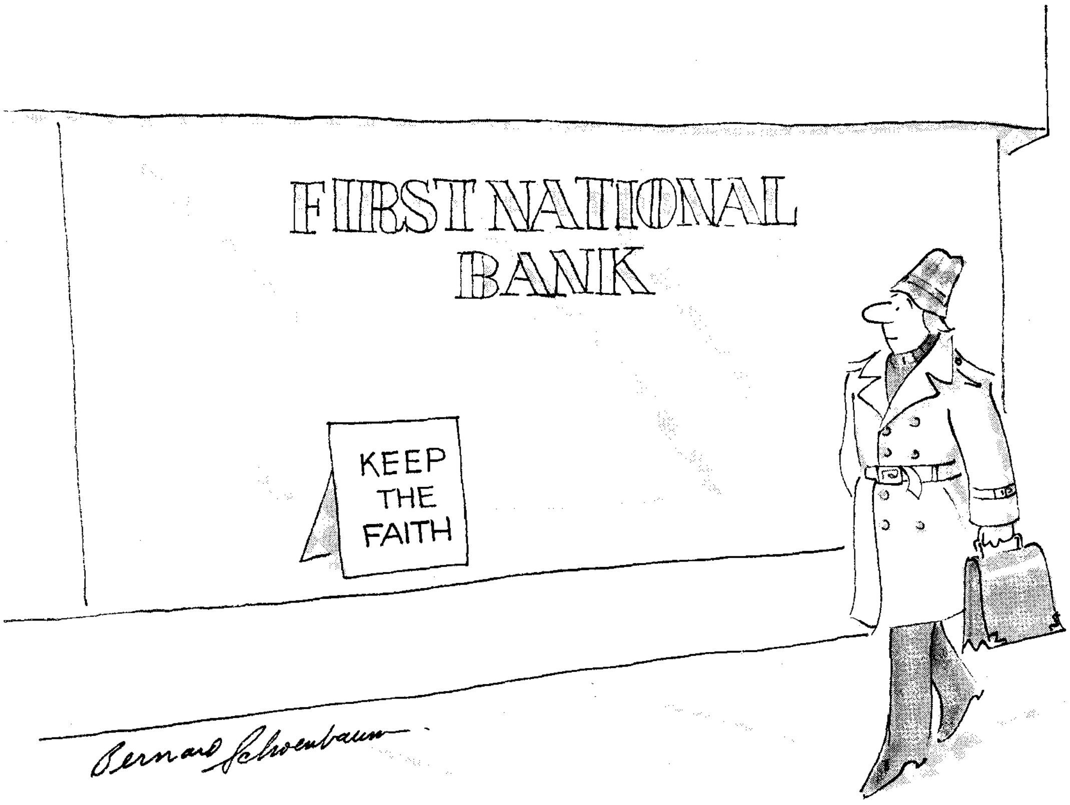
The bear stands in one corner of the kitchen, and people have gotten in the habit of pinning notes to it—reminders to buy milk or get the oil changed in the car. Wraparound sunglasses have been added. Scarves and jackets are sometimes draped on its arms. Sometimes the stuffed German shepherd is brought over and propped up with its paws placed on the bear's haunch, imploring it.

Right now, I'm in the kitchen with the bear. I've just turned up the thermostat—the first one up in the morning is supposed to do that—and am dunking a tea bag in a mug of hot water. For some reason, it's impossible for me to make tea with loose tea and the tea ball unless I have help. The only tea bag I could find was Emperor's Choice.

I sit in one of the kitchen chairs to drink the tea. The chair seems to stick to me, even though I have on thermal long johns and a long flannel nightgown. The chairs are plastic, very nineteen-fifties, patterned with shapes that look sometimes geometric, sometimes almost human. Little things like malformed hands reach out toward triangles and squares. I asked. Howard and Kate got the kitchen set at an auction, for thirty dollars. They thought it was funny. The house itself is not funny. It has four fireplaces, wide-board floors, and high, dusty ceilings. They bought it with his share of an inheritance that came to us when our grandfather died. Kate's contribu-

Birthday

tion to restoring the house has been transforming the baseboards into faux marbre. How effective this is has to do with how stoned she is when she starts. Sometimes the baseboards look like clotted versions of the kitchen-chair pattern, instead of marble. Kate considers what she calls "parenting" to be a full-time job. When they first moved to Saratoga, she used to give piano lessons. Now she ignores the children and paints the baseboards.



And who am I to stand in judgment? I am a thirty-eight-year-old woman, out of a job, on tenuous enough footing with her sometime lover that she can imagine crashing emotionally as easily as she did on the ice. It may be true, as my lover, Frank, says, that having money is not good for the soul. Money that is given to you, that is. He is a lawyer who also has money, but it is money he earned and parlayed into more money by investing in real estate. An herb farm is part of this real estate. Boxes of herbs keep turning up at Frank's office—herbs in foil, herbs in plastic bags, dried herbs wrapped in cones of newspaper. He crumbles them over omelettes, roasts, vegetables. He is opposed to salt. He insists herbs are more healthful.

And who am I to claim to love a man when I am skeptical even about his use of herbs? I am embarrassed to be unemployed. I am insecure enough to stay with someone because of the look that sometimes comes into his eyes when he makes love to me. I am a person who secretly shakes on salt in the kitchen, then comes out with her plate, smiling, as basil is crumbled over the tomatoes.

Sometimes, in our bed, his fingers smell of rosemary or tarragon. Strong smells. Sour smells. Whatever Shakespeare says, or whatever is written in "Culpeper's Complete Herbal," I cannot imagine that herbs have anything to do with love. But many brides-to-be come to the herb farm and buy branches of herbs to stick in their bouquets. They anoint their wrists with herbal extracts, to smell mysterious. They believe that herbs bring them luck. These days, they want tubs of rosemary in their houses, not ficus trees. "I got in right on the cusp of the new world," Frank says. He isn't kidding.

FOR the Christmas party tonight, there are cherry tomatoes halved and stuffed with peaks of cheese, mushrooms stuffed with puréed tomatoes, tomatoes stuffed with chopped mushrooms, and mushrooms stuffed with cheese. Kate is laughing in the kitchen. "No one's going to notice," she mutters. "No one's going to say anything."

"Why don't we put out some nuts?" Howard says.

"Nuts are so conventional. This is funny," Kate says, squirting more soft cheese out of a pastry tube.

"Last year we had mistletoe and mulled cider."

"Last year we lost our sense of humor. What happened that we got all hyped up? We even ran out on Christmas Eve to cut a tree—"

"The kids," Howard says.

"That's right," she says. "The kids were crying. They were feeling competitive with the other kids, or something."

"Becky was crying. Todd was too young to cry about that," Howard says.

"Why are we talking about tears?" Kate says. "We can talk about tears when it's not the season to be jolly. Everybody's going to come in tonight and love the wreaths on the picture hooks and think this food is so *festive*."

"We invited a new Indian guy from the Philosophy Department," Howard says. "American Indian—not an Indian from India."

"If we want, we can watch the tapes of 'Jewel in the Crown,' " Kate says.

"I'm feeling really depressed," Howard says, backing up to the counter and sliding down until he rests on his elbows. His tennis shoes are wet. He never takes off his wet shoes, and he never gets colds.

"Try one of those mushrooms," Kate says. "They'll be better when they're cooked, though."

"What's wrong with me?" Howard says. It's almost the first time he's looked at me since I arrived. I've been trying not to register my boredom and my frustration with Kate's prattle.

"Maybe we should get a tree," I say.

"I don't think it's Christmas that's

making me feel this way," Howard says.

"Well, snap out of it," Kate says. "You can open one of your presents early, if you want to."

"No, no," Howard says, "it isn't Christmas." He hands a plate to Kate, who has begun to stack the dishwasher. "I've been worrying that you're in a lot of pain and you just aren't saying so," he says to me.

"It's just uncomfortable," I say.

"I know, but do you keep going over what happened, in your mind? When you fell, or in the emergency room, or anything?"

"I had a dream last night about the ballerinas at Victoria Pool," I say. "It was like Victoria Pool was a stage set instead of a real place, and tall, thin ballerinas kept parading in and twirling and pirouetting. I was envying their being able to touch their fingertips together over their heads."

Howard opens the top level of the dishwasher and Kate begins to hand him the rinsed glasses.

"You just told a little story," Howard says. "You didn't really answer the question."

"I don't keep going over it in my mind," I say.

"So you're repressing it," he says.

"Mom," Becky says, walking into the kitchen, "is it O.K. if Deirdre comes to the party tonight if her dad doesn't drive here to pick her up this weekend?"

"I thought her father was in the hospital," Kate says.

"Yeah, he was. But he got out. He called and said that it was going to snow up north, though, so he wasn't sure if he could come."

"Of course she can come," Kate says.

"And you know what?" Becky says.

"Say hello to people when you come into a room," Kate says. "At least make eye contact or smile or something."

"I'm not Miss America on the runway, Mom. I'm just walking into the kitchen."

"You have to acknowledge people's existence," Kate says. "Haven't we talked about this?"

"Oh, hel-*lo*," Becky says, curtsying by pulling out the sides of an imaginary skirt. She has on purple sweatpants. She turns toward me and pulls the fabric away from her hipbones. "Oh, hello, as if we've never met," she says.

"Your aunt here doesn't want to be in the middle of this," Howard says. "She's got enough trouble."

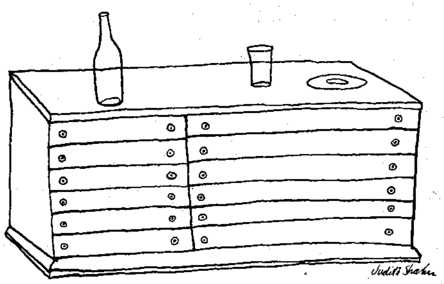
"Get back on track," Kate says to Becky. "What did you want to say to me?"

"You know what you do, Mom?" Becky says. "You make an issue of something and then it's like when I speak it's a big thing. Everybody's listening to me."

Kate closes the door to the dishwasher.

"Did you want to speak to me privately?" she says.

"Nooo," Becky says, sitting in the chair across from me and sighing. "I was just going to say—and now it's a big deal—I was going to say that Deirdre just found out that that guy she was writing all year is in *prison*. He was in prison all the time, but she didn't know what the P.O. box meant."



"What's she going to do?" Howard says.

"She's going to write and ask him all about prison," Becky says.

"That's good," Howard says. "That cheers me up to hear that. The guy probably agonized about whether to tell her or not. He probably thought she'd hot-potato him."

"Lots of decent people go to prison," Becky says.

"That's ridiculous," Kate says. "You can't generalize about convicts any more than you can generalize about the rest of humanity."

"So?" Becky says. "If somebody in the rest of humanity had something to hide, he'd hide it, too, wouldn't he?"

"Let's go get a tree," Howard says. "We'll get a tree."

"Somebody got hit on the highway carrying a tree home," Becky says. "Really."

"You really do have your ear to the ground in this town," Kate says. "You kids could be the town crier. I know everything before the paper comes."

"It happened yesterday," Becky says.

THE MOON

Those who think the word "terrace" unusable
Will never understand the lighting angle
From which I stare at the city tonight—

Its lights and ices, pinnacle heights,
And a single flatiron wedge of weight.
The view out there, more and more like newsprint,

Could it be the stars editing the dark?
Finally we make out what the letters mean:
Forswear the romantic, but manage to live it.

A soundless plane's towed over dragging
Pontoons, and on-and-off green and red.
This is the smallest point in the sea.

And how life engages itself in the windows!
Human prospects: suppers, sleeps,
And conversations, impossible to hear,

About everything under the sun—or the moon,
Apparent now with a haze around it,
Telling a story: how it watched the world

And reflects on it without stopping to reflect,
Withholding because it knows too much
That comment that would light up everything.

—Howard Moss

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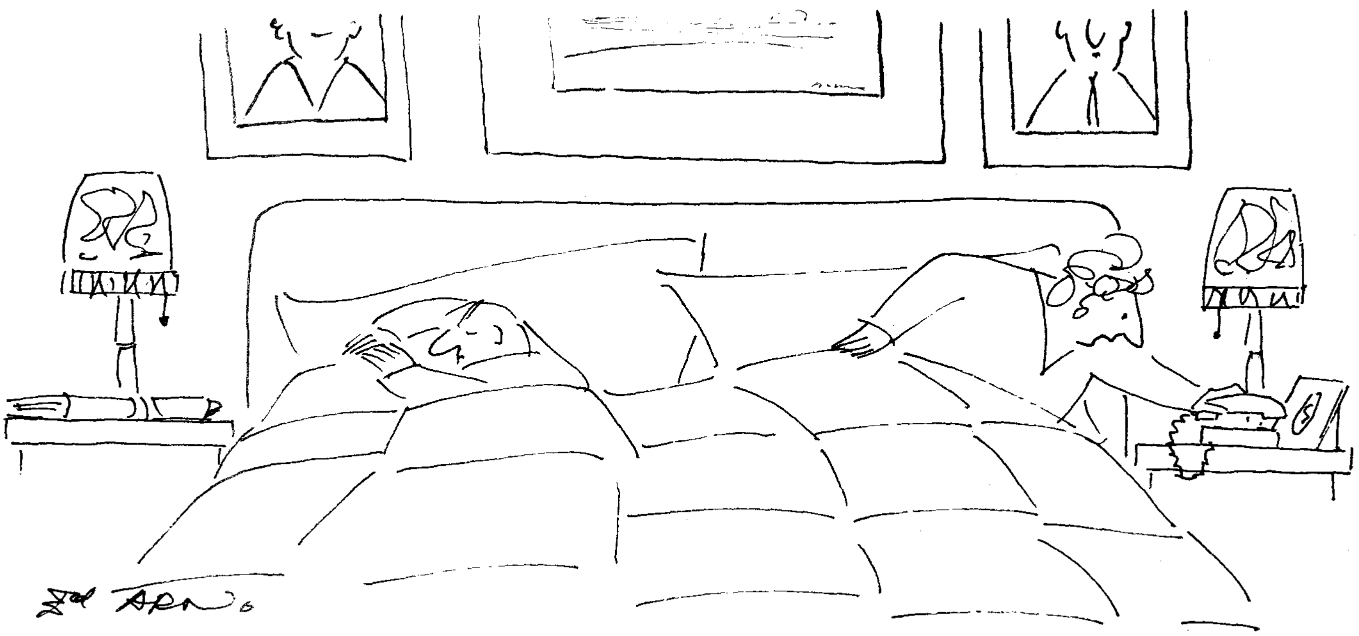

"It was Henry Bradbury, calling to say the mistake you made on the Craddock account was bigger than you thought it was but not as big as he thought it was."

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"Christ," Howard says. "We're talking about crying, we're talking about death." He is leaning against the counter again.

"We are not," Kate says, walking in front of him to open the refrigerator door. She puts a plate of stuffed tomatoes inside. "In your typical fashion, you've singled out two observations out of a lot that have been made, and—"

"I woke up thinking about Dennis Bidou last night," Howard says to me. "Remember Dennis Bidou, who used to taunt you? Dad put me up to having it out with him, and he backed down after that. But I was always afraid he'd come after me. I went around for years pretending not to cringe when he came near me. And then, you know, one time I was out on a date and we ran out of gas, and as I was walking to get a can of gas a car pulled up alongside me and Dennis Bidou leaned out the window. He was surprised that it was me and I was surprised that it was him. He asked me what happened and I said I ran out of gas. He said, 'Tough shit, I guess,' but a girl was driving and she gave him a hard time. She stopped the car and insisted that I get in the back and they'd take me to the gas station. He didn't say one word to me the whole way there. I remembered the way he looked in the car when I found out he was killed in Nam—the back of his head on that ramrod-straight body, and a black collar or some dark-colored collar pulled up to his hairline." Howard makes a horizontal motion with four fingers, thumb folded under, in the air beside his ear.

"Now you're trying to depress everybody," Kate says.

"I'm willing to cheer up. I'm going to cheer up before tonight. I'm going up to that Lions Club lot on Main Street and get a tree. Anybody coming with me?"

"I'm going over to Deirdre's," Becky says.

"I'll come with you, if you think my advice is needed," I say.

"For fun," Howard says, bouncing on his toes. "For fun—not advice."

He gets my red winter coat out of the closet, and I back into it, putting in my good arm. Then he takes a diaper pin off the lapel and pins the other side of the coat to the top of my shoulder, easing the pin through my sweater. Then he puts Kate's poncho over my head. This is the system, because I am always cold. Actually, Kate devised the system. I stand there while Howard puts on his leather jacket. I feel like a bird with a cloth draped over its cage for the night. This makes me feel sorry for myself, and then I *do* think of my arm as a broken wing, and suddenly everything seems so sad that I feel my eyes well up with tears. I sniff a couple of times. And Howard faced down Dennis Bidou, for my sake! My brother! But he really did it because my father told him to. Whatever my father told him to do he did. He drew the line only at smothering my father in the hospital when he asked him to. That is the only time I know of that he ignored my father's wishes.

"Get one that's tall enough," Kate says. "And don't get one of those trees that look like a cactus. Get one with long needles that swoops."

"Swoops?" Howard says, turning in the hallway.

"Something with some fluidity," she says, bending her knees and making a sweeping motion with her arm. "You know—something beautiful."

BEFORE the guests arrive, a neighbor woman has brought Todd back from his play group and he is ready for bed, and the tree has been decorated with a few dozen Christmas balls and some stars cut out of typing paper, with paper-clip hangers stuck through one point. The smaller animals in the stuffed-toy menagerie—certainly not the bear—are under the tree, approximating the animals at the manger. The manger is a roasting pan, with a green dinosaur inside.

"How many of these people who're coming do I know?" I say.

"You know . . . you know . . ." Howard is gnawing his lip. He takes another sip of wine, looks puzzled. "Well, you know Koenig," he says. "Koenig got married. You'll like his wife. They're coming separately, because he's coming straight from work. You know the Miners. You know—you'll really like Lightfoot, the new guy in the Philosophy Department. Don't rush to tell him that you're tied up with somebody. He's a nice guy, and he deserves a chance."

"I don't think I'm tied up with anybody," I say.

"Have a drink—you'll feel better," Howard says. "Honest to God. I was getting depressed this afternoon. When the light starts to sink so early, I never can figure out what I'm responding to. I gray over, like the afternoon, you know?"

"O.K., I'll have a drink," I say.

"The very fat man who's coming is in A.A.," Howard says, taking a glass off the bookshelf and pouring some wine into it. "These were just washed yesterday," he says. He hands me the glass of wine. "The fat guy's name is Dwight Kule. The Jansons, who are also coming, introduced us to him. He's a bachelor. Used to live in the Apple. Mystery man. Nobody knows. He's got a computer terminal in his house that's hooked up to some mysterious office in New York. Tells funny jokes. They come at him all day over the computer."

"Who are the Jansons?"

"You met her. The woman whose lover broke into the house and did caricatures of her and her husband all over the walls after she broke off with him. One amazing artist, from what I heard. You know about that, right?"

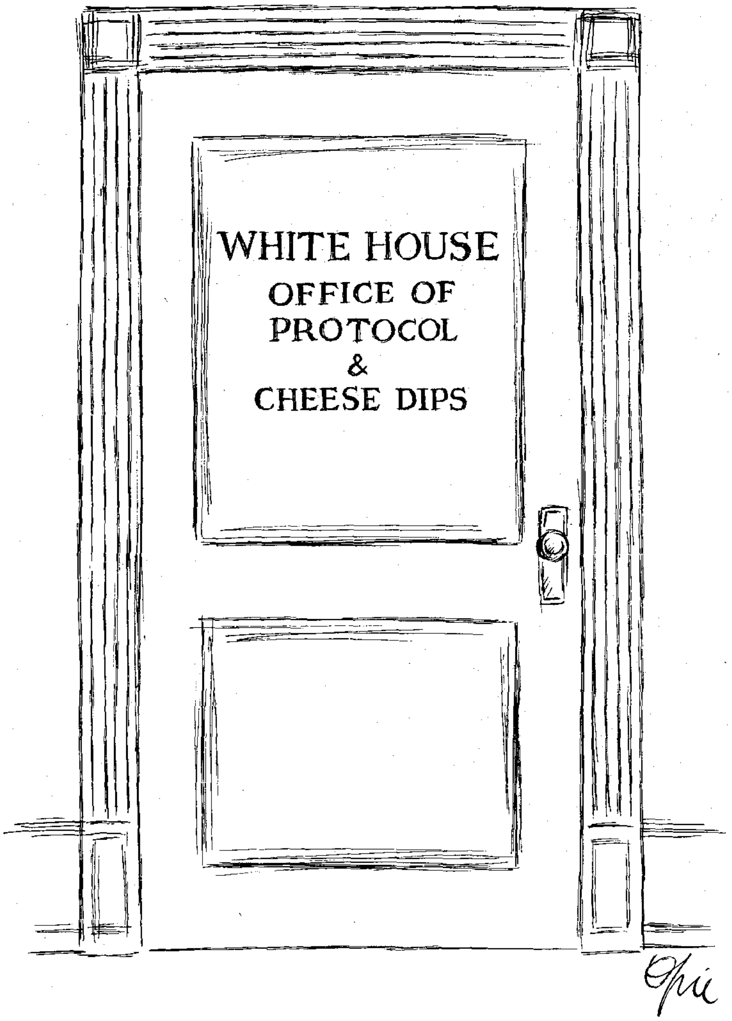
"No," I say, smiling. "What does she look like?"

"You met her at the races with us. Tall. Red hair."

"Oh, that woman. Why didn't you say so?"

"I told you about the lover, right?"

"I didn't know she had a lover."



"Well, fortunately she *had* told her husband, and they'd decided to patch it up, so when they came home and saw the walls—I mean, I get the idea that it was rather graphic. Not like stumbling upon hieroglyphics in a cave or something. Husband told it as a story on himself: going down to the paint store and buying the darkest can of blue paint they had to do the painting-over, because he wanted it done with—none of this three-coats stuff." Howard has another sip of wine. "You haven't met her husband," he says. "He's an anesthesiologist."

"What did her lover do?"

"He ran the music store. He left town."

"Where did he go?"

"Montpelier."

"How do you find all this stuff out?"

"Ask. Get told," Howard says. "Then he was cleaning his gun in Montpelier the other day, and it went off and he shot himself in the foot. Didn't do any real damage, though."

"It's hard to think of anything like that as poetic justice," I say. "So are the Jansons happy again?"

"I don't know. We don't see much of them," Howard says. "We're not really involved in any social whirl, you know. You only visit during the holidays, and that's when we give the annual party."

"Oh, hel-*lo*," Becky says, sweeping into the living room from the front door, bringing the cold and her girlfriend Deirdre in with her. Deirdre is giggling, head averted. "My friends! My wonderful friends!" Becky says, trotting past, hand waving madly. She stops in the doorway, and Deirdre collides with her. Deirdre puts her hand up to her mouth to muffle a yelp, then bolts past Becky into the kitchen.

"I can remember being that age," I say.

"I don't think I was ever that stupid," Howard says.

"A different thing happens with girls. Boys don't talk to each other all the time in quite the same intense way, do they? I mean, I can remember when it seemed that I never talked but that I was always *confiding* something."

"Confide something in me," Howard says, coming back from flipping the Bach on the stereo.

"Girls just talk that way to other girls," I say, realizing he's serious.

"Gidon Kremer," Howard says, clamping his hand over his heart. "God—tell me that isn't beautiful."

"How did you find out so much about classical music?" I say. "By asking and getting told?"

"In New York," he says. "Before I moved here. Before L.A., even. I just started buying records and asking around. Half the city is an unofficial guide to classical music. You can find out a lot in New York." He pours more wine into his glass. "Come on," he says. "Confide something in me."

In the kitchen, one of

IDIOT.
IDIOT.
Gahan Wilson

the girls turns on the radio, and rock and roll, played low, crosses paths with Bach's violin. The music goes lower still. Deirdre and Becky are laughing.

I take a drink, sigh, and nod at Howard. "When I was in San Francisco last June to see my friend Susan, I got in a night before I said I would, and she wasn't in town," I say. "I was going to surprise her, and she was the one who surprised me. It was no big deal. I was tired from the flight and by the time I got there I was happy to have the excuse to check into a hotel, because if she'd been there we'd have talked all night. Acting like Becky with Deirdre, right?"

Howard rolls his eyes and nods.

"So I went to a hotel and checked in and took a bath, and suddenly I got my second wind and I thought what the hell, why not go to the restaurant right next to the hotel—or in the hotel, I guess it was—and have a great dinner, since it was supposed to be such a great place."

"What restaurant?"

"L'Étoile."

"Yeah," he says. "What happened?"

"I'm telling you what happened. You have to be patient. Girls always know to be patient with other girls."

He nods yes again.

"They were very nice to me. It was about three-quarters full. They put me at a table, and the minute I sat down I looked up and there was a man on a banquette across the room from me. He was looking at me, and I was looking at him, and it was almost impossible not to keep eye contact. It just hit both of us, obviously. And almost on the other side of the curve of the banquette was a woman, who wasn't terribly attractive. She had on a wedding ring. He didn't. They were eating in silence. I had to force myself to look somewhere else, but when I did look up he'd look up, or he'd already be looking up. At some point he left the table. I saw that in my peripheral vision, when I had my head turned to hear a conversation on my right and I was chewing my food. Then after a while he paid the check and the two of them left. She walked ahead of him, and he didn't seem to be with her. I mean, he walked quite far behind her. But naturally he didn't turn his head. And after they left I thought, That's amazing. It was really like kinetic energy. Just wham. So I had coffee, and then I paid my check, and when I was leaving I was walking up the steep steps to the street and the waiter came up behind me and said, 'Excuse me. I don't know what I should do, but I didn't want to embarrass you in the restaurant. The gentleman left this for you on his way out.' And he handed me an envelope. I was pretty taken aback, but I just said, 'Thank you,' and continued up the steps, and when I got outside I looked around. He wasn't there, naturally. So I opened the envelope, and his business card was inside. He was one of the partners in a law firm. And underneath his name he had written, 'Who are you? Please call.' "

Howard is smiling.

"So I put it in my purse and I walked for a few blocks, and I thought, Well, what for, really? Some man in San Francisco? For what? A one-night stand? I went back to the hotel, and when I walked in the man behind the desk stood up and said, 'Excuse me. Were you just eating dinner?,' and I said, 'A few minutes ago,' and he said, 'Someone left this for you.' It was a hotel envelope. In the elevator on the way to my room, I opened it, and it was the same business card, with 'Please call' written on it."

"I hope you called," Howard says.

"I decided to sleep on it. And in the morning I decided not to. But I kept the card. And then at the end of August I was walking in the East Village, and a couple obviously from out of town were walking in front of me, and a punk kid got up off the stoop where he was sitting and said to them, 'Hey—I want my picture taken with you.' I went into a store, and when I came out the couple and the punk kid were all laughing together, holding these Polaroid snaps that another punk had taken. It was a joke, not a scam. The man gave the kid a dollar for one of the pictures, and they walked off, and the punk sat back down on the stoop. So I walked back to where he was sitting, and I said, 'Could you do me a real favor? Could I have my picture taken with you, too?' "

"What?" Howard says. The violin is soaring. He gets up and turns the music down a notch. He looks over his shoulder. "Yeah?" he says.

"The kid wanted to know why I wanted it, and I told him because it would upset my boyfriend. So he said yeah—his face lit up when I said that—but that he really would appreciate two bucks for more film. So I gave it to him, and then he put his arm around me and really mugged for the camera. He was like a human boa constrictor around my neck, and he did a Mick Jagger pout. I couldn't believe how well the picture came out. And that night, on the white part on the bottom I wrote, 'I'm somebody whose name you still don't know. Are you going to find me?' and I put it in an envelope and mailed it to him in

San Francisco. I don't know why I did it. I mean, it doesn't seem like something I'd ever do, you know?"

"But how will he find you?" Howard says.

"I've still got his card," I say, shrugging my good shoulder toward my purse on the floor.

"You don't know what you're going to do?" Howard says.

"I haven't thought about it in months."

"How is that possible?"

"How is it possible that somebody can go into a restaurant and be hit by *lightning and the other person is, too?* It's like a bad movie or something."

"Of course it can happen," Howard says. "Seriously, what are you going to do?"

"Let some time pass. Maybe send him something he can follow up on if he still wants to."

"That's an amazing story," Howard says.

"Sometimes—well, I hadn't thought about it in a while, but at the end of summer, after I mailed the picture, I'd be walking along or doing whatever I was doing and this feeling would come over me that he was thinking about me."

Howard looks at me strangely. "He probably was," he says. "He doesn't know how to get in touch with you."

"You used to be a screenwriter. What should he do?"

"Couldn't he figure out from the background that it was the Village?"

"I'm not sure."

"If he could, he could put an ad in the *Voice*."

"I think it was just a car in the background."

"Then you've got to give him something else," Howard says.

"For what? You want your sister to have a one-night stand?"

"You make him sound awfully attractive," Howard says.

"Yeah, but what if he's a rat? It could be argued that he was just cocky, and that he was pretty sure that I'd respond. Don't you think?"

"I think you should get in touch with him. Do it in some amusing way if you want, but I wouldn't let him slip away."

"I never had him. And from the looks of it he has a wife."

"You don't know that."

"No," I say. "I guess I don't know."

"Do it," Howard says. "I think you need this," and when he speaks he whispers—just what a girl would do. He nods his head yes. "Do it," he whispers again. Then he turns his head abruptly, to see what I am staring at. It is Kate, wrapped in a towel after her bath, trailing the long cord of the extension phone with her.

"It's Frank," she whispers, her hand over the mouthpiece. "He says he's going to come to the party after all."

I look at her dumbly, surprised. I'd almost forgotten that Frank knew I was here. He's only been here once with me, and it was clear that he didn't like Howard and Kate. Why would he suddenly decide to come to the party?

She shrugs, hand still over the mouthpiece. "Come here," she whispers.

I get up and start toward the phone. "If it's not an awful imposition," she says, "maybe he could bring Deirdre's

• •

EARLY AND LATE IN THE MONTH

1. Paddington Recreation Ground

White birds on the cold green winter grass, wet
with white, like snow held too long in the hand,
the runner's white breath ghosting the gray air.
The morning is one thing, then another—
sometimes the sun slick along the trees,
sometimes the sudden thought of clouds settling
for the day, then lifting. While I slept, none
of this was here, *none* of this drifting, though

I remember in the evening I watched
the sky hurt with the blue at the cold quick
of all color, then grow dark, and darker,
infinitely. The day moon held the moon.
I watched sunlight, hard against the windows,
disappear, watched the brickwork leave the dull-
red row of buildings, watched the street turn black
and electric, and finally oil with ice.

I woke up cold, like a boy late for school,
the photographic air granular, alive,
then lay almost an hour, sorting nothing
from nothing, waiting for the room to fill.
Outside, in the half-rain, half-snow, half snow
themselves, the birds had gathered from the tide.
The man on the track was running away,
dressed in the cold colors of the morning.

2. First Day of Spring

All afternoon the industrial light
of London dissolving into rain, the
sexual, interminable patchwork
of the plane trees piling in perspective.
Silver and copper, like money in the
street, brilliant through the large upper window.
My eye, hooked like a bird's, fixes on any-
thing, even in memory: how the black rain
washes clean, how the dry leaf opens and
is lifted whole back into the new wind.
The spirit puts its nose against the glass—
the sky is nothing, is a starved black wing.
Below: the mirror tops of cars, the black
iron railing the kids will try to tightwalk.

—Stanley Plumly

father with him. He lives just around the corner from you in the city."

"Deirdre's father?" I say.

"Here," she whispers. "He'll hang up."

"Hi, Frank," I say, talking into the phone. My voice sounds high, false.

"I miss you," Frank says. "I've got to get out of the city. I invited myself. I assume since it's an annual invitation it's all right, right?"

"Oh, of course," I say. "Can you just hold on for one second?"

"Sure," he says.

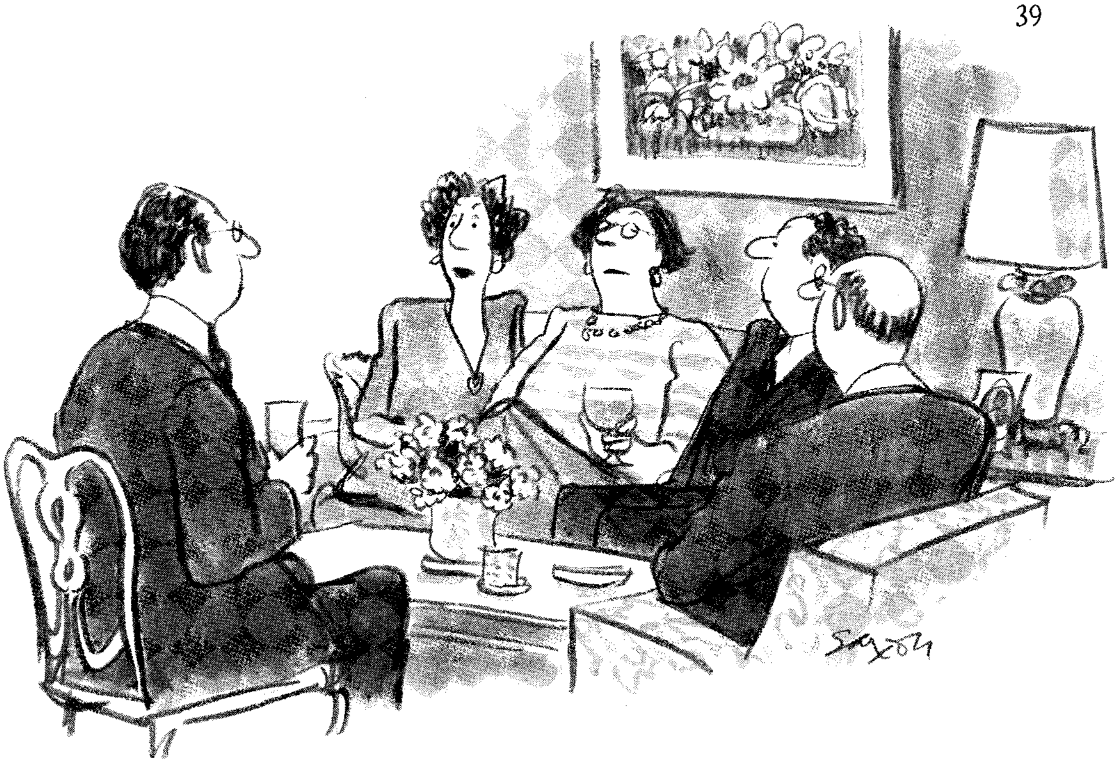
I cover the mouthpiece again. Kate is still standing next to me.

"I was talking to Deirdre's mother in the bathroom," Kate whispers. "She says that her ex-husband's not really able to drive yet, and that Deirdre has been crying all day. If he could just give him a lift, they could take the train back, but—"

"Frank? This is sort of crazy, and I don't quite understand the logistics, but I'm going to put Kate on. We need for you to do us a favor."

"Anything," he says. "As long as it's not about Mrs. Joan Wilde-Younge's revision of a revision of a revision of a spiteful will."

I hand the phone to Kate. "Frank?" she says. "You're about to make a new friend. Be very nice to him, because he just had his gallbladder out, and he's got about as much strength as seaweed. He lives on Seventy-ninth Street."



"If you're trying to analyze social disintegration, you should know that Mary Vollmer here majored in social disintegration."

I AM in the car with Howard, huddled in my coat and the poncho. We are on what seems like an ironic mission. We are going to the 7-Eleven to get ice. The moon is shining brightly, and patches of snow shine like stepping stones in the field on my side of the car. Howard puts on his directional signal suddenly and turns, and I look over my shoulder to make sure we're not going to be hit from behind.

"Sorry," he says. "My mind was wandering. Not that it's the best-marked road to begin with."

Miles Davis is on the tape deck—the very quiet kind of Miles Davis.

"We've got a second for a detour," he says.

"Why are we detouring?"

"Just for a second," Howard says.

"It's freezing," I say, dropping my chin to speak the words so my throat will warm up for a second. I raise my head. My clavicle is colder.

"What you said about kinetic energy made me think about doing this," Howard says. "You can confide in me and I can confide in you, right?"

"What are you talking about?"

"This," he says, turning onto property marked "NO TRESPASSING." The road is quite rutted where he turns onto it, but as it begins to weave up the hill it smooths out a little. He is driving with both hands gripping the wheel hard, sitting forward in the seat as if the extra inch, plus the brights, will help him see more clearly. The road levels off, and to our right is a pond. It is not frozen, but ice clings to the sides, like scum in an aquarium. Howard clicks out the tape, and we sit there in the cold and silence. He turns off the ignition.

"There was a dog here last week," he says.

I look at him.

"Lots of dogs in the country, right?" he says.

"What are we doing here?" I say, drawing up my knees.

"I fell in love with somebody," he says.

I had been looking at the water, but when he spoke I turned and looked at him again.

"I didn't think she'd be here," he says quietly. "I didn't even really think that the dog would be here. I just felt drawn to the place, I guess—that's all. I wanted to see if I could get some of that feeling back if I came here. You'd get it back if you called that man, or wrote him. It was real. I could tell when you were talking to me that it was real."

"Howard, did you say that you fell in love with somebody? When?"

"A few weeks ago. The semester's over. She's graduating. She's gone in January. A graduate student—like that? A twenty-two-year-old kid. One of my pal Lightfoot's philosophy students." Howard lets go of the wheel. When he turned the ignition off, he had continued to grip the wheel. Now his hands are on his thighs. We both seem to be examining his hands. At least, I am looking at his hands so I do not stare into his face, and he has dropped his eyes.

"It was all pretty crazy," he says. "There was so much passion, so fast. Maybe I'm kidding myself, but I don't think I let on to her how much I cared. She saw that I cared, but she . . . She didn't know my heart kept stopping, you know? We drove out here one day and had a picnic in the car—it would have been your nightmare picnic, it was so cold—and a dog came wandering up to the car. Big dog. Right over there."

I look out my window, almost expecting that the dog may still be there.

"There were three freezing picnics. This dog turned up at the last one. She liked the dog—it looked like a mutt, with maybe a lot of golden retriever mixed in. I thought it was inviting trouble for us to open the car door, because it didn't look like a particularly friendly dog. But she was right and I was wrong. Her name is Robin, by the way. The minute she opened the door, the dog wagged its tail. We took a walk with it." He juts his chin forward. "Up that path there," he says. "We threw rocks for it. A sure crowd-pleaser with your average lost-in-the-woods American dog, right? I started kidding around, calling the dog Spot. When we were back at the car, Robin patted its head and closed the car door, and it backed off, looking very sad. Like we were really ruining its day, to leave. As I was pulling out, she rolled down the window and said, 'Goodbye, Rover,' and I swear its face came alive. I think his name really was Rover."

"What did you do?" I say.

"You mean about the dog, or about the two of us?"

I shake my head. I don't know which I mean.

"I backed out, and the dog let us go. It just stood there. I got to look at it in the rearview mirror until the road dipped and it was out of sight. Robin didn't look back."

"What are you going to do?"

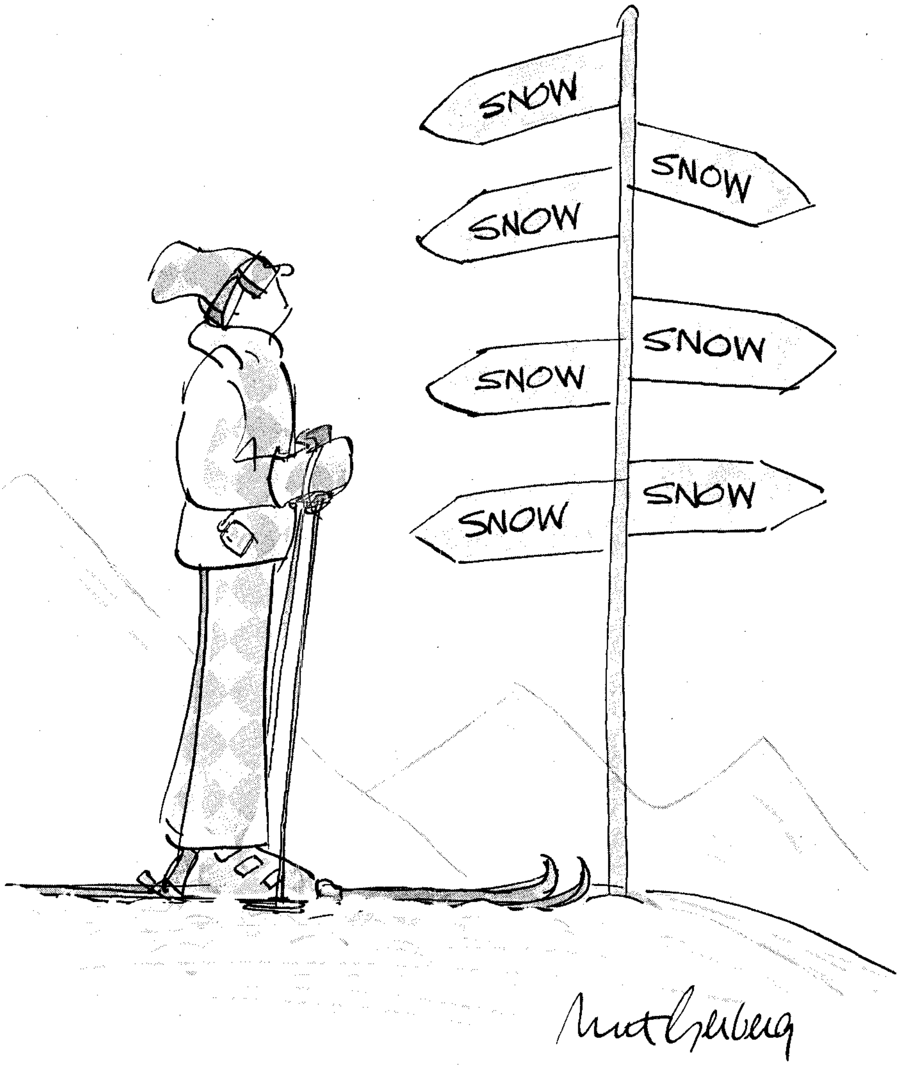
"Get ice," he says, starting the ignition. "But that isn't what you meant, either, is it?"

He backs up, and as we swing around toward our own tire tracks I turn my head again, but there is no dog there, watching us in the moonlight.

BACK at the house, as Howard goes in front of me up the flagstone pathway, I walk slower than I usually do in the cold, trying to give myself time to puzzle out what he makes me think of just then. It comes to me at the moment when my attention is diverted by a patch of ice I'm terrified of slipping on. He reminds me of that courthouse figure—I don't know what it's called—the statue of a blindfolded woman holding the scales of justice. Bag of ice in the left hand, bag of ice in the right—but there's no blindfold. The door is suddenly opened, and what Howard and I see before us is Koenig, his customary bandanna tied around his head, smiling welcome, and behind him, in the glare of the already begun party, the woman with red hair holding Todd, who clutches his green dinosaur in one hand and rubs his sleepy, crying face with the other. Todd makes a lunge—not really toward his father but toward wider spaces—and I'm conscious, all at once, of the cigarette smoke swirling and of the heat of the house, there in the entranceway, that turn the bitter-cold outdoor air silver as it comes flooding in. "Messiah"—Kate's choice of perfect music for the occasion—isn't playing; someone has put on Judy Garland, and we walk in just as she is singing, "That's where you'll find me." The words hang in the air like smoke.

"Hello, hello, hello, hello," Becky calls, dangling one kneesocked leg over the balcony as Deirdre covers her face and hides behind her. "To both of you, just because you're here, from me to you: a million—a trillion—hellos."

—Ann Beattie



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Correction

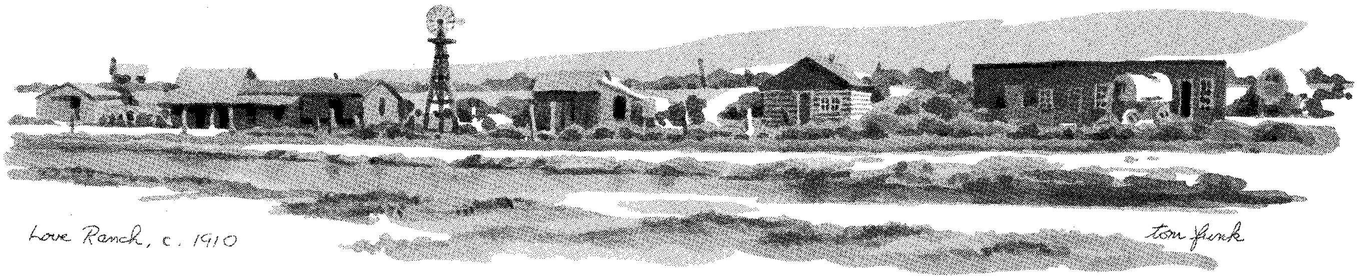
In its Oct. 16 story "The Era of Black Listing," the Daily incorrectly stated the following. Three professors were not jailed, but fired. Albert Canwell was a state representative, not a senator. The Berlin Wall was constructed in August 1961, not in 1946. The Communist Party did not take over the government in Peking until 1949. Senator Joseph McCarthy was a Republican, not a Democrat. Canwell's committee did not come to UW in 1946, but in 1947.

The Daily regrets these half-dozen errors.—*The Daily, newspaper of the University of Washington.*

Just one of those days.

ANNALS OF THE FORMER WORLD

RISING FROM THE PLAINS—II


Love Ranch, c. 1910

IN the United States Geological Survey's seven-and-a-half-minute series of topographic maps is a quadrangle named Love Ranch. The landscape it depicts lies just under the forty-third parallel and west of the hundred-and-seventh meridian—coordinates that place it twelve miles from the geographic center of Wyoming. The names of its natural features are names that more or less materialized around the kitchen table when David Love was young: Corral Draw, Castle Gardens, Buffalo Wallows, Jumping-Off Draw. To the fact that he grew up there his vernacular, his outlook, his pragmatic skills, and his professional absorptions about equally attest. The term "store-bought" once brightened his eyes. When one or another of the cowpunchers used a revolver, the man did not so much fire a shot as "slam a bullet." If a ranch hand was tough enough, he would "ride anything with hair on it." Coffee had been brewed properly if it would "float a horseshoe." Blankets were "sougans." A tarpaulin was a "henskin." To be off in the distant ranges was to be "gouging around the mountains." In Love's stories of the ranch, horses come and go by the "cavvy." If they are unowned and untamed, they are a "wild bunch"—led to capture by a rider "riding point." In the flavor of his speech the word "ornery" endures.

He describes his father as a "rough, kindly, strong-willed man" who would put a small son on each knee and—reciting "Ride a cockhorse to Banbury Cross to see a fine lady upon a white horse"—give the children bronco rides after dinner, explaining that his purpose was "to settle their stomachs." Their mother's complaints went straight up the stovepipe and away with the wind. When their father was not reciting such Sassenach doggerel, he could draw Scottish poems out of the air like bolts of silk. He had the right voice, the Midlothian timbre. He knew every syllable of "The Lady of the Lake." Putting his arms around the shoulders of his wee lads, he would roll it to them by the canto, and when they tired of Scott there were in his memory more than enough ballads to sketch the whole of Scotland, from the Caithness headlands to the Lammermuir Hills.

David was fifteen months younger than his brother, Allan. Their sister, Phoebe, was born so many years later that she does not figure in most of these scenes. They were the only children in a thousand square miles, where children outnumbered the indigenous trees. From the ranch buildings, by Muskrat Creek, the Wind River Basin reached out in buffalo grass, grama grass, and edible salt sage across the cambered erosional swells of the vast dry range. When the wind dropped, this whole wide world was silent, and they could hear from a great distance the squeak of a horned lark. The nearest neighbor was thirteen miles away. On the clearest night, they saw no light but their own.

Old buffalo trails followed the creek and branched from the creek: old but not ancient—there were buffalo skulls beside them, and some were attached to hide. The boys used the buffalo trails when they rode off on ranch chores for their father. They rode young and rode long, and often went without water. Even now, six decades later, David will pass up a cool spring, saying, "If I drink now, I'll be thirsty all day." To cut cedar fence posts, they went with a wagon to Green Mountain, near Crooks Gap—a round trip of two weeks. In early fall, each year, they spent ten days going back and forth to the Rattlesnake Hills for stove wood. They took two wagons—four horses pulling each wagon—and they filled them with limber pine. They used axes, a two-handled saw. Near home, they mined coal with their father—from the erosional wonderland they called Castle Gardens, where a horse-drawn scraper stripped the overburden and exposed the seams of coal. Their father was adept at corralling wild horses, a skill that called for a horse and rider who could outrun these closest rivals to the wind. He caught more than he kept, put his Flatiron brand on the best ones and sold the others. Some of them escaped. David remembers seeing one clear a seven-foot bar in the wild-horse corral and not so much as touch it. When he and Allan were in their early teens, his father sent them repping—representing Love Ranch in the general roundup—and they stayed in cow camp with other cowboys, and often enough their sougans included snow. When they were out on the range, they slept out on the range, never a night in a tent. This was not a choice. It was a family custom.

In the earlier stretch of his life when John Love had slept out for seven years, he would wrap himself in his sougans and finish the package with the spring hooks and D-rings that closed his henskin. During big gales and exceptional blizzards, he looked around for a dry wash and the crease of an overhanging cutbank. He gathered sage and built a long fire—a campfire with the dimensions of a cot. He cooked his beans and bacon, his mutton, his sourdough, his whatever. After dinner, he kicked the fire aside and spread out his bedroll. He opened his waterproof packet of books and read by kerosene lamp. Then he blew out the light and went to sleep on warm sand. His annual expenditures were seventy-five dollars. This was a man who wore a long bearskin coat fastened with bone pegs in loops of rope. This was a man who, oddly enough, carried with him on the range

"Gee, I wish I'd met you before my genius grant ran out."

a huge black umbrella—his summer parasol. This was a man whose Uncle John Muir had invented a device that started a fire in the morning while the great outdoorsman stayed in bed. And now this wee bairn with the light-gold hair was, in effect, questioning Love Ranch policy by asking his father what he had against tents. "Laddie, you don't always have one available," his father said patiently. "You want to get used to living without it." Tents, he made clear, were for a class of people he referred to as "pilgrims."

When David was nine, he set up a trap line between the Hay Meadow and the Pinnacles (small sandstone buttes in Castle Gardens). He trapped coyotes, bobcats, badgers. He shot rabbits. He ran the line on foot, through late-autumn and early-winter snow. His father was with him one cold and blizzarding January day when David's rifle and the rabbits he was carrying slipped from his hands and fell to the snow. David picked up the gun and soon dropped it again. "It was a cardinal sin to drop a rifle," he says. "Snow and ice in the gun barrel could cause the gun to blow up when it was fired." Like holding on to a saddle horn, it was something you just did not do. It would not have crossed his father's mind that David was being careless. In sharp tones, his father said, "Laddie, leave the rabbits and rifle and run for home. Run!" He knew hypothermia when he saw it, no matter that it lacked a name.

Even in October, a blizzard could cover the house and make a tunnel of the front veranda. As winter progressed, rime grew on the nailheads of interior walls until white spikes projected some inches into the rooms. There were eleven rooms. His mother could tell the outside temperature by the movement of the frost. It climbed the nails about an inch for each degree below zero. Sometimes there was frost on nailheads fifty-five inches up the walls. The house was chinked with slaked lime, wood shavings, and cow manure. In the wild wind, snow came through the slightest crack, and the nickel disks on the dampers of the heat stove were constantly jingling. There came a sound of hooves in cold dry snow, of heavy bodies slamming against the walls, seeking heat. John Love insulated his boots with newspapers—as like as not the New York *Times*. To warm the boys in their beds on cold nights, their mother wrapped heated flatirons in copies of the New York *Times*. The family were subscribers. Sundays only. The *Times*, David Love recalls, was "precious." They used it to insulate the house: pasted it against the walls beside the Des Moines *Register*, the Tacoma *News Tribune*—any paper from anywhere, without fine distinction. With the same indiscriminate voracity, any paper from anywhere was first read and reread by every literate eye in every cow camp and sheep camp within tens of miles, read to shreds and passed along, in tattered circulation on the range. There was, as Love expresses it, "a starvation of print." Almost anybody's first question on encountering a neighbor was "Have you got any newspapers?"

The ranch steadings were more than a dozen buildings facing south, and most of them were secondhand. When a stage route that ran through the ranch was abandoned, in 1905, John Love went down the line shopping for moribund towns. He bought Old Muskrat—including the hotel, the post office, Joe Lacey's Muskrat Saloon—and moved the whole of it eighteen miles. He bought Golden Lake and moved it thirty-three. He arranged the buildings in a rough semicircle that embraced a corral so large and solidly constructed that other ranchers travelled long distances to use it. Joe Lacey's place became the hay house, the hotel became in part a saddlery and cookhouse, and the other buildings, many of them connected, became all or parts of the blacksmith shop, the chicken hatchery, the ice shed, the buggy shed, the sod cellar, and the bunkhouse—social center for all the workingmen from a great many miles around. There was a granary made of gigantic cottonwood logs

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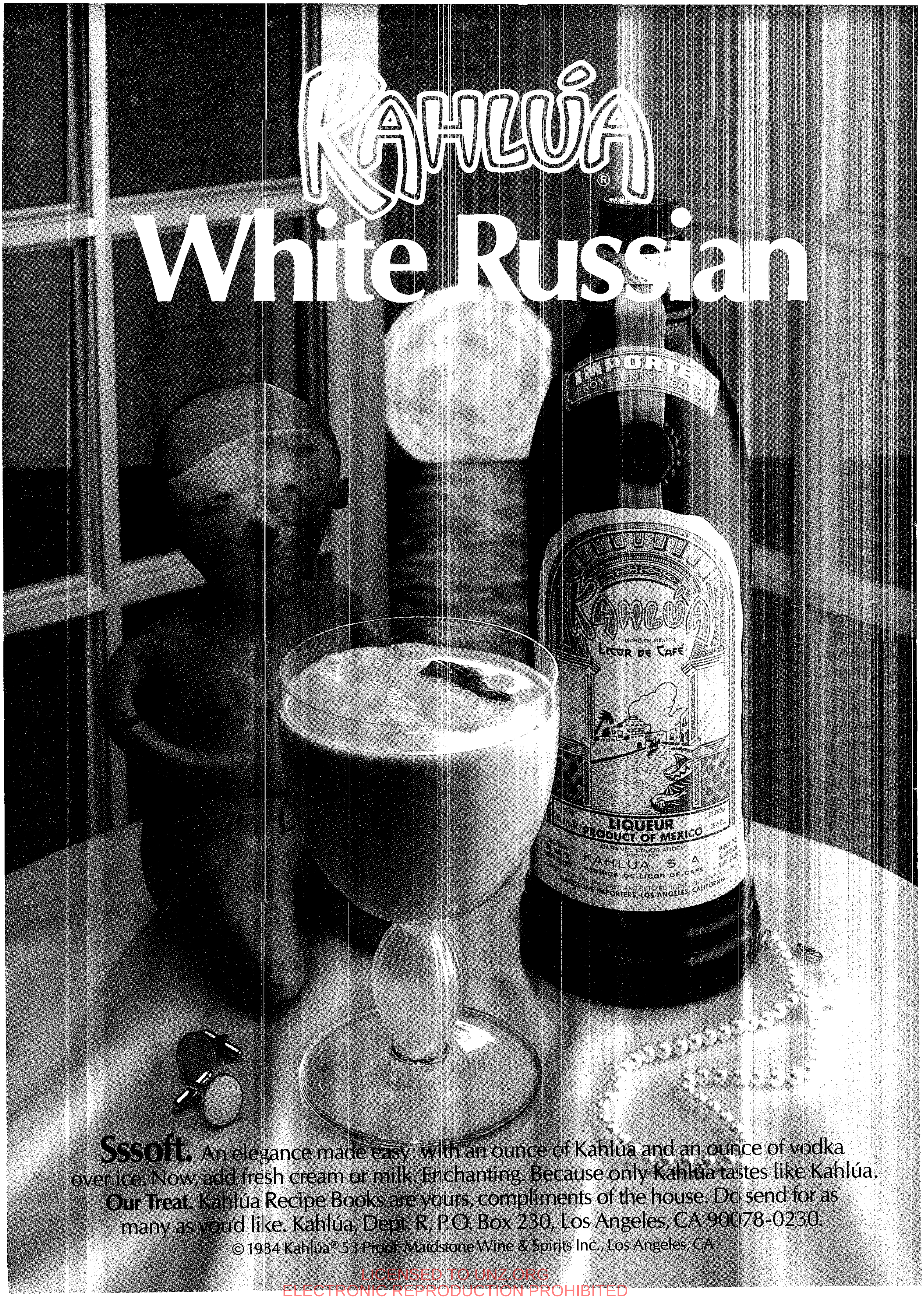
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RING! RING! RING!
HELLO? HELLO? HELLO?

AN OFF DAY

from the banks of the Wind River, thirty miles away. There were woolsack towers, and a wooden windmill over a hand-dug well. The big house itself was a widespread log collage of old town parts and original construction. It had wings attached to wings. In the windows were air bubbles in distorted glass. For its twenty tiers of logs, John had journeyed a hundred miles to the lodgepole-pine groves of the Wind River Range, returning with ten logs at a time, each round trip requiring two weeks. He collected a hundred and fifty logs. There were no toilets, of course, and the family had to walk a hundred feet on a sometimes gumbo-slick path to a four-hole structure built by a ranch hand, with decorative panelling that matched the bookcases in the house. The cabinetmaker was Peggy Doherty, the stagecoach driver who had first brought Miss Waxham through Crooks Gap and into the Wind River country.

The family grew weary of carrying water into the house from the well under the windmill. And so, as she would write in later years:

> After experiments using an earth auger and sand point, John triumphantly installed a pitcher pump in the kitchen, a sink, and drain pipe to a barrel, buried in the ground at some distance from the house. This was the best, the first, and at that time the only water system in an area the size of Rhode Island.

In the evenings, kerosene lamps threw subdued yellow light. Framed needlework on a wall said "WASH & BE CLEAN." Everyone bathed in the portable galvanized tub, children last. The more expensive galvanized tubs of that era had built-in seats, but the Loves could not afford the top of the line. On the plank floor were horsehide rugs—a gray, a pinto—and the pelt of a large wolf, and two soft bobcat rugs. Chairs were woven with rawhide or cane. John recorded the boys' height on a board nailed to the inside of the kitchen doorframe. A brass knocker on the front door was a replica of a gargoyle at Notre-Dame de Paris.

The family's main sitting and dining room was a restaurant from Old Muskrat. On the walls were polished buffalo horns mounted on shields. The central piece of furniture was a gambling table from Joe Lacey's Muskrat Saloon. It was a poker-and-roulette table—round, covered with felt. Still intact were the subtle flanges that had caused the roulette wheel to stop just where the operator wished it to. And if you reached in under the table in the right place you could feel the brass slots where the dealer kept wild cards that he could call upon when the fiscal integrity of the house was threatened. If you put your nose down on the felt, you could almost smell the gunsmoke. At this table David Love received his basic education—his schoolroom a restaurant, his desk a gaming table from a saloon. His mother may have been trying to academize the table when she covered it with a red-and-white India print.

From time to time, other schoolmarms were provided by the district. They came for three months in summer. One came for the better part of a year. By and large, though, the boys were taught by their mother. She had a rolltop desk, and Peggy Doherty's glassed-in bookcases. She had the 1911 Encyclopædia Britannica, the Redpath Library, a hundred volumes of Greek and Roman literature, Shakespeare, Dickens, Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Kipling, Twain. She taught her sons French, Latin, and a bit of Greek. She read to them from books in German, translating as she went along. They read the Iliad and the Odyssey. The room was at the west end of the ranch house and was brightly illuminated by the setting sun. When David as a child saw sunbeams leaping off the books, he thought the contents were escaping.

In some ways, there was more chaos in this remote academic setting than there could ever be in a grade school in the heart of a city.

> The house might be full of men, waiting out a storm, or riding on a round-up. I was baking, canning, washing clothes, making soap. Allan and David stood by the gasoline washing machine reading history or geography while I put sheets through the wringer. I ironed. They did spelling beside the ironing board, or while I kneaded bread; they gave the tables up to 15 times 15 to the treadle of the sewing machine. Mental problems, printed in figures on large cards, they solved while they raced across the . . . room to write the answers . . . and learned to think on their feet. Nine written problems done correctly, without help, meant no tenth problem. . . . It was surprising in how little time they finished their work—to watch the butchering, to help drive the bawling calves into the weaning pen, or to get to the corral, when they heard the hoofbeats of running horses and the cries of cowboys crossing the creek.

No amount of intellectual curiosity or academic discipline was ever going to hold a boy's attention if someone

"If I've learned one thing in my long reign, it's that heat rises."

• •

came in saying that the milk cow was mired in a bog hole or that old George was out by the wild-horse corral with the biggest coyote ever killed in the region, or if the door opened and, as David recalls an all too typical event, "they were carrying in a cowboy with guts ripped out by a saddle horn." The lessons stopped, the treadle stopped, and she sewed up the cowboy.

Across a short span of time, she had come a long way with these bunkhouse buckaroos. In her early years on the ranch, she had a lesser sense of fitting in than she would have had had she been a mare, a cow, or a ewe. She did not see another woman for as much as six months at a stretch, and if she happened to approach a group of working ranch hands they would loudly call out, "Church time!" She found "the sudden silence . . . appalling." Women were so rare in the country that when she lost a glove on the open range, at least twenty miles from home, a stranger who found it learned easily whose it must be and rode to the ranch to return it. Men did the housekeeping and the cooking, and went off to buy provisions at distant markets. Meals prepared in the bunkhouse were carried to a sheep wagon, where she and John lived while the big house was being built and otherwise assembled. The Wyoming sheep wagon was the ancestral Winnebago. It had a spring bed and a kitchenette.

After her two sons were born and became old enough to coin phrases, they called her Dainty Dish and sometimes Hooty the Owl. They renamed their food, calling it, for example, dog. They called other entrées caterpillar and coyote. The kitchen stool was Sam. They named a Christmas-tree ornament Hopping John. It had a talent for remaining unbroken. They assured each other that the cotton on the branches would not melt. David decided that he was a camel, but later changed his mind and insisted that he was "Mr. and Mrs. Booth." His mother described him as "a light-footed little elf." She noted his developing sense of scale when he said to her, "A coyote is the whole world to a flea."

One day, he asked her, "How long does a germ live?"

She answered, "A germ may become a grandfather in twenty minutes."

He said, "That's a long time to a germ, isn't it?"

She also made note that while David was the youngest person on the ranch he was nonetheless the most adroit at spotting arrowheads and chippings.

> When David was five or six we began hunting arrowheads and chippings. While the rest of us labored along scanning gulches and anthills, David rushed by chattering and picking up arrowheads right and left. He told me once, "There's a god of chippings that sends us anthills. He lives in the sky and tinkers with the clouds."

The cowboys competed with Homer in the entertainment of Allan and David. There was one who—as David remembers him—"could do magic tricks with a lariat rope, making it

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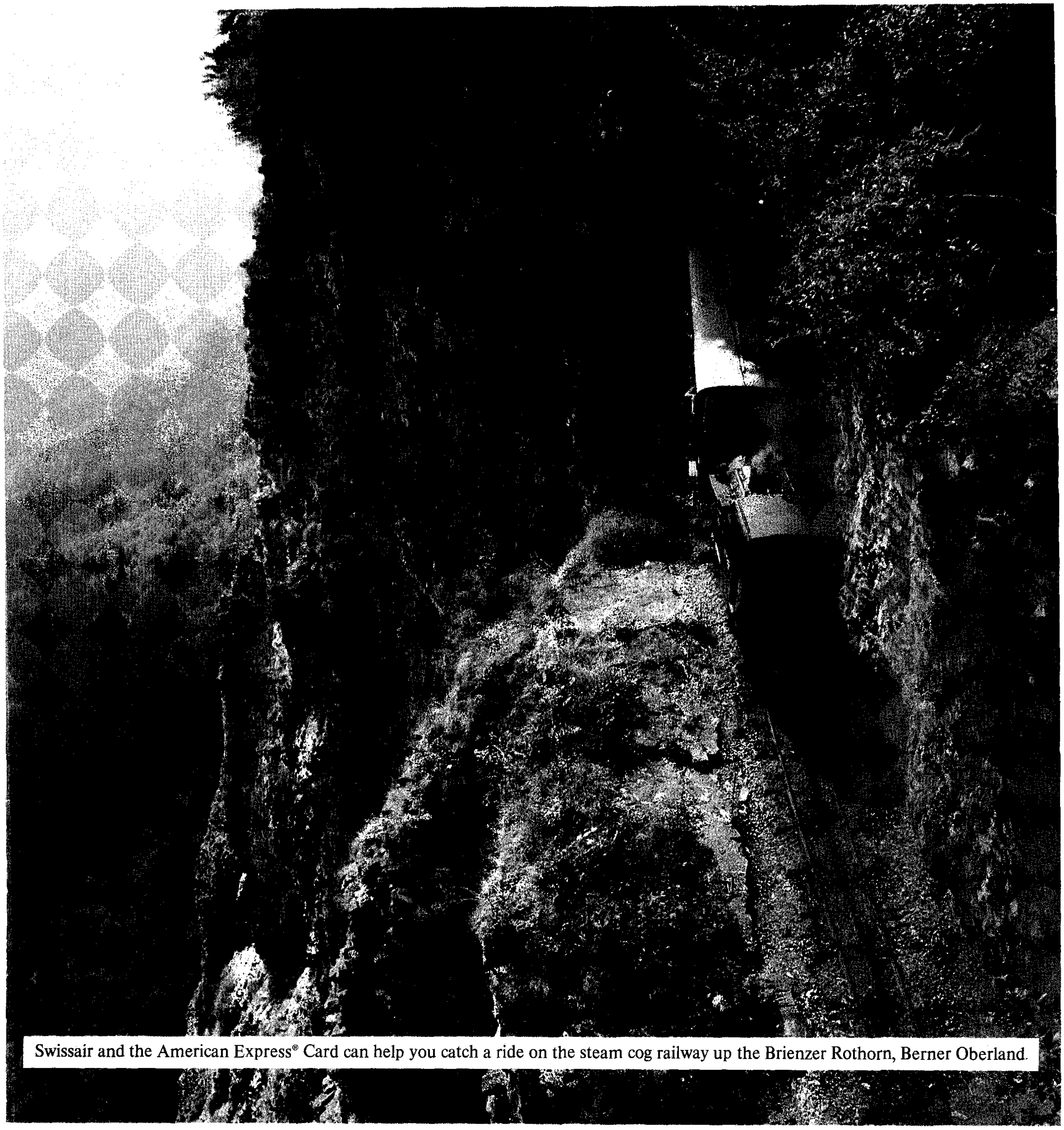

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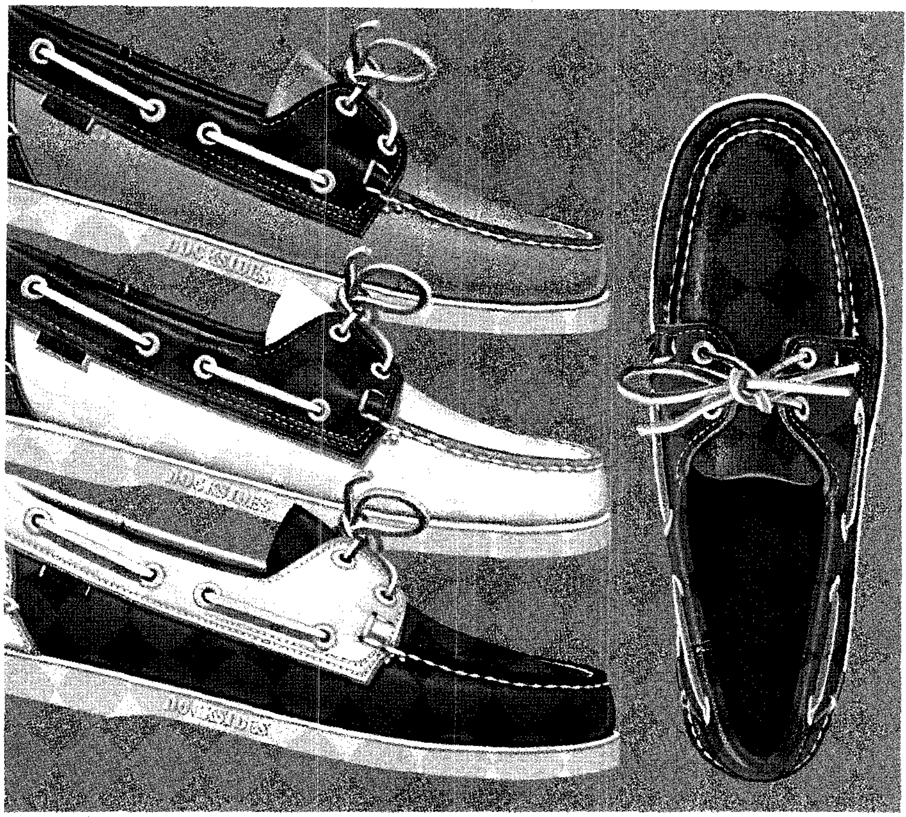

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come alive all around his horse, over our heads, under our feet, zipping it back and forth around us as we jumped up and down and squealed with delight." Sombre tableaux, such as butcherings, were played out before them as well. Years later, David would write in a letter:

> We always watched the killing with horror and curiosity, although we were never permitted to participate at that age. It seemed so sad and so irrevocable to see the gushing blood when throats were cut, the desperate gasps for breath through severed windpipes, the struggle for and the rapid ebbing of life, the dimming and glazing of wide terrified eyes. We realized and accepted the fact that this was one of the procedures that were a part of our life on the range and that other lives had to be sacrificed to feed us. Throat-cutting, however, *became a symbol of immediate death* in our young minds, the ultimate horror, so dreadful that we tried not to use the word "throat."

He has written a recollection of the cowboys, no less frank in its bequested fact, and quite evidently the work of the son of his mother.

> The cowboys and horse runners who drifted in to the ranch in ever-increasing numbers as the spring advanced were lean, very strong, hard-muscled, taciturn bachelors, nearly all in their twenties and early thirties. They had been born poor, had only rudimentary education, and accepted their lot without resentment. They worked days that knew no hour limitations but only daylight and dark, and weeks that had no holidays. . . . Most were homely, with prematurely lined faces but with lively eyes that missed little. None wore glasses; people with glasses went into other kinds of work. Many were already stooped from chronic saddle-weariness, bowlegged, hip-sprung, with unrepaired hernias that required trusses, and spinal injuries that required a "hanging pole" in the bunkhouse. This was a horizontal bar from which the cowboys would hang by their hands for 5-10 minutes to relieve pressure on ruptured spinal disks that came from too much bronc-fighting. Some wore eight-inch-wide heavy leather belts to keep their kidneys in place during prolonged hard rides.

When in a sense it was truly church time—when cowboys were badly injured and in need of help—they had long since learned where to go. David vividly remembers a moment in his education which was truncated when a cowboy rode up holding a bleeding hand. He had been roping a wild horse, and one of his fingers had become caught between the lariat and the saddle horn. The finger was still a part of his hand but was hanging by two tendons. His mother boiled water, sterilized a pair of surgical scissors, and scrubbed her hands and arms. With magisterial nonchalance, she "snipped the tendons, dropped the finger into the hot coals of the fire box, sewed a flap of skin over the stump, smiled sweetly, and said: 'Joe, in a month you'll never know the difference.' "

There was a pack of ferocious wolfhounds in the country, kept by another flockmaster for the purpose of killing coyotes. The dogs seemed to relish killing rattlesnakes as well, shaking the life out of them until the festive serpents hung from the hounds' jaws like fettuccine. The ranch hand in charge of them said, "They ain't happy in the spring till they've been bit. They're used to it now, and their heads don't swell up no more." Human beings (on foot) who happened to encounter these dogs might have preferred to encounter the rattlesnakes instead. One summer afternoon, John Love was working on a woodpile when he saw two of the wolfhounds streaking down to the creek in the direction of his sons, whose ages were maybe three and four. "Laddies! Run! Run to the house!" he shouted. "Here come the hounds!" The boys ran, reached the door just ahead of the dogs, and slammed it in their faces. Their mother was in the kitchen:

> The hounds, not to be thwarted so easily, leaped together furiously at the kitchen windows, high above the ground. They shattered the glass of the small panes, and tried to struggle through, their front feet catching over the inside ledge of the window frame, and their heads, with slavering mouths, reaching through the broken glass. I had only time to snatch a heavy iron frying pan from the stove and face them, beating at those clutching feet and snarling heads. The terrified boys cowered behind me. The window sashes held against the onslaught of the hounds, and my blows must have daunted them. They dropped back to the ground and raced away.

In the boys' vocabulary, the word "hound" joined the word "throat" in the deep shadows, and to this day when David sees a wolfhound there is a drop in the temperature of the center of his spine.

The milieu of Love Ranch was not all wind, snow, freezing cattle, and killer dogs. There were quiet, lyrical days on end under blue, unthreatening skies. There were the redwing blackbirds on the corral fence, and the scent of moss flowers in spring. In a light breeze, the windmill turned slowly beside the wide log house, which was edged with flowers in bloom. Sometimes there were teal on the creek—and goldeneyes, pintails, mallards. When the wild hay was ready for cutting, the harvest lasted a week.

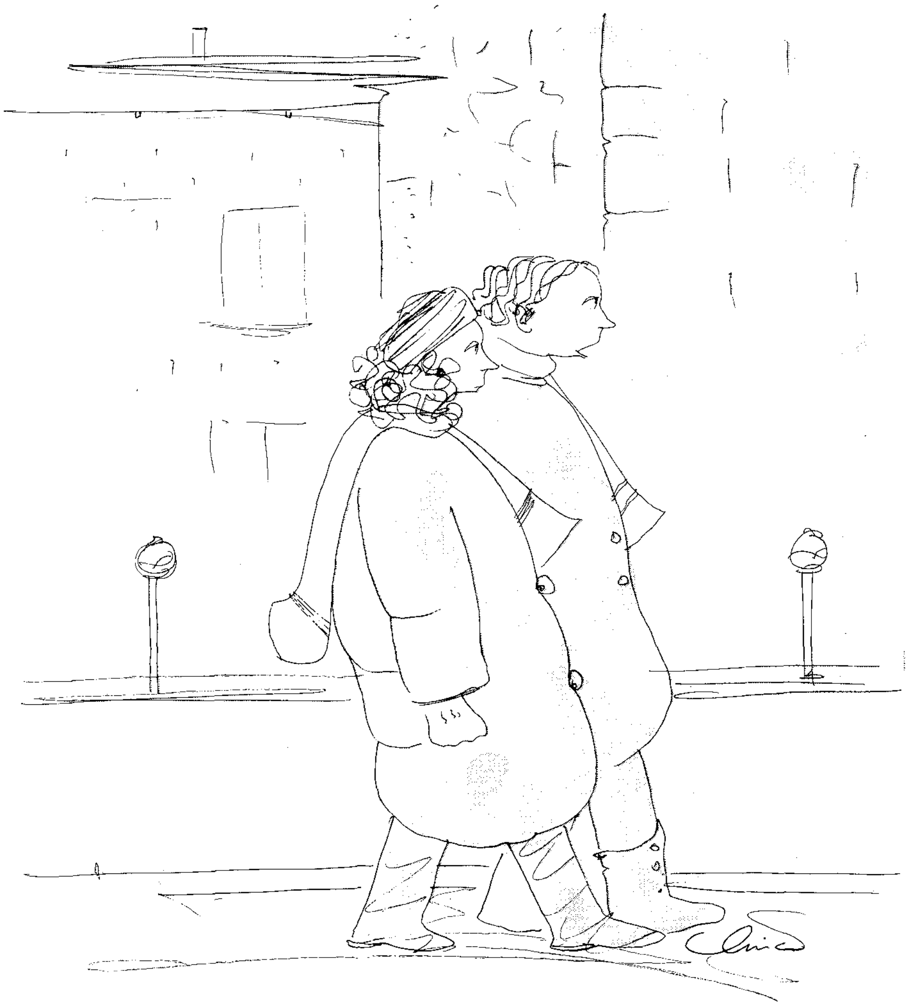
> John liked to have me ride with them for the last load. Sometimes I held the reins and called "Whoa, Dan!" while the men pitched up the hay. Then while the wagon swayed slowly back over the uneven road, I lay nestled deeply beside Allan and David in the fragrant hay. The billowy white clouds moving across the wide blue sky were close, so close, it seemed there was nothing else in the universe but clouds and hay.

When the hay house was not absolutely full, the boys cleared off the dance floor of Joe Lacey's Muskrat Saloon and strapped on their roller skates. Bizarre as it may seem, there was also a Love Ranch croquet ground. And in winter the boys clamped ice skates to their shoes and flew with the wind up the creek. Alternatively, they lay down on their sleds and propelled themselves swiftly over wind-cleared, wind-polished black ice, with an anchor pin from a coyote trap in each hand. Almost every evening, with their parents, they played mah-jongg.

One fall, their mother went to Riverton, sixty-five miles away, to await the birth of Phoebe. For her sons, eleven and twelve, she left behind a carefully prepared program of study. In the weeks that followed, they were in effect enrolled in a correspondence school run by their mother. They did their French, their spelling, their arithmetic lessons, put them in envelopes, rode fifteen miles to the post office and mailed them to her. She graded the lessons and sent them back—before and after the birth of the baby.

> Her hair was the color of my wedding ring. On her cheek the fingers of one hand were outspread like a small, pink starfish.

From time to time, dust would appear on the horizon, behind a figure coming toward the ranch. The boys, in their curiosity, would climb a rooftop to watch and wait as the rider covered the intervening miles. Almost everyone who went through the region stopped at Love Ranch. It had not only the sizable bunkhouse and the most capacious horse corrals in a thousand square miles but also a spring of



"Feel that invisible push? That's New York."

good water. Moreover, it had Scottish hospitality—not to mention the forbidding distance to the nearest alternative cup of coffee. Soon after Mr. Love and Miss Waxham were married, Nathaniel Thomas, the Episcopal Bishop of Wyoming, came through in his Gospel Wagon, accompanied by his colleague the Reverend Theodore Sedgwick. Sedgwick later reported (in a publication called *The Spirit of Missions*):

> We saw a distant building. It meant water. At this lonely ranch, in the midst of a sandy desert, we found a young woman. Her husband had gone for the day over the range. Around her neck hung a gold chain with a Phi Beta Kappa key. She was a graduate of Wellesley College, and was now a Wyoming bride. She knew her Greek and Latin, and loved her horse on the care-free prairie.

The bishop said he was searching for "heathen," and he did not linger.

Fugitive criminals stopped at the ranch fairly often. They had to—in much the way that fugitive criminals in lonely country today will sooner or later have to stop at a filling station. A lone rider arrived at the ranch one day with a big cloud of dust on the horizon behind him. The dust might as well have formed in the air the letters of the word "posse." John Love knew the rider, knew that he was wanted for murder, and knew that throughout the country the consensus was that the victim had "needed killing." The murderer asked John Love to give him five dollars, and said he would leave his pocket watch as collateral. If his offer was refused, the man said, he would find a way to take the money. The watch was as honest as the day is long. When David does his field geology, he has it in his pocket.

People like that came along with such frequency that David's mother eventually assembled a chronicle called "Murderers I Have Known." She did not publish the manuscript, or even give it much private circulation, in her regard for the sensitivities of some of the first families of Wyoming. As David would one day comment, "they were nice men, family friends, who had put away people who needed killing, and she did not wish to offend them—so many of them were such decent people."

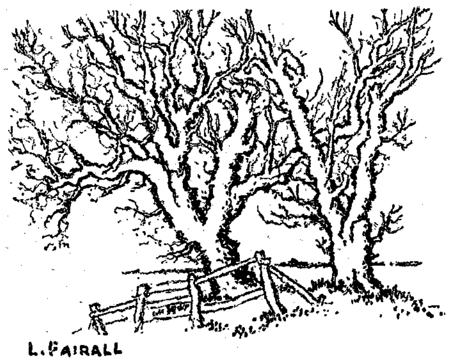
One of these was Bill Grace. Homesteader and cowboy, he was one of the most celebrated murderers in central Wyoming, and he had served time, but people generally disagreed with the judiciary and felt that Bill, in the acts for which he was convicted, had only been "doing his civic duty." At the height of his fame, he stopped at the ranch one afternoon and stayed for dinner. Although David and Allan were young boys, they knew exactly who he was, and in his presence were struck dumb with awe. As it happened, they had come upon and dispatched a rattlesnake that day—a big one, over five feet long. Their mother decided to serve it creamed on toast for dinner. She and their father sternly instructed David and Allan not to use the word "rattlesnake" at the table. They were to refer to it as chicken, since a possibility existed that Bill Grace might not be an eater of adequate sophistication to enjoy the truth. The excitement was too much for the boys. Despite the parental injunction, gradually their conversation at the table fished its way toward the snake. Casually—while the meal was going down—the boys raised the subject of poisonous vipers, gave their estimates of the contents of local dens, told stories of snake encounters, and so forth. Finally, one of them remarked on how very good rattlers were to eat.

Bill Grace said, "By God, if anybody ever gave me rattlesnake meat I'd kill them."

The boys went into a state of catatonic paralysis. In the pure silence, their mother said, "More chicken, Bill?"

"Don't mind if I do," said Bill Grace.

MUSKRAT CREEK was the second homestead on which John Love had filed in Wyoming. The first—thirty miles away—was in the Big Sand Draw, where the grass was inadequate, the snows were exceptionally deep, and the water was marginally potable. In 1897, he collapsed his umbrella and moved. At Muskrat Creek, long before he bought the stagecoach towns, he lived in an earth dugout roofed with pine poles and clay. It was warm in winter, cool in summer, and danker than Scotland all year round.



He was prepared to run risks. In Lander, sixty miles west, he made an extraordinary bet with a bank, whose assets included a number of thousands of sheep. John Love bet that he could take them for a summer and return them in the fall, fatter on the average by at least ten pounds. If he succeeded, he would be paid handsomely. If he failed, he would receive a scant wage. He was taking a chance on the weather, because a bad storm could wipe out the flock. By November, the sheep were as round as poker chips, ready to be cashed in. Leaving them in the care of a herder, he rode to Thermopolis, where he made a down payment on a flock of his own. The conditions of the deal were rigid: the rest of the money was to be paid in seven days or the deposit was forfeit and the animals, too. Within the week, he would have to return to his fattened sheep, move them to Lander, collect his money, and return to Thermopolis—a round trip of two hundred and fifty miles. The sky over Thermopolis was dark with snowcloud. In his bearskin cap, his bearskin coat, his fleece-lined leather chaps, he saddled up Big Red—Big Red, whose life had begun somewhere in the Red Desert in 1888, a wild horse. The blizzard began as horse and rider were climbing the Owl Creek Mountains. Through steep terrain that would have been hazardous in warm clear weather, they felt their way in whiteouts and darkness, in wind-chill factors greater than fifty below zero. Covering about six miles an hour, they reached the herd in twenty-one hours, and almost immediately began the gingerly walk to Lander, conserving the animals' weight. John won his bet, got back on Big Red, and flew across the mountains with the money. He and the horse beat the deadline. He collected his ewes, took them home, and bred them. In seven days, he had, among other things, set himself forward one year. By 1910, when he married Miss Waxham, he owned more than eleven thousand sheep and hundreds of cattle and horses—a fortune in livestock which today would be valued at roughly five million dollars.

In the early days of his marriage, John Love used to ride around his place reciting the verse of William Cowper:

> I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute.

As he built up his new home, he did not seem worried that in recent years

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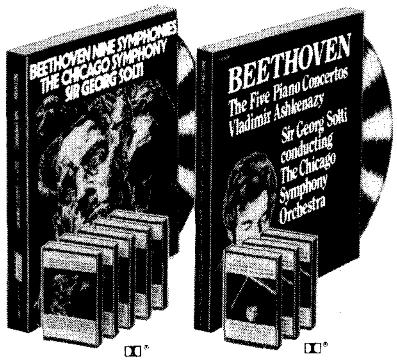

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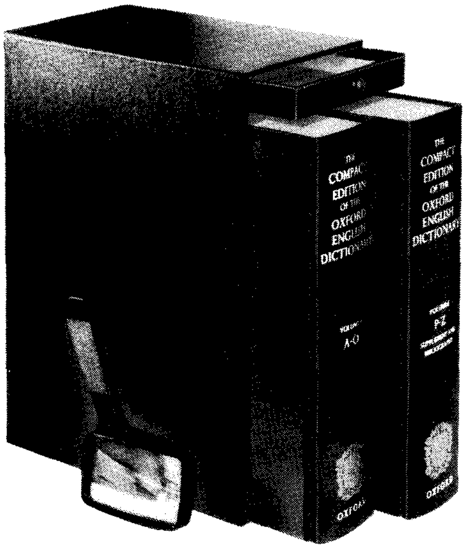

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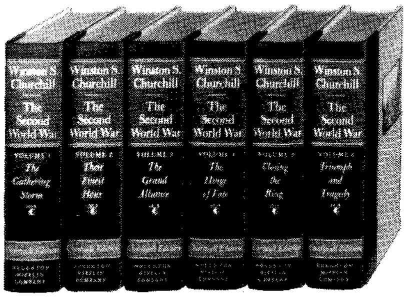

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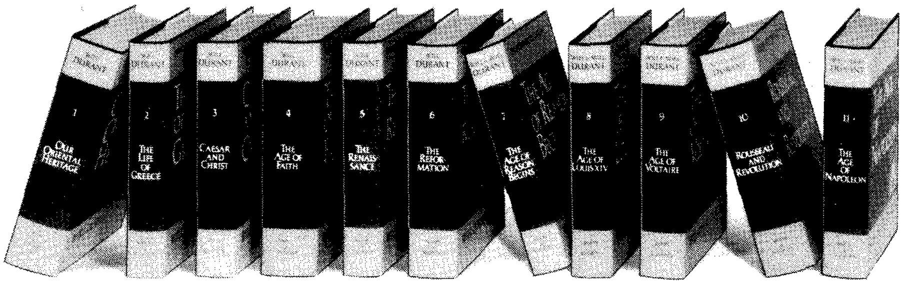

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herders had been killed, wagons had been burned, and sheep had been clubbed to death or driven over cliffs by the thousand. As anyone who has seen three Western movies cannot help but know, there was bloody warfare between cattlemen and sheepmen; and well into the new century the strife continued. According to David, his father stocked the ranch with both cattle and sheep specifically as a way of getting along with both sides. His monarchy would be disputed only by nature and bankers.

Cowboys, meanwhile, made unlikely paperhangers.

> Rolls of green figured wallpaper had arrived from a mail-order company. What to do with them, no one quite knew, but there were directions. I made dishpans full of paste. In the evening John called in the half dozen cowboys from the bunkhouse. They carried planks and benches. They put all the leaves in the wobbly dinner table. I measured and cut, pasted and trimmed lengths of wallpaper. Then in chaps and jingling spurs the cowpunchers strode along the benches, slapping paste brushes and dangling strips of torn wallpaper over the dining room ceiling. We were all surprised and tremendously pleased with the results and celebrated over a ten-gallon keg of cider.

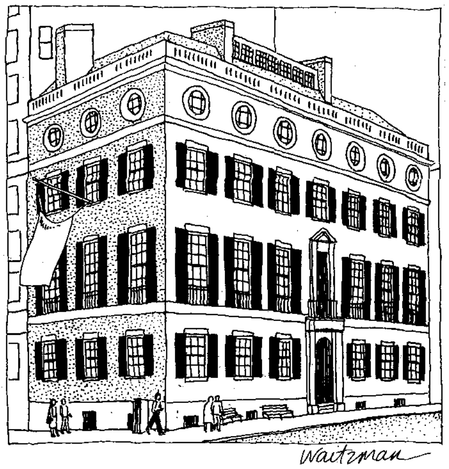
John put a roof on the ranch house that was half clay and a foot thick. It consisted of hundreds of two-inch poles covered with burlap covered with canvas covered with rafters embedded in the clay, with corrugated iron above that, coated with black asphaltum. It helped the house be cool in summer, warm in winter—and in the Wind River Basin was unique. But while this durable roof could defend against Wyoming weather the rest of the ranch could not. In the winter of 1912, winds with velocities up to a hundred miles an hour caused sheep to seek haven in dry gulches, where snows soon buried them as if in avalanche. Going without sleep for forty and fifty hours, John Love and his ranch hands struggled to rescue them. They dug some out, but many thousands died. Even on the milder days, when the temperature came up near zero, sheep could not penetrate the wind-crusted drifts and get at the grass below. The crust cut into their legs. Their tracks were reddened with blood. Cattle, lacking the brains even to imagine buried grass, ate their own value in cottonseed cake. John Love had to borrow from his bankers in Lander to pay his ranch hands and buy supplies.

That spring, a flood such as no one remembered all but destroyed the ranch. The Loves fled into the night, carrying their baby, Allan.

> At daylight we returned to the house. Stench, wreckage and debris met us. The flood had gone. Its force had burst open the front door and swept a tub full of rainwater into the dining room. Chairs and other furniture were overturned in deep mud. Mattresses had floated. Doors and drawers were already too much swollen for us to open or shut. The large wardrobe trunk of baby clothes was upset. Everything in it was soaked and stained. Around all the rooms at the height of the tabletops was a water mark, fringed with dirt, on the new wallpaper.

Almost immediately, the bankers arrived from Lander. They stayed for several amiable days, looked over the herd tallies, counted surviving animals, checked John Love's accounts. Then, at dinner one evening, the bank's vice-president rubbed his hands together and said to his valued customer, his trusted borrower, his first-name-basis longtime friend, "Mr. Love, we need more collateral." The banker also said that while John Love was a reliable debtor, other ranchers were not, and others' losses were even greater than Love's. The bank, to protect its depositors, had to use Love Ranch to cover itself generally. "We are obliged to cash in on your sheep," the man went on. "We will let you keep your cattle—on one condition." The condition was a mortgage on the ranch. They were asking for an interest in the land of a homesteader who had proved up.

John Love shouted, "I'll have that land when your bones are rotting in the grave!" And he asked the man to step outside, where he could curse him. To the banker's credit, he got up and went out to be cursed. Buyers came over the hill as if on cue. All surviving sheep were taken, all surviving cattle, all horses—even dogs. The sheep wagons went, and a large amount of equipment and supplies. John Love paid the men in the bunkhouse, and they left. As his wife watched the finish of this scene, standing silent with Allan in her arms, the banker turned to her kindly and said, "What will you do with the baby?"



She said, "I think I'll keep him."

It was into this situation that John David Love was born—a family that had lost almost everything but itself, yet was not about to lose that. Slowly, his father assembled more modest cavvies and herds, beginning with the capture of wild horses in flat-out all-day rides, maneuvering them in ever tighter circles until they were beguiled into entering the wild-horse corral or—a few miles away—the natural cul-de-sac (a small box canyon) known to the family as the Corral Draw. Watching one day from the granary roof, the boys—four and five—in one moment saw their father on horseback crossing the terrain like the shadow of a cloud and in the next saw his body smash the ground. The horse had stepped in a badger hole. The rider—limp and full of greasewood punctures, covered with blood and grit—was unconscious and appeared to be dead. He was carried into the house. After some hours, he began to stir, and through his pain mumbled, "That damned horse. That damned horse—I never did trust him." It was the only time in their lives that his sons would hear him swear.

There were periods of drought, and more floods, and long, killing winters, but John Love never sold out. He contracted and survived Rocky Mountain spotted fever. One year, after he shipped cattle to Omaha he got back a bill for twenty-seven dollars, the amount by which the cost of shipment exceeded the sale price of the cattle. One spring, after a winter that killed many sheep, the boys and their father plucked good wool off the bloated and stinking corpses, sold the wool, and deposited the money in a bank in Shoshoni, where the words "Strength," "Safety," and "Security" made an arc above the door. The bank failed, and they lost the money. Of many bad winters, the worst began in 1919. Both David and his father nearly died of Spanish influenza, and were slow to recuperate, spending months in bed. There were no ranch hands. At the point when the patients seemed most in danger, his mother in her desperation decided to try to have them moved to a hospital (a hundred miles away), and prepared to ride for help. She had the Hobson's choice of a large, rebel-

'man·ij

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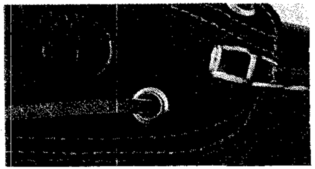
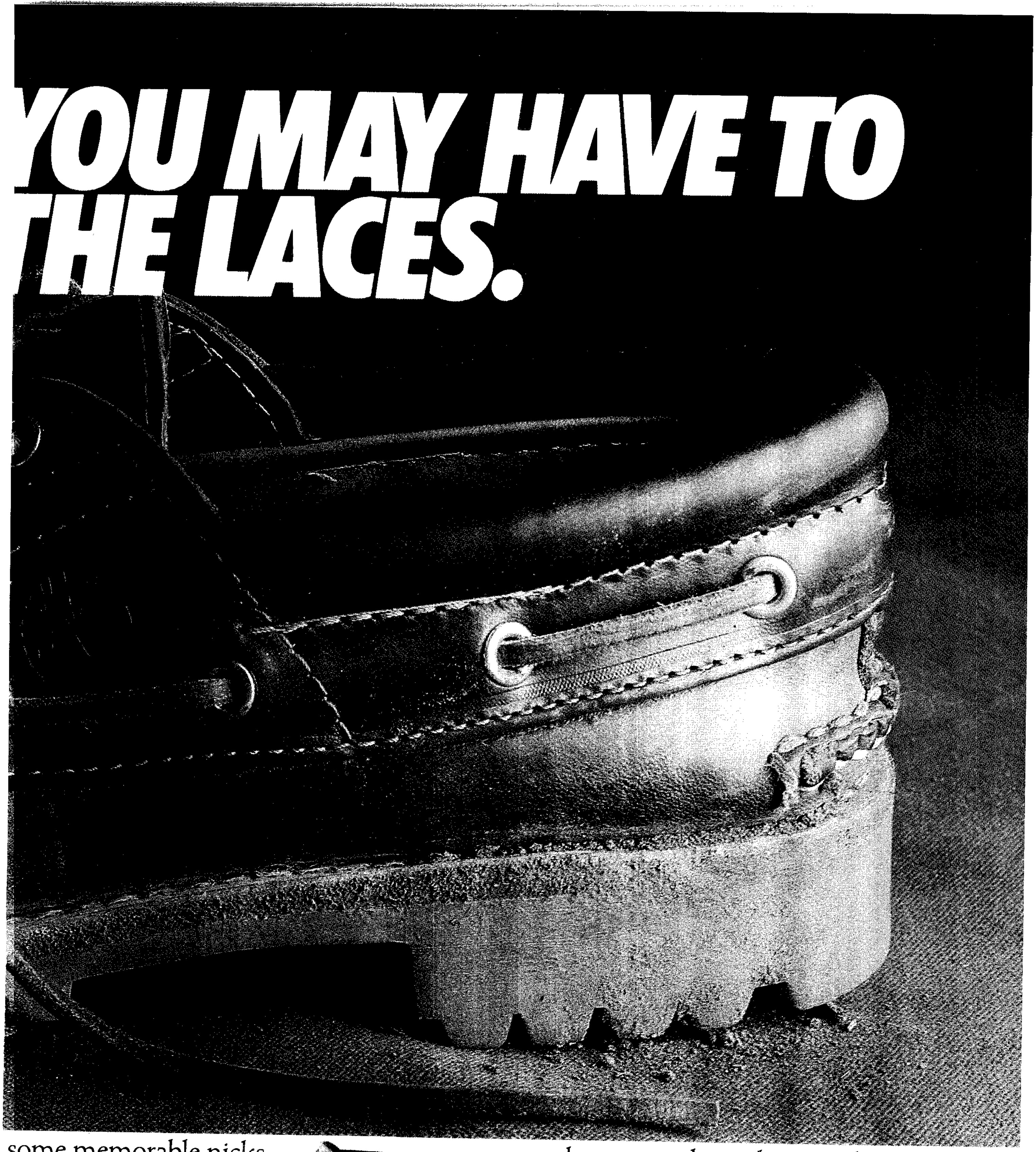


As time goes by you'll notice that the solid brass eyelets are still in place, and still shining. The leather uppers will certainly have earned

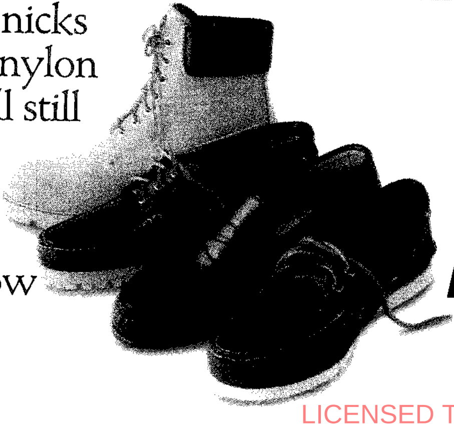
YOU MAY HAVE TO

THE LACES.



some memorable nicks and scars, but the nylon hand stitching will still hold. As will the rawhide laces.

And if some day years from now



you have to replace a lace, we hope you won't feel that the new one harms your Timberlands' appearance.

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lious horse. She stood on a bench and tried to harness him. He kicked the bench from under her, and stepped on her feet. She gave up her plan.

The bull broke into the high granary. Our only, and small, supply of horse and chicken feed was there. Foolishly, I went in after him and drove him out down the step. Cows began to die, one here, one there. Every morning some were unable to rise. By day, one walking would fall suddenly, as if it had no more life than a paper animal, blown over by a gust of wind.

The bull actually charged her in the granary and came close to crushing her against the back wall. She confused it, sweeping its eyes with a broom. It would probably have killed her, though, had it not stepped on a weak plank, which snapped. The animal panicked and turned for the door. (In decades to follow, John Love never fixed the plank.)

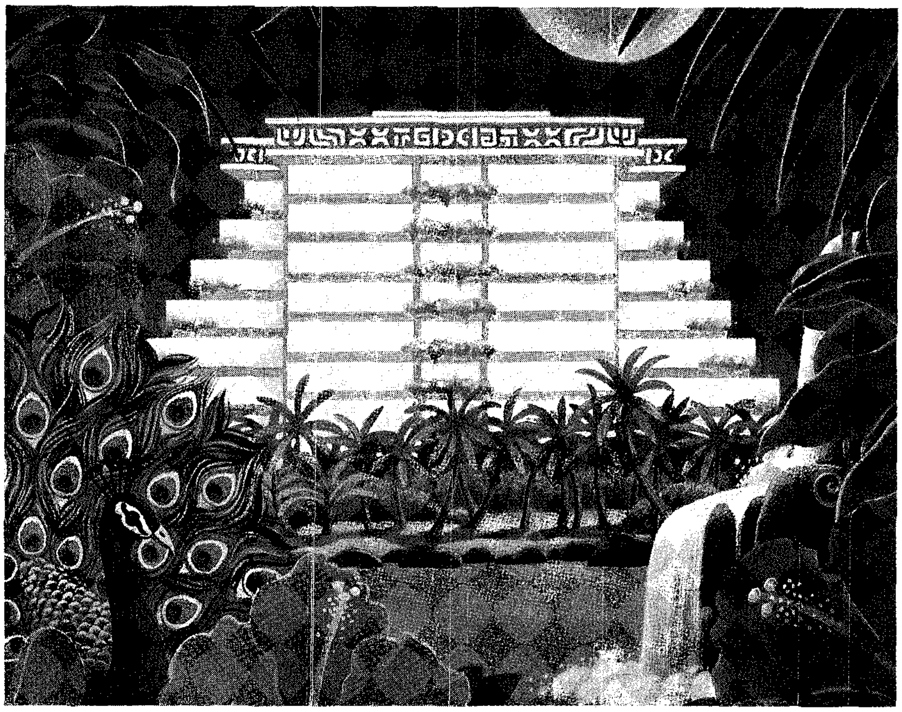
Snow hissed around the buildings, wind blew some snow into every room of the closed house, down the chimney, between window sashes, even in a straight shaft through a keyhole. The wood pile was buried in snow. The small heap of coal was frozen into an almost solid chunk of coal and ice. In the numbing cold, it took me five hours a day to bring in fuel, to carry water and feed to the chickens, to put out hay and cottonseed cake for the cattle and horses.

•

John began to complain, a favorable sign. Why was I outside so much? Why didn't I stay with him? To try to make up to him for being gone so long, I sat on the bed at night, wrapped in a blanket, reading to him by lamplight.

Somewhere among her possessions was a letter written to her by a Wellesley friend asking, "What do you do with your spare time?"

Where the stage route from Casper to Fort Washakie had crossed a tributary of Muskrat Creek, the banks were so high and the drop to the creekbed so precipitous that the site was littered with split wagon reaches and broken wheels. Allan and David called it Jumping-Off Draw, its name on the map today. Finding numerous large bones in a meadowy bog, they named the place Buffalo Wallows. Indians had apparently driven the bison into the swamp to kill them. One could infer that. One could also see that the swamp was there because water was bleeding from rock outcrops above the meadows. In a youth spent on horseback, there was not a lot to do but look at the landscape. The rock that was bleeding water was not just porous but permeable. It was also strong. It was the same red rock that the granary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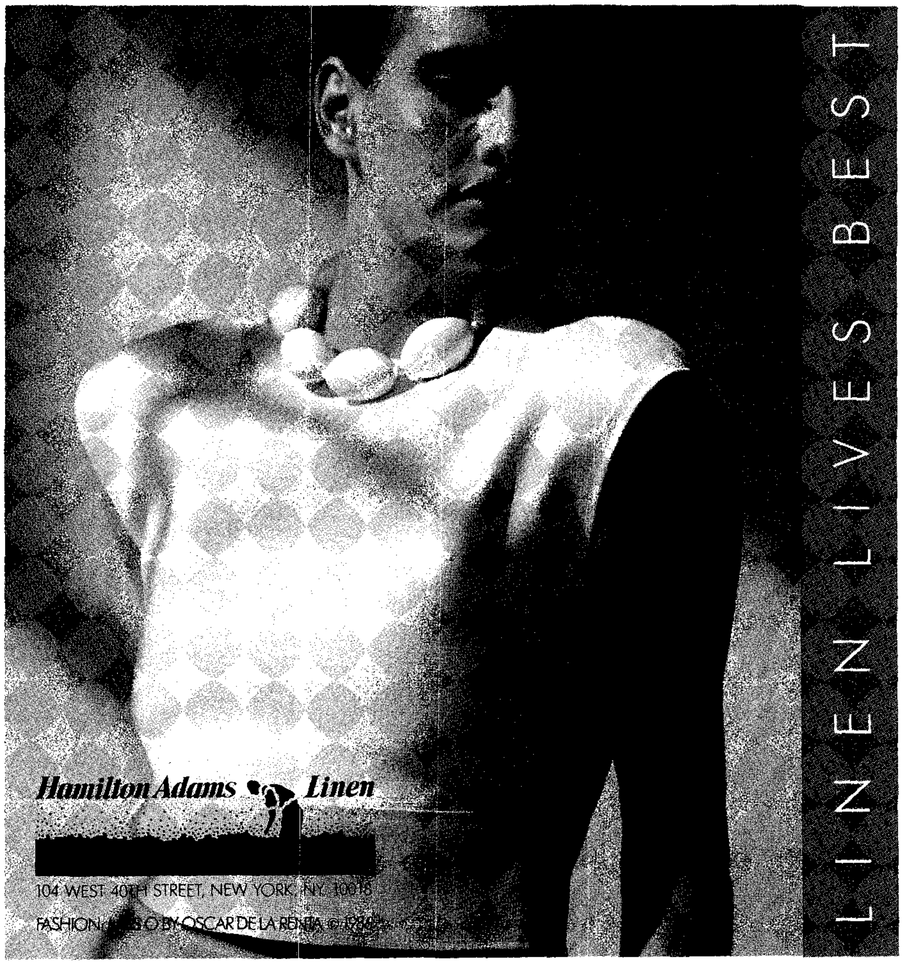
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stood on, and the bunkhouse. Very evidently, it was made of naturally cemented sand. The water could not have come from the creek. The Buffalo Wallows were sixty feet higher than the creek. The sandstone layers tilted north. They therefore reached out to the east and west. There was high ground to the east. The water must be coming down from there. One did not need a Ph.D. from Yale to figure that out—especially if one was growing up in a place where so much rock was exposed. Pending further study, his interpretation of the Buffalo Wallows was just a horseback guess. All through his life, when he would make a shrewd surmise he would call it a horseback guess.

The water in the sandstone produced not only the bogs but the adjacent meadows as well—in this otherwise desiccated terrain. From the meadows came hay. There was an obvious and close relationship between bedrock geology and ranching. David would not have articulated that in just those words, of course, but he thought about the subject much of the time, and he was drawn to be a geologist in much the way that someone growing up in Gloucester, Massachusetts, would be drawn to be a fisherman. "It was something to think about on long rides day after day when everything was so monotonous," he remarked not long ago. "Monotony was what we fought out there. Day after day, you had nothing but the terrain around you—you had nothing to think about but why the shale had stripes on it, why the boggy places were boggy, why the vegetation grew where it did, why trees grew only on certain types of rock, why water was good in some places and bad in others, why the meadows were where they were, why some creek crossings were so sandy they were all but impassable. These things were very real, very practical. If you're in bedrock, caliche, or gumbo, the going is hard. Caliche is lime precipitate at the water table—you learn some geology the hard way. There was nothing else to be interested in. Everything depended on geology. Any damn fool could see that the vegetation was directly responsive to the bedrock. Hence birds and wildlife were responsive to it. We were responsive to it. In winter, our life was governed by where the wind blew, where snow accumulated. We could see that these natural phenomena were not random—that they were controlled, that there was a system. The processes of erosion and deposition were things we grew up with. An insulated society does not see how important terrain is to someone who has to understand it in order to live with it. Much of it meant life or death for the animals, and therefore survival for us. If there was one thing we learned, it was that you don't fight nature. You live with it. And you make the accommodations—because nature does not accommodate."

In the driest months, he saw mud cracks so firm a horse could step on them without breaking their polygonal form. When he saw the same patterns in rock, he had no difficulty discerning that the rock had once been mud and that the cracks within it were the preserved summer of a former world. In the Chalk Hills (multicolored badlands), getting down from his mount, he found the tiny jaws and small black teeth of what he eventually learned were Eocene horses—the first horses on earth, four hands tall.

d. ehrenberg

Among the figures that appeared on the horizon and slowly approached the ranch—and sometimes stayed indefinitely—were geologists. The first he met were from the United States Geological Survey. Others worked for oil companies. The oilmen were well dressed and had shiny boots that caught his eye. Some of these people were famous in the science—for example, Charles T. Lupton, a structural geologist who had located the wildcats of the Cat Creek Anticline and discovered the oil of Montana. He did something like it in the Bighorn Basin. David particularly remembers him on two counts: first, that he "talked about the outside world," and, second, that he came in off the range with fragments of huge ammonites—index fossils of the Upper Cretaceous—and demonstrated by extrapolation that these spiral cephalopods had approached the size of wagon wheels. Lupton's obituary in the *Bulletin of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists* says, "Always he had a word to say to the children of his friends."

That was written in 1936, by Charles J. Hares, who had also made frequent stops at Love Ranch. Hares (1881-1970), in the course of a career in the Geological Survey and private business, became "the dean of Rocky Mountain petroleum geologists" and was one of the founders of the Wyoming Geological Association. His work on the anticlines of central Wyoming set up most of the major oil discoveries in the region. He was a celebrated teacher as well, and his roster of youthful field assistants in time became a list of some of the most accomplished geologists in America. Geologists who came to the ranch were reconnaissance geologists of the first rank, who went into unknown country and mapped it with an accuracy that is remarkable to this day. In David's words: "They raised a magic curtain. They showed us things we'd never seen. There was mother-of-pearl on some of the ammonites. There were Mesozoic oyster shells with both valves intact. You could open them up and see inside. All these things were marine—known only from ocean floors. They also brought in beautiful leaves, fifty million years old, from non-marine rocks of the Eocene. The seas were gone. The mountains had come up. Day after day, we could look around us and see, in the mind's eye, those things happening."

David's mother owned Joseph LeConte's "Elements of Geology." He read it when he was nine years old. Did he grasp structure and stratigraphy then? Could he have begun to understand faulting? "To some extent, yes," he says. "After all, we could see it out in front of us."

On the southern horizon were the Gas Hills—a line of blue-banded ridges formed in a wedge like the prow of a ship (actually, an arch of shale). David would find uranium there in 1954. Riding over those ridges as a boy, he smelled gas. There were oil seeps as well. ("It was something you could relate to. The Gas Hills weren't called that for nothing.")

Oil and gas had entered the conversation at the ranch when David was four years old. In that summer (1917), derricks suddenly appeared in six different places within twenty miles; and, like other ranchers, the Loves began to muse upon a solvency giddily transcending the wool of frozen sheep. David's mother referred to all this as the family mirage.

Oil to us was once just a word recurring through the story of Wyoming. Indians and trappers told of curious oil seeps. Captain Bonneville in 1832 wrote about finding the "great tar springs" near what is now Lander. His party used the oil as a remedy

> for the cracked hoofs and harness sores of their horses, and as a "balsam" for their own aches and pains. Jim Bridger, scout, Indian fighter, and fort builder, mixed tar with flour and sold it along the Oregon Trail to emigrants, who needed axle grease for their wagons. They found, too, that buffalo chips made a hotter fire when a little tar was added to them.

And now she told the visiting geologists that if oil was what they were looking for they would surely find it under the ranch, because her younger son's initials were J. D.

> Such excitement was contagious. Into our repetitive talk of sheep, cattle, horses, weather, and markets, new words appeared: anticline, syncline, red beds, sump, casing, drill stem, bits, crow's nest, cat walk, headache beam. Almost every herder had his own oil dome. We took up oil claims.
>
> •
>
> A range ne'er-do-well, grizzled and tattered, caught a ride to our house. He inquired importantly whether he might stay with us a few days while he did some validating work on his oil claims. Then he asked John if he might borrow a shovel. But to get to his claims, he said, he needed a team and a wagon. Having succeeded so far, he demanded, "Now, where's your oil?"

The boys might be far from sidewalks, but they would not grow up naïve.

A man named Jim Roush had a way of finding oil without a drill bit. Arriving at the ranch, he offered his services. Jim Roush was sort of a Music Man—an itinerant alchemist of structure, a hydrocarbonic dowser. He had a bottle that was wrapped in black friction tape. It dangled from a cord, and contained a secret fluid tomographically syndetic with oil. While David Love looked on—with his brother, his mother, and his father—Roush stood a few feet from their house and suspended the bottle, which began to spin. Light flashed on one hand—from a large apparent diamond. In silent concentration, he counted. Ypresian, Albian, Hauterivian, Valanginian—there was a geologic age in every spin. When the bottle stopped, its aggregate revolutions could be factored as depth to oil. David never saw Jim Roush again, except to the extent that his ghost might haunt the Geological Survey.

In 1918, a hundred-million-dollar oil-and-gas field was discovered at Big Sand Draw, where John Love gave up his first homestead, in 1897. After the Mineral Lands Leasing Act of 1920, oil companies could obtain leases directly from the government. A rancher's claims no longer intervened.

A rancher needed fifty thousand dollars to drill on his own.

> It was the general opinion on the range that if a man had that kind of money he did not need an oil well. Our mirage disappeared completely.

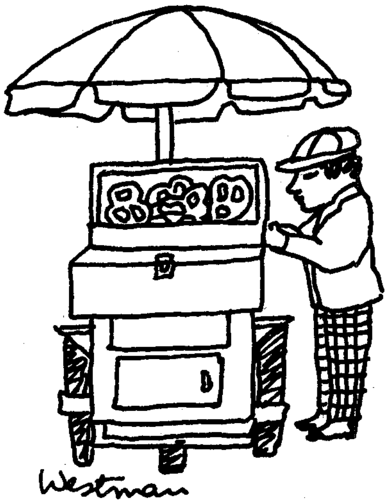
Emblematically, fire broke out in the oil fields of Lost Soldier, fifty miles southwest, and for weeks lighted up the night sky. In Horseshoe Gulch, six miles from the ranch, Sinclair Wyoming drilled forty-three hundred feet and found gas, which came out with such force that it destroyed the drill stem and blew the wooden derrick to pieces.

> When the blast came, the driller was carrying a hundred-pound anvil across the rig floor. He told us that he raced half a mile over the sagebrush before he realized that he still held the anvil.

The Loves hitched up a wagon and went after the wood. They would burn the entire derrick in their kitchen stove.

> David picked up a small, rough chunk of soft gray shale, blasted out of the depths of the well. He saw in it tiny marine fossils and fragile, lustrous pieces of mother-of-pearl, the size of his fingernail, that had once held the bodies of living clams; they came from more than half a mile underground; they lived before the time of men on the earth; they had been buried, how many ages, since they moved about that unseen shore. The driller told him that those shells predicted the presence of oil. . . . He brought home the rock with the delicate shells embedded in it and has kept it ever since in an Indian bowl.

When the boys were teen-aged, they occasionally saddled up and rode twenty-six miles to dances in Shoshoni. (I once asked David if they were square dances, and he said, "No. It was contact sport.") After dancing half the night, they rode twenty-six miles home. Their mother rented a house in Lander and stayed there with them while they attended Fremont County Vocational High School. One of their classmates was William Shakespeare, whose other name was War Bonnet. Lander at that time was the remotest town in Wyoming. It advertised itself as "the end of the rails and the start of the trails." Now and again, when the boys and their mother went visiting, they went through Red Canyon. A scene of great beauty, long sinuous Red Canyon was a presentation of the Mesozoic, framed in wide margins of time. In the eastern escarpment, the rock, tilting upward, protruded from the earth in cliffs six hundred feet high, and these were Eocene over Paleocene over Cretaceous and Jurassic benches above the red Triassic wall. Upward to the west ran a sage-covered Permian slope, on a line of sight that led higher in altitude and lower in time to the Precambrian roof of the Wind River Range—peaks on the western horizon.



Within the Triassic red was a distinctive white line that ran on as far as the eye could see. It was amazingly consistent, five feet thick, a limestone. In time, David would learn that this uniform bed covered fifty thousand square miles and was one of the most unusual rock units anywhere in the world, with such an absence of diagnostic fossils that no one could tell if the water it formed in was fresh or salt. ("It is a major marker bed of the Rockies," he once said, pointing it out to me. "Fifty thousand square miles—try to imagine any place in the world today where you can find that kind of stability. I can't. It's unique geologically.") As a youth, though, he was less fascinated by this Alcova limestone than by other aspects of Red Canyon. A woman who lived there was known as Red Canyon Red, for her striking Triassic hair. She was—as he would in later years describe her—"a whore *par excellence*." This may have been one reason that the boys' mother routinely accompanied her sons when they went through Red Canyon Red's canyon.

To shorten the trip to Lander, and make his own visits more frequent, John Love bought a used Buick.

> Under severe nervous and vocal strain, he taught himself to drive, alone, on a wide expanse of level ground. Automatically he called "Whoa, there!" when he wanted to stop.

He knew a stockman who, in a similar effort, had failed, and had destroyed his car with an axe. John was resolved not to let that happen to him.

He triumphed, of course, and the family was soon cruising to the Sweetwater Divide, with a picnic lunch and a jug of lemonade. Their horizons, already wide, before long rapidly expanded as John decided to take the first vacation of his life in order that the boys might see the Pacific Ocean before they went to college. The Loves headed west in the Buick. They had a breadbox, a camp stove, a nest of aluminum pots. The back seat was stacked high with blankets. Suitcases rode on the running boards, and on top of the luggage was a tepee.

THE boys went to the University of Wyoming, where Allan majored in civil engineering. David majored in geology, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Words carved into the university limestone said:

Strive On—The
Control of Nature
Is Won Not Given

David stayed in Laramie to earn a master's degree, and later, on a scholarship, went east to seek a Ph.D. at Yale. Arriving with some bewilderment in that awesome human topography, he noticed a line from Rafael Sabatini carved in stone in a courtyard of the Hall of Graduate Studies: "He was born with a gift for laughter and a sense that the world is mad." Those words steadied him at Yale, and helped prepare him for a lifetime in government and science. As a graduate student, he had to advance his reading knowledge of German, which he did over campfires on summer field work in the mountains of Wyoming. One book mentioned an inscription above a doorway at the German Naval Officers School, in Kiel—an unlikely place for a Rocky Mountain geologist to discover what became for him a lifelong professional axiom. As he renders it in English: "Say not 'This is the truth' but 'So it seems to me to be as I now see the things I think I see.' "

Yale had one of the better geology departments in the world, and its interests were commensurately global. It was syllogistic, encyclopedic, and stirred its students to extended effort—causing him to disappear into the library for months on end in what he calls his golden years. It was a department preoccupied with the Big Picture, and as a result it was not overcrowded with people who had seen a lot of outcrops. That, at any rate, is how it seemed to a student who had seen almost nothing but outcrops—close at hand, or slowly turning from the perspective of a saddle. In no way did this distinction diminish the reverence he felt for these Eastern petrologues. "Their field geology was, let's say, incomplete," he will remark tenderly.

He did his field work in exceptionally rugged country—in the Tetons for a time, during those grad-school summers, but mainly along the southern margin of the Absaroka Range, roughly a hundred miles northwest of the ranch. He chose an area of about three hundred thousand acres (five hundred square miles) with intent to develop an understanding of it sufficient for the completion of a doctoral thesis. Geologically, it was a blank piece of the earth. Virtually nothing was known. The area had been mapped topographically. He took the map with him. Some of its streams ran uphill.

The Absarokas, it seemed, were a multilayered pile of pyroclastic debris—sedimentary rock whose components had once been volcanic outpourings. It was material that—after hardening—had been crumbled by weather and collected and moved by streams. The Absaroka volcanic sediments were a local part of the vast fill that had buried the central Rocky Mountains—a hard and therefore durable part. Their huge boulders indicated close proximity to the vents from which the rock had poured. (On a relief map, the Absarokas seem to spill out of Yellowstone Park.) During the Exhumation of the Rockies, the durability of these formations had left them in place. They resemble a battlement, standing seven thousand feet above the adjacent plains.

When Love chose this thesis topic, he was not choosing a journey from A to B. He did not mark off a little basin somewhere and essay to describe the porridge it contained. He picked a spinning pinwheel of geology, with highlights flashing from every vane. For example, the western end of the Owl Creek Mountains is still buried—under the Absarokas in the area of Love's thesis. Another chain of mountains is largely buried there, too. He discovered it and named it the Washakie Range. That the Absarokas were structurally separate from the Owl Creeks was obvious. It was not so readily apparent that the Owl Creeks were younger than the Washakies, or that the Washakies in their early days had been thrust southwestward over undistorted shales on the floor of the Wind River Basin. Gradually, he figured these things out, alone in the country, on foot. His thesis area reached a short distance into the Wind River Basin, and thus completed in its varied elements the panoply of the Rockies. It included folded mountains and dissected plateaus. It included basin sediments and alpine peaks, dry gulches and superposed master streams, desert sageland and evergreen forest rising to a timberline at ten thousand four hundred feet. It contained the story unabridged—from the preserved subsummit surface to the fossil topographies exhumed far below. At any given place in the area, temperatures could change eighty degrees in less than a day. The territory was roadless, and after a couple of years on foot he was ready to bring in a horse. Methodically cross-referencing the lithology, the paleontology, the stratigraphy, the structure, he mapped the region geologically—discovering and naming seven formations.

In one of those Yale summers, while taking some time away from the rock, he badly cut his foot in a lake near Lander. He made a tourniquet with his bandanna, and limped into town to see Doc Smith. This was Francis Smith, M.D., who had coaxed David's father past the tick fever, had seen David's mother through a strep infection that nearly killed her, and, over the years, had put enough stitches in David to complete a baseball. Now, as he worked on the foot, he told David that one of his recent office visitors had been Robert LeRoy Parker himself (Butch Cassidy).

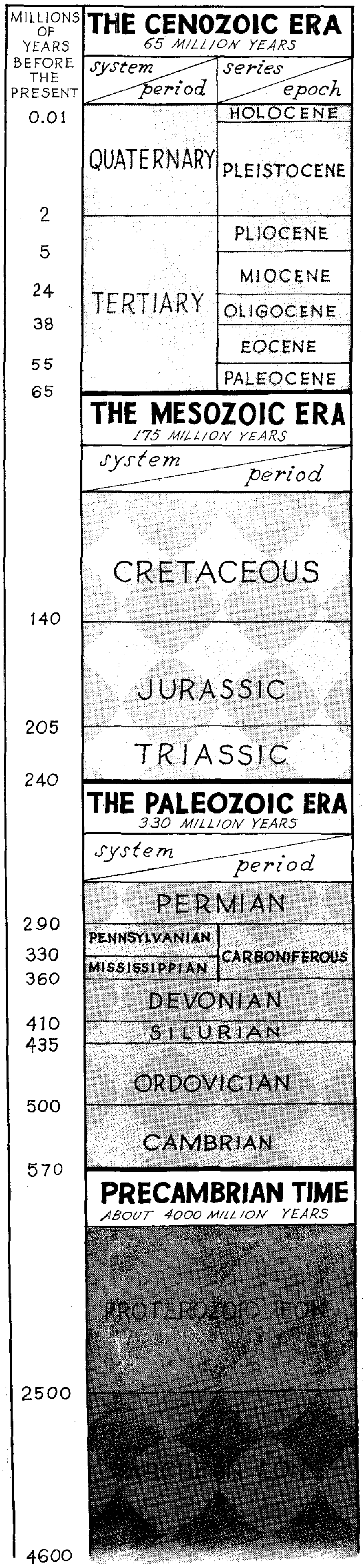
David said politely that Cassidy was dead in Bolivia, and everybody knew that.

Smith said everybody was wrong. The patient had appeared in the doorway, and had stood there long and thoughtfully, searching the face of the doctor. Pleased by what he did not find, he said, "You don't know who I am, do you?"

The doctor said, "You look familiar, but I can't quite say."

The patient remarked that his face had been altered by a surgeon in Paris. Then he lifted his shirt, exposing the deep crease of a repaired bullet wound—craftsmanship that Doc Smith recognized precisely as his own.

The work that David Love was do-



MILLIONS OF YEARS BEFORE THE PRESENT	system / period	series / epoch
	THE CENOZOIC ERA *65 MILLION YEARS*	
0.01	QUATERNARY	HOLOCENE
		PLEISTOCENE
2	TERTIARY	PLIOCENE
5		MIOCENE
24		OLIGOCENE
38		EOCENE
55		PALEOCENE
65	**THE MESOZOIC ERA** *175 MILLION YEARS*	
	CRETACEOUS	
140	JURASSIC	
205	TRIASSIC	
240	**THE PALEOZOIC ERA** *330 MILLION YEARS*	
	PERMIAN	
290	PENNSYLVANIAN	CARBONIFEROUS
330	MISSISSIPPIAN	
360	DEVONIAN	
410	SILURIAN	
435	ORDOVICIAN	
500	CAMBRIAN	
570	**PRECAMBRIAN TIME** *ABOUT 4000 MILLION YEARS*	
	PROTEROZOIC EON	
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ing in Wyoming attracted the attention of the Geological Society of America. He was invited to speak at the society's national meeting, which, in the course of its migrations, happened to be scheduled for Washington, D.C. He suffered great anticipatory fright. It was most unusual for a graduate student to be asked to speak to the G.S.A. He was intimidated—by the East in general, by the capital city, by the fact that the foremost geologists in America would be there. Bailey Willis, of Stanford, would be there; Andrew Lawson, of Berkeley; Walter Granger, of the American Museum of Natural History; Taylor Thom, of Princeton. The paper that Love presented was on folding and faulting in Tertiary rocks. The Tertiary period runs from sixty-five million to something like two million years before the present. When Love went to Yale, the conventional wisdom in geology held that all folded and faulted rock was older than the Tertiary—that all Tertiary rock was undeformed. For his thesis in the Absarokas, he had mapped many areas of folded and faulted Tertiary rock. He knew the fossils, the stratigraphy. This was in no sense a horseback guess. He practiced carefully what he would say, and, when his moment came, there he was on a platform in the ballroom of the Hotel Washington struggling to control his voice, unaware that he had forgotten to button his suspenders. They were hanging down in back, exposed and flapping. His embarrassment had scarcely begun. At the climax of his presentation—as he described the deformation that had made clear to him that fifteen million years into Tertiary time the Laramide Revolution had not quite ended—he heard what he describes as hoots of derision, and when he finished there was no applause. The big room was silent. A moment passed, and then the structural geologist Taylor Thom, some of whose work was challenged by Love's paper, stood up and said, "This paper is a milestone in Rocky Mountain geology."

At his first G.S.A. meeting, a couple of years earlier in New York, about the only person he knew was Samuel H. Knight, his distinguished tutor from the University of Wyoming. Gradually, the faces and forms of strangers attached themselves to names long familiar to him on scientific papers and the spines of books. His personal pantheon came alive around him, and he was pleased to discover how easily approachable they were. When he tells of the experience—now that he is in his early seventies and the Grand Old Man of Rocky Mountain Geology—he could be describing himself: "They put their pants on one leg at a time. They were very human individuals. They encouraged young people to speak out." As they discussed one another's papers, he relished their candor, their style of disagreement. A paleontologist named Asa Mathews got up and presented what he believed was the discovery that the world's first bird had come into existence in Permian time—roughly a hundred million years earlier than archaeopteryx, which reigned then (and does now) as first bird. Mathews detailed some remarkable trace fossils in Permian rock in Utah, which sequentially recorded, he said, a bird as it ran along the ground, its wingtips awkwardly scraping until, finally, it took off. Walter Granger arose before the assembly to greet this unusual news. He said, "Professor Mathews has undoubtedly demonstrated that the first bird flew over that part of Utah, but he has not demonstrated that it landed."

David Griggs, who was not much older than Love, gave a superb demonstration of some fresh ideas about mountain-building. Afterward, Bailey Willis, whom Love describes as "one of the grandfathers of structural geology in the world," anointed Griggs with praise. The great Andrew Lawson, who named the San Andreas Fault, was on his feet next, and virtually conferred upon Griggs an honorary degree by saying, "For the first and only time in my life, I agree with Bailey Willis."

In another context, a young geologist challenged Walter Granger, saying, "Dr. Granger, are you sure you're right?" Granger answered, without a flicker of hesitation, "Young man, I will consider myself a great success in life if I prove to be right fifty per cent of the time."

After Yale, Love worked a season for the U.S. Geological Survey in the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, scratching his way a step at a time through the dense, stiff branches of scrub oak that—ninety years before—had held up the Donner party enough to set the schedule for its eventual rendezvous with snow. Employed by the Shell Oil Company, he spent five years looking for areas of possible oil accumulation in the structures of Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky, Georgia, Arkansas, Michigan, Alabama, and Tennessee. This increased his experience in ways that included a good deal more than rocks—especially in the southern Appalachians. Looking for outcrops, he walked many hundreds of miles of streambeds, "brushing water moccasins to one side." He studied roadcuts and railroad cuts. He slept where the day ended. Sometimes he stayed, for weeks at a time, with farmers. A farmer in Tennessee took him aside one day and offered him his unusually beautiful teen-age daughter in marriage if David would buy her a pair of shoes—her first. Apparently, the girl had developed such a longing for the young geologist that her father wanted her to have him. David felt that he was receiving "the ultimate compliment," for the farmer wanted to give him what the farmer valued most in the world. Earnestly, he wished not to offend, lest, among other things, he lose his advantage in a complicated country dissected by entrenched streams, a prime piece of the Mississippi Embayment, as geologists call the great bulb of sediments that reaches from the mouth of the Mississippi River as far north as Paducah, Kentucky. The farmer was in a strategic position to permit the young geologist to find certain permeable sandstones wedging out between layers of shale in updips where migrating petroleum might have become trapped. So he was anxious not to ruffle the feelings of his host. Besides, he was engaged.

In Laramie in 1934, David had met a geology student from Bryn Mawr College who had come west to spend a couple of semesters at the University of Wyoming under an arrangement that he would ever after refer to as her junior year abroad. Her father, in granting her permission to go to Wyoming, had commented that everyone has a right—at least once in a lifetime—to run away to sea. Her name was Jane Matteson, and she had grown up in the quiet streets and private educational enclaves of Providence, Rhode Island. She had twice the sophistication of this ranch hand, notwithstanding the fact that she wrote "crick" in her early field notes, believing that Western geologists had taught her a new term. Moreover, she considered him "too good-looking." (Had he ever been inclined to, he could have answered the complaint in kind.) He appealed to her, though—in part because he kept his distance. She liked her cowboys unaggressive, and this one (at the time) was so shy—so reserved and

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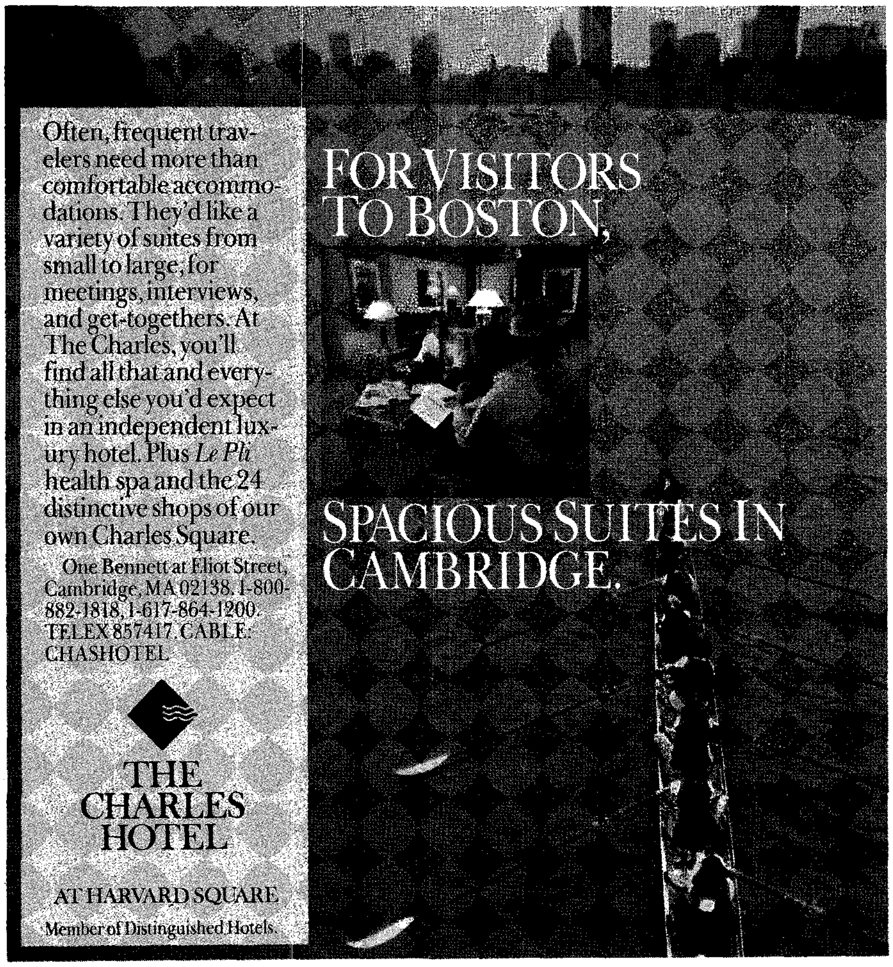

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respectful—that he stayed on his own side of his little Ford coupé. Her philosophy of conjugal evolution was contained in the phrase "A kiss is a promise," and for the time being there were no promises. He took her to the top of the Laramie Range, and up there in the pink granite under the luminous constellations gave her some gallant, if cryptic, advice. He said, "Whatever you do, don't come up here to look at the stars with a geologist."

When a letter arrived containing his acceptance at Yale, they went over the mountains to celebrate in Cheyenne. On the return trip, on old U.S. 30, they were met at the gangplank by a spring storm, and they worried that they would be snowed in for the night, with resulting damage to their reputations. Forging on through the blizzard, they made it to Laramie. After Jane finished Bryn Mawr, she did graduate work at Smith, returning to Wyoming for the summer field work in the Black Hills and the Bighorn Mountains which led to her master's thesis on Pennsylvanian-Permian rock. More apart than together while he completed his work at Yale, they exchanged long and frequent letters, which was her idea of a way for two people to get to know each other well and review their approaches to life. (When she was telling me this, not long ago, she added, with a bit of gemflash in her dark eyes, "I suppose that's why young people live together now—instead of writing letters.") In the nineteen-seventies, she edited a book on Mesozoic mammals for the University of California Press, but her own work in geology has been at best sporadic. "In our generation," she once remarked to me, "a woman's place was in the home raising a family if that was what she chose to do. I brooded a little bit about this but not much. You get to be twenty-five. You kick around the options. You decide you would rather be a wife and mother than a geologist. The fact that I can talk geology with him is just gravy." She offers her thoughts as an advocate of the geological devil to assist in the refinement of David's ideas. "What makes you think you know that? How could you possibly infer that?" she will say to him, not always stopping short of his Celtic irascibilities.

At Love Ranch, in 1910 or so, and apropos of who knows what, David's mother asked his father, "Is it true that it is necessary to kill a Scot or agree with him?"

John Love took the question seriously. After thinking it over, he answered, without elaboration, "No."

"David is not afraid of a new idea," Jane continues. "He's a pragmatist. He never looks back. He is both ingenious and practical. On the ranch when he grew up there was no plumbing, no electricity, no automobile—and the equipment they had they repaired themselves. If he has a piece of baling wire, he can fix anything. He fixes everything from plumbing to cars. He applies the same practicality to geology. If a slide block suggests that it might go downhill, he has the physics and he knows if it will work. His talent lies particularly in his sense of cause and effect. His knowledge, experience, and curiosity extend far beyond the mere presence of a rock. He is the most creative geologist I know."

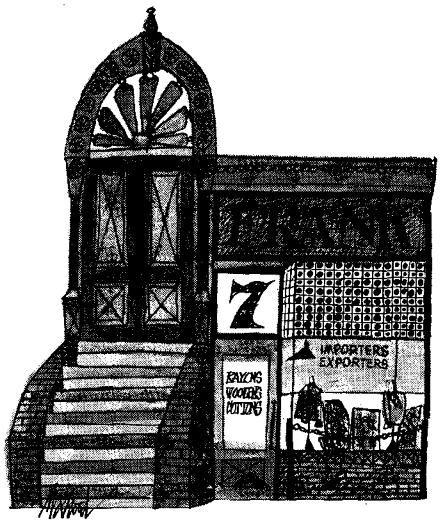
They were married in 1940. Two of their four children were conceived after a summer field season and born during the next one, with him off in the wild, hundreds of miles away. That, says Jane, is just one more facet of geology. On a field trip somewhere in the late nineteen-seventies, David said to me, "I've been hearing about it for thirty-four years." The summer field season begins in June and ends about four months later, during which time she seldom saw much of him in their early years, a condition she regards as follows: "My father was a lawyer in Providence. After that junior year in Wyoming, the thought of being married to a lawyer in Providence gave me claustrophobia."

Their first child was a little white-haired kid named Frances, who arrived in Centralia, Illinois, where her father was based while he worked for Shell. Centralia was as rough as a frontier town, but "gone sour." Much of what happened there offended David's sense of fair play. In his words: "It was a boom town, full of run-out seed. There hadn't been a fair killing there since 1823." There was union trouble. The hod carriers were trying to organize the oil drillers. The drillers resisted, and had no intention of paying what they regarded as tribute. The hod carriers attacked. They scalped a driller with a hunting knife and then broke his bones with hammers. "That was macho stuff, to them," David comments. "They played rough. They were a mean bunch of bastards." In some of the towns he visited were signs that said "No Dogs or Oilmen." He posed as a travelling salesman.

In Tennessee, he was sometimes mistaken for a revenue agent, which could have led to an unpleasant fate. And on one occasion he was taken for a railroad detective by some fugitives from the law. Jane happened to be with him, and as they made their way along the tracks, pausing like detectives to examine the rock, the fugitives—who had dumped into a railroad cut a corpse that had needed killing—were watching from the woods. They drew beads with their rifles but held their fire. They didn't want to include Jane. Eventually, David learned all this from the fugitives themselves, and he asked them if they were not made uneasy by the discovery that they might have killed an innocent man. They gave him a jug of sorghum.

In the evening in Centralia, David could read his newspaper by the light of gas flares over the oil fields. The company was burning off the gas because, at the time, it lacked economic value. This impinged his Scottish temper. "I don't consider that good stewardship," he explains. "We're stewards here—of land and resources. If you gut the irreplaceable resources, you're not doing your job. There were thousands of flares in Centralia. You could see them for a hundred miles." He was troubled as well by the secrecy of the oil company, which was otherwise an agreeable employer. As a scientist, he believed in the open publication of research, and meanwhile his work was being locked in a safe for the benefit of one commercial interest. Moreover, he moved around so much that in the first two years of his daughter's life she had been in thirteen states, while he was "looking for oil for some damn fool to burn up on the road." With Jane, he reached an obvious conclusion: "There has to be more to life than this."

He resigned to return to Wyoming with the U.S. Geological Survey, at first to pursue an assignment critical to the Second World War. The year was 1942, and the United States was desperately short of vanadium, an alloy that enables steel to be effective as armor plate. Working out of Afton, in the Overthrust Belt, he looked for the metal in Permian rock. He first identified vanadium habitat (where it was in beds of black shale), and then—in winter—built a sawmill and cabins and made his own timbers for eight new mines. Afton was a Mormon redoubt. The municipal patriarch had thirty-four children. The Loves and the haberdasher Isidor Schuster were the only Gentiles in town. Love enlisted some Mormon farmers and taught them how to mine. They worked in narrow canyons, where avalanches occurred many times a day, coming two thousand feet down the canyon walls. David was caught in one, swept away as if he were in a cold tornado, and badly injured. He lay in a hospital many weeks. Not much of him was not damaged. His complete statement of the diagnosis is "It stretched me out."



After the mines were well established, the Loves moved to Laramie, where he set up the field office that has remained in Laramie more than forty years. His children grew up there. Frances now teaches French in public schools in Oklahoma. The Loves' two sons—Charles and David—are both geologists. Barbara teaches English at the University of Wyoming. Gradually—as regional field offices have been closed and geologists have been consolidated in large federal centers in Menlo Park (California), Reston (Virginia), and Denver—Love has become vestigial in the structure of the Survey. He has resisted these bureaucratic winds even when they have been stiffer than the winds that come over the Medicine Bows. "The tendency has been to have all the geologists play in one sand pile," he explains diplomatically. And here his friend Malcolm McKenna, curator of vertebrate paleontology at the American Museum of Natural History, takes up the theme: "Dave chose to stay where the geology is, and not to go up the ladder. He was so competent the Survey tried to get him to go out of Wyoming, but he wouldn't go. His is one of the few field offices left. The Survey gets information from people in addition to providing it. People stop in to see Dave. When he goes, the office in Laramie will close—and that will be a loss to Wyoming. While a whole bunch of people sit in little cubicles in Denver, Dave is close to the subject. He can walk out the door in the morning and do important stuff.”

Love says that a part of his job is to find anything from oil to agates, and then, in effect, say, “Fly at it, folks,” to the people of the United States. Within the law, he is free to resign and then fly at something himself, but —whether by oil, uranium, gemstones, or gold—time after time he has not so much as been tempted. Very evidently, he is not interested in money, and would not have joined the Survey in the first place if its services had been limited to commerce. The Survey evaluates the nation’s terrain for academic purposes as well, there being no good way to comprehend any one aspect of geology without studying the wider matrix in which it rests. Within the geologic profession, the Survey has particular prestige—as much as, or even more than, the geology faculties of major universities, where chair professors have been known to mutter about the U.S.G.S., “They think they are God’s helpers.” Academic geologists tend to look upon the Survey as “stuffy.” And, as Love discovered long ago, there is such an authoritarian atmosphere in the Survey—so much review of anything to be published, and so much hierarchical attention to a given piece of work—that sometimes when it is all done you cannot see the science for the initials that cover the paper. In its hundred and some years, the Survey has become so august that McKenna refers to it as “an inertial organization, a remnant of medieval scholasticism,” but goes on to say, “University people have two months a year; company people are restricted. The Survey can do things no one else can do.” Many people in the profession tend to think that a geologist who has not at some point worked for the Survey has not been rigorously trained, for a geologist seeking field experience can obtain it in such quantity and variety nowhere else.

Love also established a base in Jackson Hole—a small house, eventually a couple of cabins. This would be the point of orientation for much of his summer field work. His absorptions over the years would take him to every sector of Wyoming, to other parts of the Rockies, and elsewhere in the world. Always, though, from his earliest days in geology, he would be drawn and drawn back to the Teton landscape—to the completeness of its history, the enigmas of its valley. To come to an understanding of one such scene is to understand a great deal about the geologic province of which it is a part, and more than any other segment of the Rockies he assigned himself to investigate the story of Jackson Hole.

“HOLE” was a term used by the earliest whites to describe any valley that was closely framed by very high mountains. It was used by David Jackson, who essentially had his valley to himself, running his trap lines in the eighteen-twenties in the afternoon shadows of the Teton Range. Over time, bands of outlaws followed him, then cattlemen, and eventually homesteading farmers, whose fences invaded the rangeland, creating incendiary tension and setting the scene for the arrival of Shane, who came into the valley wearing no gun and “riding a lone trail out of a closed and guarded past.” A farmer offered him employment, and he accepted—earnest in his quest for a peaceful life. The farmer asked Shane almost nothing of his history but felt he could trust him and imagined a number of ways in which the man might be needed on the farm. Deep in the stranger’s saddle roll was an ivory-plated Colt revolver that came out of its holster with no apparent friction, had a filed-down hammer and no front sight, and would balance firmly on one extended finger. The farmer’s young son quite innocently discovered the gun one day, and hurried to his father.

“Father, do you know what Shane has rolled up in his blankets?”

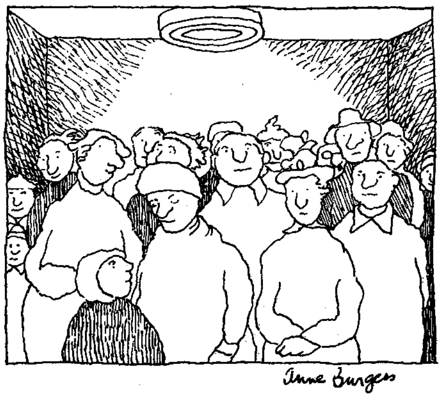
“Probably a gun.”

“But—how did you know? Have you seen it?”

“No. That’s what he would have.”

“Well, why doesn’t he ever carry it? Do you suppose maybe it’s because he doesn’t know how to use it very well?”

“Son, I wouldn’t be surprised if he could take that gun and shoot the buttons off your shirt with you a-wearing it and all you’d feel would be a breeze.”

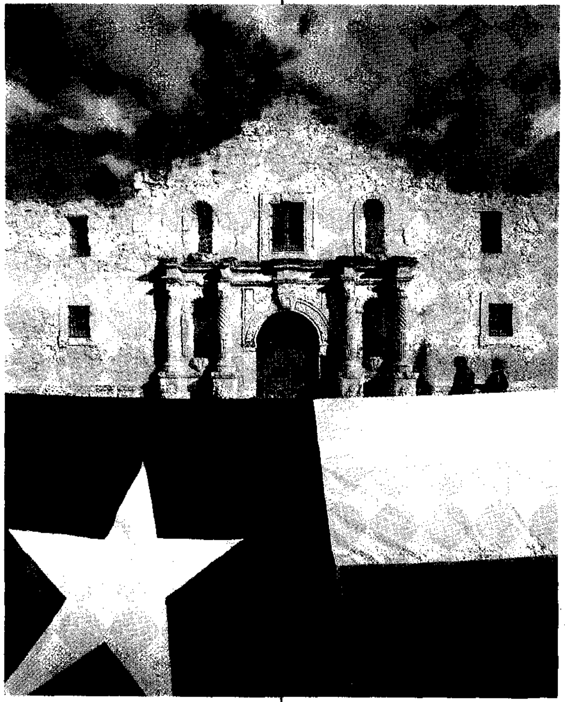


Shane, of course, was a fictional character, but the era he represented was a stratum of the region. In the opening words of the novel, by Jack Schaefer, “He rode into our valley in the summer of ’89.” He also glanced “over the valley to the mountains marching along the horizon.” The geography is vague, but Schaefer evidently had in mind a place beside the Bighorn Mountains. When Hollywood took up the story, though, and prepared to spread it from Cheyenne to Bombay, the valley that Shane would ride into seemed an almost automatic choice. Its floor, as he slowly moved across it, was generally as flat as the bottom of a lake. Incongruous in its center were forested buttes, with clear cold streams running past them. In many places, the flatness was illusory, for there was random undulation and, for no apparent reason, a lyrical quilting of stands of dark pine and broad open stretches of pale-green sage. There were ponds, some of them warm enough to hold trumpeter swans for the winter; and lying against the higher mountains were considerable lakes. Mountains were everywhere. On three sides of the valley, they went up in fairly stiff gradients—the Mt. Leidy Highlands, the Gros Ventre Mountains, the Snake River Range. On the western side—without preamble, without foothills, with a sharp conjunctive line at the meeting of flat and sheer—were the Tetons, which seemed to have lifted themselves rapidly past timberline in kinetic penetration of the sky. The Tetons resemble breasts, as will any ice-sculpted horn —Weisshorn, Matterhorn, Zinalrothorn—at some phase in the progress of its making. Hollywood cannot resist the Tetons. If you have seen Western movies, you have seen the Tetons. They have appeared in the background of countless pictures, and must surely be the most tectonically active mountains on film, drifting about, as they will, from Canada to Mexico, and from Kansas nearly to the coast. After the wagon trains leave Independence and begin to move westward, the Tetons soon appear on the distant horizon, predicting the beauty, threat, and promise of the quested land. After the wagons have been moving for a month, the Tetons are still out there ahead. Another fortnight and the Tetons are a little closer. The Teton Range is forty miles long and less than ten across—a surface area in inverse proportion not only to its extraordinary ubiquity but also to its grandeur. The Tetons—with Jackson Hole beneath them—are in a category with Mt. McKinley, Monument Valley, and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River as what conservation organizations and the Washington bureaucracy like to call a scenic climax.

In the Teton landscape are forms of motion that would not be apparent in a motion picture. Features of the valley are cryptic, paradoxical, and bizarre. In 1983, divers went down into Jenny Lake, at the base of the Grand Teton, and reported a pair of Engelmann spruce, rooted in the lake bottom, standing upright, enclosed in eighty feet of water. Spread Creek, emerging from the Mt. Leidy Highlands, is called Spread Creek because it has two mouths, which is about as common among creeks as it is among human beings. They are three miles apart. Another tributary stream is lower than the master river. Called Fish Creek, it steals along the mountain base. Meanwhile, at elevations as much as fifteen feet higher—and with flood-control levees to keep the water from spilling sideways—down the middle of the valley flows the Snake.

One year, with David Love, I made a field trip that included the Beartooth Mountains, the Yellowstone Plateau, the Hebgen earthquake zone of the Madison River, the Island Park Caldera, and parts of the Snake River Plain. Near the end of the journey, we came over Teton Pass and looked down into Jackson Hole. In a tone of sudden refreshment, he said, "Now, there is a place for a kid to cut his eyeteeth on dynamic geology."

Among others, he was referring to himself. He rode into the valley in the summer of '34. Aged twenty-one, he set up a base camp, and went off to work in the mountains. There were a number of small lakes among the Tetons at altitudes up to ten thousand five hundred feet—Cirque Lake, Mink Lake, Grizzly Bear Lake, Icefloe Lake, Snowdrift Lake, Lake Solitude—and no one knew how deep they were or how much water they might contain. The Wyoming Geological Survey wanted to know, and had offered him a summer job and a collapsible boat. He climbed the Tetons, and rowed the lakes, like Thoreau sounding depths on Walden Pond. He likes to say that the first time he was ever seasick was above timberline. If the



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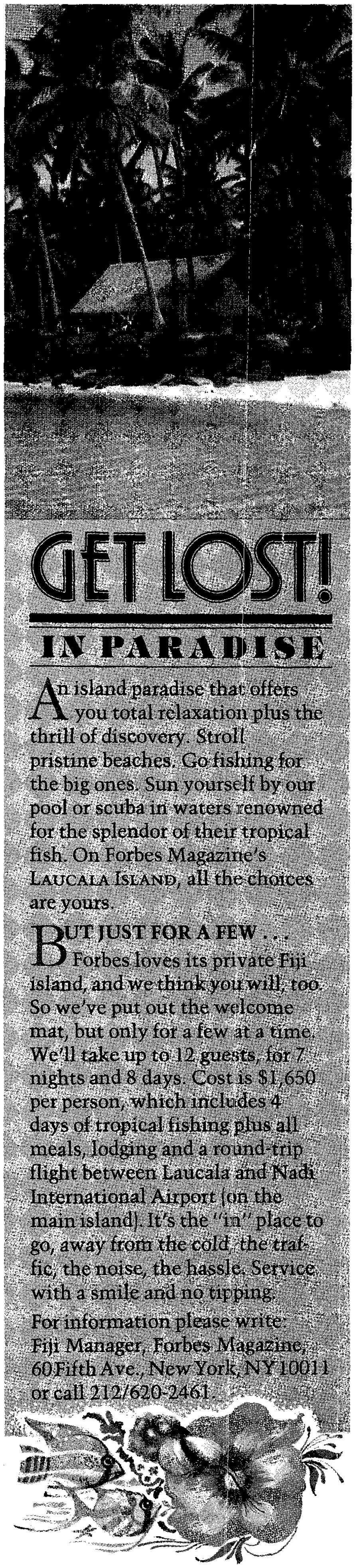
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Teton peaks were like the Alps—a transplanted segment of the Pennine Alps—there was the huge difference that just up the road from the Pennine Alps there are no geyser basins, boiling springs, bubbling muds, or lavas that froze in human time. His base camp was on Signal Mountain—by Teton standards, a hill—rising from the valley floor a thousand feet above Jackson Lake. More than fifty summers later, one day on Signal Mountain he said, "When I was a pup, I used to come up here to get away from it all."

I said, "By yourself?"

And he answered, "Oh, yes. Always. No concubines. I've always been pretty solitary. I still am."

Gouging around the mountains in his free time—and traversing the valley—he would get off his horse here and again, sit down, and think. ("You can't do geology in a hurry.") On horseback or on foot—from that summer forward, whenever he was there—he gathered with his eyes and his hammer details of the landscape. If he happened to come to a summit or an overlook with a wide view, he would try to spend as much of a day as possible there, gradually absorbing the country, sensing the control from its concealed and evident structure, wondering—as if it were a formal composition—how it had been done. ("It doesn't matter that I don't know what I'm looking at. Later on, it becomes clear—maybe. And maybe not. You try to put the petals back on the flower.") Some of those summits had not been visited before, but almost without exception he did not make a cairn or leave his name. ("I left my name on two peaks. When you're young and full of life, you do strange things.") Having no way to know what would or would not yield insight, he noticed almost anything. The mountain asters always faced east. Boulders were far from the bedrock from which they derived. There was no quartzite in any of the surrounding mountains, but the valley was deeply filled with gold-bearing quartzite boulders. He discovered many faults in the valley floor, and failed for years to discern among them anything close to a logical sequence. There were different episodes of volcanism in two adjacent buttes. From high lookoffs he saw the barbed headwaters of streams that started flowing in one direction and then looped about and went the other way—the sort of action that might be noticed by a person carrying water on a tray. Something must have tilted this tray. From Signal Mountain he looked down at the Snake River close below, locally sluggish and ponded, with elaborate meanders that had turned into oxbows—the classic appearance of an old river moving through low country. This was scarcely low country, and the Snake was anything but old. Several miles downstream, it took a sharp right, straightened itself out, picked up speed, and turned white. Looking down from Signal Mountain, he also noticed that moose, elk, and deer all drank from one spring just before their time of rut, crowding in, pushing and shoving to get at it ("They honk and holler and carry on"), ignoring the nearby waters of river, swamp, and lake. He named the place Aphrodisiac Spring. Over the decades, a stretch at a time, he completely circumambulated the skyline of Jackson Hole, camping where darkness came upon him, casting grasshoppers or Mormon crickets to catch his dinner. There were rainbows in the streams as big as Virginia hams. Sometimes he preferred grouse. ("I could throw a geology hammer through the air and easily knock off a blue grouse or a sage chicken. In season, of course. Hammer-throwing season. In the Absarokas, I threw at rattlesnakes, too. I don't kill rattlesnakes anymore. I've come to realize they're a part of the natural scene, and I don't want to upset it.") He carried no gun. He carries a bear bell instead. One day, when he forgot the bell, a sow grizzly stood up out of nowhere—six feet tall—and squinted at him. Suddenly, his skin felt dry and tight. ("Guess who went away.") A number of times, he was charged by moose. He climbed a tree. On one occasion, there was no tree. He and the moose were above timberline. He happened to be on the higher ground, so he rolled boulders at the moose. One of them shattered, and sprayed the moose with shrapnel. ("The moose thought it over, and left.")

The Gros Ventre River entered the valley almost opposite the high Teton peaks. A short way up the Gros Ventre was a denuded mountainside, where seventy-five million tons of rock had recently avalanched and dammed the river. He saw glacial grooves running north-south, and remembered the levees that kept the Snake from spilling west. This suggested to him that the valley floor had tilted westward since the glacier went by. Curvilinear pine-covered mounds cupped the valley's various lakes and held them close to the Tetons. Each lake was at the foot of a canyon. Evidently, alpine glaciers had come down the canyons to drop their moraines in the valley and, melting backward, fill the lakes. Some of the effects of ice were as fresh as that; others were less and less discernible, dating back from one episode of glaciation to another, separated by tens of thousands of years. Love's son Charlie, who now teaches geology and anthropology at Western Wyoming Community College, was hiking one day in 1967 along the ridgelines of the Gros Ventre Mountains when he discovered boulders whose source bedrock was fifty miles away in the Absaroka Range. If they were glacial, as they seemed to be, they recorded an episode until then unknown, and of greater magnitude than any other. The evidence remains scant, but what else could have carried those boulders fifty miles and set them down on mountain summits at ten thousand feet? David answered the question by coining the term "ghost glaciation."

From lookoffs in and around Jackson Hole, the view to the north concluded with a high and essentially level tree-covered terrain that seemed to be advancing from the direction of Yellowstone, as indeed it had done, spreading southward, concealing the earlier topography, filling every creek bed, pond, and gulch. When he first rode in that terrain, he saw with no surprise that the rock was rhyolite, which has the same chemistry as granite but not its crystalline texture, because rhyolite cools quickly as a result of pouring out upon the surface of the earth. This rhyolite, in a fiery cloud rolling down from Yellowstone, had buried the north end of the Teton Range, where it split and flowed along both sides.

From one end to the other of the valley were outcrops that from a distance looked like snow. Close up, they were white limestone, white shale, and white ash. After noting strikes and dips, and compiling the data, he calculated the thickness of the deposit as approximating six thousand feet. Top to bottom, it was full of freshwater clams and snails, and some beavers, aquatic mice, and other creatures that live in shallows. So the valley had been filled with a lake. The lake was always shallow. Yet its accumulated sedi-

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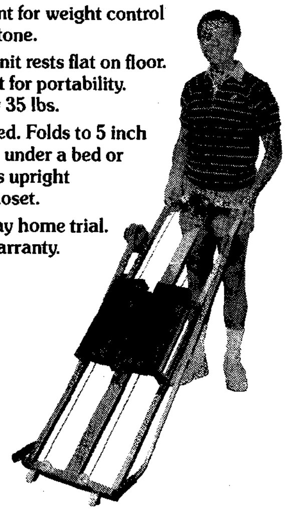

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ments were more than a mile thick. There was no rational explanation—unless the floor of the valley was steadily sinking throughout the life of the lake.

Volcanic rocks around the valley were white, brown, red, purple, and numerous hues of yellow and green. Quartzite boulders—stream-rounded, and scattered far and wide—had come from a source far to the northwest, in Idaho, and could not have been transported by ice. In the Mt. Leidy Highlands and along the eastern edge of Jackson Hole he saw other boulders, larger than human heads. Like the quartzites, they asked questions that, for the time being, he could not answer. He found black and gray sediments of the Cretaceous seas. He measured them, and they were two miles thick. Just above them in time, he found coal. In red and salmon rock nearby were the small tracks and tiny bones of dinosaurs. Larger ones, too. There were beds of marine phosphate. He collected cherty black shales, pure dolomites, dark dolomites, the massive sandstones of an ocean beach. He went into blue-gray caves in beautiful marine limestone. He found mud-crack-bearing shales. He saw mounds resembling anthills, which had been built by blue-green algae.

Chipping with his hammer, he bagged folded and fractured schist, amphibolite, and banded gneiss—and granite that had come welling up as magma, intruding these older rocks at a time when they were far below the earth's surface, a time that was eventually determined by potassium-argon dating. The time was 2.5 billion years before the present. Therefore, the rock that the granite invaded was a good deal older, but it had been metamorphosed, and there was no telling how long it had existed before it was changed—how far it reached back toward the age of the oldest dated rock on earth: 3.8 billion.

In these lithic archives—randomly assembled, subsequently arranged and filed—was a completeness in every way proportionate to the valley's unexceedable beauty. From three thousand million years ago to the tectonically restless present, a very high percentage of the epochs in the history of the earth were represented. It was no wonder that a geologist would especially be drawn to this valley. As he moved from panorama to panorama and outcrop to outcrop—relating this rock type to that mountain, this formation to that river—David gradually began to form a tentative regional picture, and after thirty years or so had placed in sequential narrative the history of the valley. When new evidence and insight came along, what had once seemed logical sometimes fell into discard. When plate tectonics arrived, he embraced its revelations, or accommodated them, but by no means readily accepted them. He wrote more than twenty professional papers on subjects researched in the vicinity, and, with his colleague John Reed, published a summary volume for the general public called "Creation of the Teton Landscape." When the Department of the Interior honored him with a Citation for Meritorious Service, it said, in part, that he had "established the fundamental stratigraphic and structural framework for a region." In short, he had put the petals back on the flower.

And it was some flower. The Teton landscape contained not only the most complete geologic history in North America but also the most complex. ("One reason I've put in a part of my life here is that we have so much coming together. I don't want to waste my time. I can make more of a contribution by concentrating here than on any other place.") After half a century with the story assembling in his mind, he can roll it like a Roman scroll. From the Precambrian beginnings he can watch the landscape change, see it move, grow, collapse, and shuffle itself in an intricate, imbricate manner, not in spatial chaos but by cause and effect through time. He can see it in motion now, in several ways responsively moving in the present—its appearance indebted to the paradox that while the region generally appears to have been rising the valley has collapsed.

Splitting the wall of the Tetons is a diabase dike a hundred and fifty feet wide, running like a dark streak of warpaint straight up the face of the mountains. Diabase: a brother of gabbro, a distant relative of granite. Four miles below the surface of the earth, the space occupied by this now solid dike was once a fissure through which the dark rock flowed upward as magma. At the same point in the narrative—1.3 billion years before the present, in a stage of the Precambrian called Helikian time—marine beaches are not far to the west, and beyond them is a modest continental shelf. There is no Oregon, no Washington, not much Idaho—instead, blue ocean over ocean crust. Down toward the beaches flow sluggish rivers across a featureless plain. Folded and faulted schists and gneisses are bevelled under the plain, preserving in their deformation compressive crustal movements that have long since driven skyward uncounted ranges that have worn away. The Helikian beaches in their turn disappear, in burial becoming sandstone, which in the heat and pressure of more folding mountains is altered to quartzite. The mountains dissolve, and still another quiet plain vanishes below waves. The water advances into this piece of the world that will one day form as Jackson Hole. It lies close to the latitude of Holocene Sri Lanka—or Malaya, or Panama—and is moving toward the equator. The water is warm but not always quiet or clear. Blue-green algae build mounds in the shallows. There is a drop in sea level. Polygonal mud cracks become ceramic in the tropical sun. The sea returns. The water is virtually transparent, and the skeletons of quintillions of creatures form a pure blue-gray limestone. Like Debussy's engulfed cathedral, the site comes up now and again into the light and air, but for the most part seas stay over it. Sands accumulate—broad, deep sands—but they preserve almost no fossil record, so not even David Love will ever say with certainty whether they are underwater or out in the air. (What he cannot say with certainty he will readily say without certainty, provided the difference is clear. He prefers not to be, as he likes to put it, "a man walking with one foot on each side of a fence." He thinks that some of those sands were terrestrial dunes and coastlines, reddened as oxides in the air.) Jackson Hole is close to the equator, and phosphates form in the shallow evaporating sea. Tidal flats appear—wide red flats, thickened by slow rivers coming from an uplift far to the east. In the muds are small tracks and tiny bones of dinosaurs. Rapidly—and possibly as a result of the breaking up of the earth's only continent—the region travels north, moving about a thousand miles in thirty million years. Big dunes form upon the flats: dry, windblown dunes—a Sahara in salmon and red, at the precise latitudes of the modern Sahara. The red sands in turn are covered by the Sundance Sea. Coming from the north, it not only buries the big dunes under mud

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and sand but covers them with galaxies of clams. When the water drops, floodplains emerge, and flooding rivers band the country—pink, purple, red, and green. Dinosaurs wander this chromatic landscape—a dinosaur as large as a corgi, a dinosaur as large as a bear, a dinosaur larger than a Trailways bus. Seas return, filled with a viciousness of life. Black and gray sediments pour into them from stratovolcanoes off to the west. In these times, the piece of sea bottom which is the future site of Jackson Hole overshoots the latitude of modern Wyoming and continues north to a kind of apogee near modern Saskatoon.

The land arches. Deep miles of sediments lying over schists and granites rise and bend. The seas drain eastward. The dinosaurs fade. Mountains rise northwest, rooted firmly to their Precambrian cores. Braided rivers descend from them, lugging quartzite boulders, and spreading fields of gold-bearing gravel tens of miles wide. Other mountains—as rootless sheets of whole terrain—appear in the west, sliding like floorboards, overlapping, stacking up, covering younger rock, colliding with the rooted mountains, while to the east more big ranges and huge downflexing basins appear in the random geometries of the Laramide Revolution.

For all that is going on around it, the amount of activity at the site of Jackson Hole is relatively low. Across the future valley runs a northwest-trending hump that might be the beginnings of a big range but is destined not to become one. Miles below, however, a great fault develops among the Precambrian granites, amphibolites, gneisses, and schists—and a crustal block moves upward at least two thousand feet, stopping, for the time being, far below the surface.

New volcanoes rise to the north and east. Fissures spread open. Materials ranging from viscous lavas to flying ash obliterate the existing topography. Streams disintegrate these materials and rearrange them in layers a few miles away. So far, these scenes—each one of which is preserved in the rock of Jackson Hole—have advanced to a point that is 99.8 per cent of the way through the history of the earth, yet nothing is in sight that even vaguely resembles the Tetons. The Precambrian rock remains buried under younger sediments. At the surface is a country of undramatic hills. The movements that brought the Overthrust Belt to western Wyoming—and caused the more easterly ranges to leap up out of the ground—have all been compressional: crust driven against crust, folded, faulted, and otherwise deformed. Now the crust extends, the earth stretches, the land pulls apart—and one result is a north-south-trending normal fault, fifty miles long. On the two sides of this fault, blocks of country swing on distant hinges like a facing pair of trapdoors—one rising, one sagging. The rising side is the rock of the nascent Tetons, carrying upward on its back the stratified deposits of half a billion years. One after another, erosion shucks them off. Even more rapidly, the east side falls—into a growing void. Magma, in motion below, is continually being drawn toward volcanoes, vents, and fissures to the north. Just as magma moving under Idaho is causing land to collapse and form the Snake River Plain, magma drawn north from this place is increasing the vacuity of Jackson Hole. As the magma reaches Yellowstone, it rises to the surface, spreads out in all directions, and in a fiery cloud rolls down from Yellowstone to bury the north end of the Tetons, where it splits and flows along both sides. The descending valley floor breaks into blocks, like ice cubes in a bucket of water. Some of them stick up as buttes. A lake now fills the valley—shallow, forty miles long—and in it forms a limestone so white it looks like snow. There are white shales as well, and water-laid strata of white volcanic ash. As these sediments thicken to a depth approaching six thousand feet, the lake that rests upon them is always shallow, and full of freshwater clams and snails, and some beavers and aquatic mice. While the lake is accepting sediment, the bottom of its bottom is sinking at the same rate. With a loud terminal hissing, lavas flowing down from Yellowstone cool in the lake as obsidian. Billows of hot sticky fog come down the valley as well. It cools as tuff. The big lake vanishes. In successive earthquakes, there is more valley faulting, damming the valley streams to form deep narrow lakes, which appear suddenly and as quickly go. Off the fast-rising block of mountains, erosion has by now removed fifteen thousand feet of layered sediments, and the Precambrian granites—with their attendant amphibolites, schists, and gneisses, and a verti-

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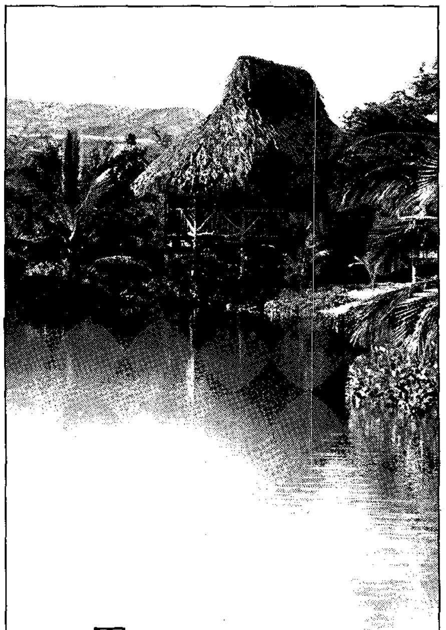

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cal streak of diabase—are the highest rock below the sky. Bent upward against the flanks of the Precambrian are the broken-off strata of the Paleozoic era, and the broken-off strata of the Mesozoic era—serrated, ragged hogbacks, continually pushed aside. Perched on the granite at the skyline is a bit of Cambrian sandstone that the weather has yet to take away. On the opposite side of the Teton Fault, the same sandstone lies beneath the valley. The vertical distance between the two sides of this once contiguous formation is thirty thousand feet.

That brings the chronicle essentially to the present, but still the blockish mountains look more like hips than breasts. Now off the Absarokas, off the Wind Rivers, off the central Yellowstone Plateau—and, to a lesser extent, down the canyons of the Tetons—comes a thousand cubic miles of ice. A coalesced glacier more than half a mile thick enters and plows the valley. The west side of this glacier scrapes along the Tetons above the level of the modern timberline. Melting away, the glacier leaves a barren ground of boulders. More ice comes—a lesser but not insignificant volume—and a third episode, which is smaller still. The ice cuts headward up canyons into the mountains, making cirques. As rings of cirques further erode, they form the spires known as horns. The ice signs the valley with lakes, and as it shrinks back into the mountains human beings have come to watch it go. Long after it is gone, the valley floor, continuing to be unstable as magmas are drawn north from below, drops even more. Big spruce go down with it—trees with diameters of five feet—and are enveloped by the water of Jenny Lake. The mountains jump upward at the same time, many feet in a few seconds near the end of the fourteenth century, emphasizing the fact that they are active in our time. In 1925, seventy-five million tons of rock falls into the Gros Ventre River. In 1983, the year that the trees are discovered at the bottom of Jenny Lake, an earthquake halfway up the Richter scale rumbles through Jackson Hole. —JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

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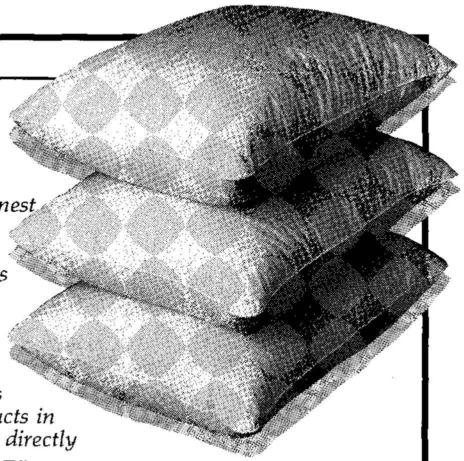

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TRANSITION

"I FEEL such jubilation!" Julius Nyerere exclaimed just five days before he stepped down as the President of the United Republic of Tanzania—a post he had held for almost twenty-three of his country's twenty-four years of independence. "If I'm feeling guilty about anything I'm doing in retiring, it's that I look forward to it so much," he said. He was relaxed and in buoyant spirits, sitting in his favorite rocking chair on the veranda of his house at Msasani Bay, a few miles to the north of the capital city of Dar es Salaam, on the Indian Ocean. It was the last day of October, in what passes for spring in the southern tropics, and the jacarandas, the acacias, and the frangipani were in bloom. The ritual of leave-taking had been going on for weeks, with one group after another of Nyerere's fellow-citizens staging a ceremony at which its members paid their respects to the retiring President—whom they usually addressed as Mwalimu, or Teacher—and gave him presents. Most of these gifts, which included a Land-Rover and an assortment of domestic animals, were associated with farming, because Nyerere (whose name is usually pronounced "Nyuh-*reh*-ree") had long since let it be known that after his retirement, in addition to remaining chairman of the country's sole political party, the Chama Cha Mapinduzi (Revolutionary Party), for the next two years, he intended to spend a good deal of time in his home village of Butiama, in the hills to the east of Lake Victoria. "Have you seen it?" he asked a visitor with great zest. "Everywhere I go, they give me a cow. I don't know how many I have by now! So I'll raise them at Butiama." He went on to say that he would probably divide most of his time between Butiama and Dodoma, a town three hundred miles to the west of Dar es Salaam, in central Tanzania, where for the past decade or more the country has been slowly building a new national capital, and where his party has already established its headquarters. While Nyerere is working in Dodoma, he will live in the nearby village of Chamwino, where the Party has built him a house. "I'll be involved more closely in village life, in Chamwino and also in Butiama," he said. "The first six months of next year should be very quiet. After that, I'll tour the country and do some galvanizing."

A peaceful transition of power in sub-Saharan Africa is itself an occasion for rejoicing. In 1961, when the British trust territory of Tanganyika was about to become independent, the young Nyerere, who had been active in politics there for seven years, told friends that, mindful as he was of the upheavals taking place elsewhere in Africa, he prayed to be given just a year or two of leadership, in order to set his country on course. Now, twenty-four years later, he was retiring, at a vigorous sixty-three. He enjoyed telling visitors that if he were to take office this year and serve for a decade he would still be younger at the end of that time than Ronald Reagan is today. But he always added that this didn't matter. "I have been here for twenty-four years," he said. Of Africa's first generation of leaders, so many were gone: Kwame Nkrumah, of Ghana, deposed and long dead; Sékou Touré, of Guinea, and Jomo Kenyatta, of Kenya, both dead; Apollo Milton Obote, of Uganda, twice deposed. Indeed, of all the leaders of black Africa, only two had relinquished office voluntarily. The first was Léopold Senghor, the poet-statesman of Senegal, who retired in 1980, at the age of seventy-four, and has subsequently lived in Senegal and France. The second was Ahmadou Ahidjo, of Cameroon, who retired in 1982 and was later implicated in an attempted coup d'état. On November 5, 1985, Julius Nyerere became the third.

Nyerere had not intended to wait so long. In 1978, he said in a speech, "There are disadvantages and dangers in constantly electing the same person as President. I believe the slow habit of democracy that I have tried to cultivate will best be served by my voluntarily relinquishing power." But in 1980 he agreed to run again—unopposed,

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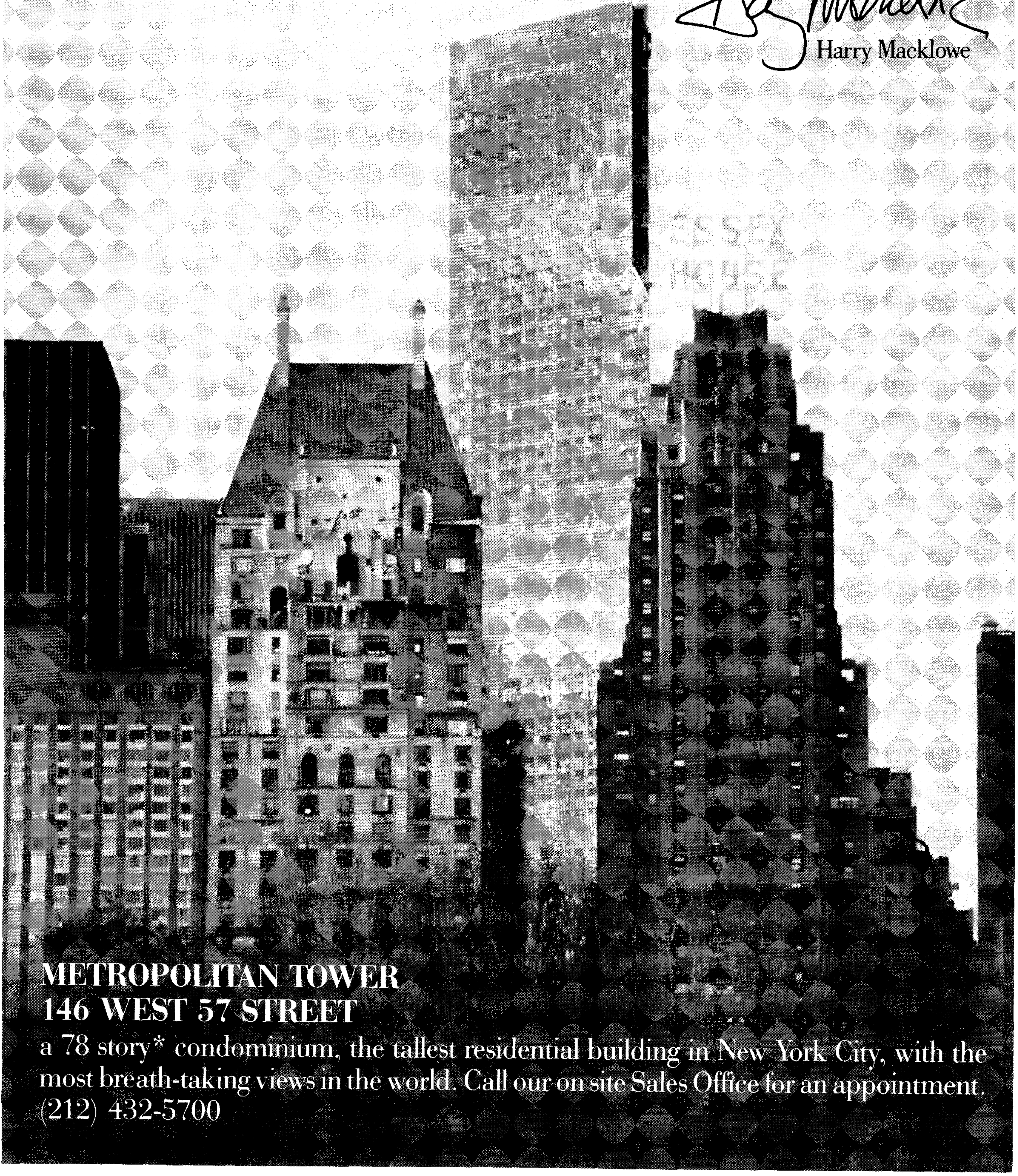

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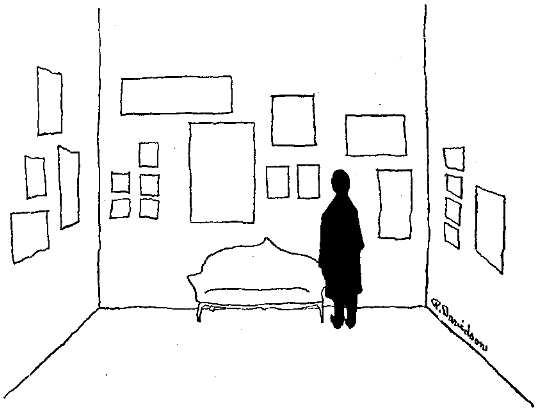
under the country's one-party system—and he was reëlected by ninety-three per cent of the vote. There were too many problems to leave behind, he had decided—the aftermath of the 1978-79 war in Uganda, in which the Tanzanian Army had joined Ugandan rebel forces in overthrowing the murderous regime of the dictator Idi Amin Dada; and the economic crisis into which Tanzania had fallen, the worst since independence—and so he stayed on for one more term. "It is my duty to state quite clearly that I accept this honor for the last time," he told the national conference of his party in September of 1980. A primary task of his last term, he said, would be "to prepare a procedure, and to prepare our minds, for the change we must make for the benefit of our country." He also suggested that in the future a President should be limited to serving two five-year terms—a proposal that subsequently became law. "Whatever the reason for long and continuous service by a single individual, there is a danger that eventually it will create a national feeling of insecurity," he said.

In a conversation with a visitor in October of 1980, Nyerere explained, "It is precisely because we have a single-party system that we should limit a President to two terms. In the United States, or any multiparty country, this is not so necessary; after all, the President has a challenge every four years. In a one-party state, there is a tendency for him to be 'returned unopposed.' This can be very serious. Perhaps it is too much to expect a President to say, 'I'm tired. I want to go.' It may be too much to expect the party to say, 'Get out.' And if he is a crook it might not get the *chance* to say, 'Get out.' That's all I have in mind. What I want is to institutionalize government a little more. It is not surprising that the first President has a lot of almost personal power. The institutions have not been built. In the future, you don't have that; you have institutions—a Presidency, a Parliament, a Cabinet. We are a nation, and we know where we are going. Now we must depersonalize government, and as quickly as possible." He added, with a broad grin, "And we must do it while we are still compos mentis." In July of 1985, when he dissolved the Tanzanian Parliament in preparation for the October elections, he assured his countrymen that he would "continue to serve Tanzania with all my heart and to the best of my ability," and would stay on for two years as chairman of the Chama Cha Mapinduzi—an all-important post under the Tanzanian system. After that, he said, he would retire completely from public life.

THAT Tanzania is peaceful, united, and relatively stable after twenty-four years as a nation is Nyerere's great achievement. He sometimes describes it as both his success and his failure, meaning that although he is proud of Tanzania's nationhood, he regrets that it has not become part of a wider African union. In 1966, when he was asked what he hoped Tanzania would be like in twenty years, he had replied, "Twenty years from now, I hope there won't *be* a Tanzania. If there is not an *Africa*, then I hope there will at least be an East Africa. But if we have failed to use African nationalism to destroy our nationalism, if we have failed to take another step toward pan-Africanism during that period, we should at least have a Tanzania that is deeply committed to pan-Africanism itself. And by that time we should have a society of which the people are very proud—we should have built a classless society." When Nyerere was reminded of those words recently, he smiled and said, "I was too optimistic. I hope Tanzania is still committed to a pan-African goal; I think it is. It is not a classless society. In twenty years, it cannot be. But, if it is not that, I do believe that it is committed to building an egalitarian society."

While Tanzania has been relatively stable in tribal and religious terms, its short history has been filled with crises and unexpected turns. In January of 1962, when it had been independent for only six weeks, Nyerere, its national leader and first Prime Minister, suddenly resigned, saying that he wanted to devote himself to rebuilding his political party, then known as the Tanganyika African National Union, or TANU. At first, it was feared that he had lost his leadership to unknown enemies within the party. But later in 1962, just before Tanganyika became a republic within the Commonwealth, Nyerere was elected its first President. In January of 1964, scarcely a week after a successful revolution in the offshore island republic of Zanzibar, Nyerere's government survived an Army revolt that coincided precisely with attempted military coups in the neighboring East African states of Kenya and Uganda. All three governments immediately called on Britain, the former colonial power, for military assistance against their own armies, and the revolts were quickly put down. Three months later, Tanganyika and Zanzibar agreed to merge their countries into a new state, which became the United Republic of Tanzania. The move worked to Nyerere's advantage, because it reduced the chances that Zanzibar, a politically mercurial little place, would become a center of instability in the region—more specifically, a base of Communist influence, thereby importing Cold War tensions to East Africa. Many Zanzibaris, however, resented the union, feeling that the mainlanders were trying to conquer them, and resisted efforts at unification. It is sometimes said in Dar es Salaam that at heart all Zanzibaris are separatists. Then, in the mid-sixties, when the People's Republic of China began to build a new railroad across southern Tanzania to Zambia—the largest foreign-aid project ever attempted by the Peking government—Nyerere was accused by his Western critics of "going Chinese." In reality, he had by that time become a spokesman for Africa. He was an eloquent advocate of majority rule for Rhodesia, Mozambique, Angola, South Africa, and Namibia, the territory (also known as South-West Africa) that the South Africans had ruled since 1920 under a long-expired League of Nations mandate; and he allowed his country's territory to be used as a place of refuge for political exiles and a training ground for guerrilla fighters from most of those territories. In time, all but South Africa and Namibia came to majority rule. Nyerere travelled endlessly, it seemed, to nonaligned conferences and Commonwealth meetings, and



on state visits to Europe, North America, Asia. Yet for every trip he took outside the country he made a dozen or more to the rural regions of Tanzania.

From the beginning, Nyerere had dedicated himself to the building of his country as a rural, egalitarian society. Because at least ninety per cent of his countrymen (their number has at least doubled since independence, to some twenty million) were peasant farmers, his government concentrated on providing social services and strengthening the country's agricultural base; and because Tanzania was one of the poorest countries in the world, and seemed destined to remain so, the government set out to divide the limited available wealth as equitably as possible, under a system of "African Socialism." Exactly what Nyerere had in mind was explained in the Arusha Declaration, a document that he wrote in 1967 and delivered in the upcountry town of Arusha, and its contents became a set of principles governing Tanzania's development. First, Nyerere wrote, since foreign aid was both limited and capriciously given, a country like Tanzania had no choice but to rely on itself alone to produce wealth. Second, he asserted, Tanzania's indigenous society was essentially classless, and the government should strive to prevent the creation of a privileged élite. To that end, the declaration contained a "leadership code" that prohibited government and Party leaders from receiving more than one salary, owning rental property, or holding shares in private companies. This code, rigid and unrealistic as it may have been, must be understood in the context of independent Africa, in many of whose countries corruption was rampant and political leadership was preoccupied with the accumulation of vast wealth. Nyerere set a remarkable example for Tanzania and for the developing world as a whole by living simply and collecting a small salary; at his retirement, his income was still only about five thousand dollars a year.

At the heart of the Tanzanian "experiment," as it was sometimes described, especially by its admirers, were the policies of "villagization" and of *ujamaa*—a Swahili word for familyhood. The aim of the first was to organize the rural population into new villages in order to provide social services more efficiently; the aim of the second, in pursuit of Tanzanian socialism, was to encourage the villages to develop into communal settlements. The first objective was to be mandatory; the second was to be optional—or, at least, gradual, with no deadlines for achieving it.

Nyerere had talked about the creation of new villages from the time of independence, but the number of Tanzanians who moved voluntarily to new villages during the first decade did not exceed two million. In the early nineteen-seventies, the government launched a resettlement program—the largest ever undertaken in Africa. Peasant families were rounded up in trucks and moved, usually a short distance, to new village sites; if they refused to go, they were moved anyway. In some cases, huts were burned or bulldozed to prevent their owners from returning. About a dozen people are known to have lost their lives in the process, including several who hid in their huts and were killed when the huts were destroyed by bulldozers. There were a few protests; in one incident, a civil servant was shot to death near Iringa, in central Tanzania, by a farmer who had been told he would have to surrender his land for a new village. By 1977, nine million people had been moved, and today at least ninety per cent of the population lives either in the towns or in some eight thousand villages.

In justifying the program in later years, Nyerere described it as a national necessity. "Yes, there was a lot of pressure on reluctant people to move to villages," he has said. "We make no apologies for this, and it was not sudden. I said in my first speech to Parliament after I was elected President, in 1962, that our population was too scattered, and that if it remained scattered our development would be extremely uneconomic. A water pump, instead of serving three thousand people, might serve ten. A dispensary, instead of serving ten thousand, might serve one thousand. This was no good. If we wanted to develop, I said, people would have to live in villages. We knew this would require a lot of education, and we took twelve years to explain it. By then, there was no longer opposition to the idea—only inertia. There was a little firmness in the way the program was carried out, yes. But you can go today and ask villagers if they would want to go back to the old pattern." He is convinced that most people would say no, because

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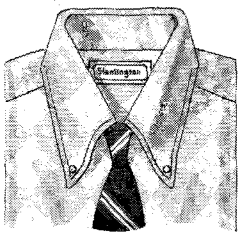

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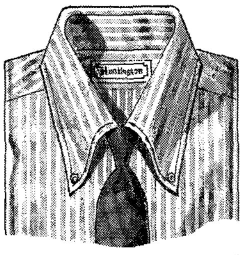

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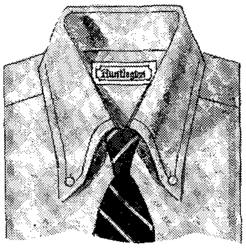

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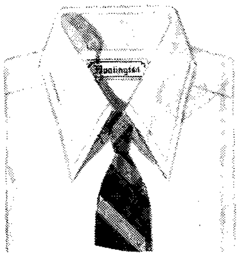

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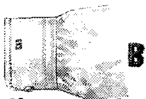

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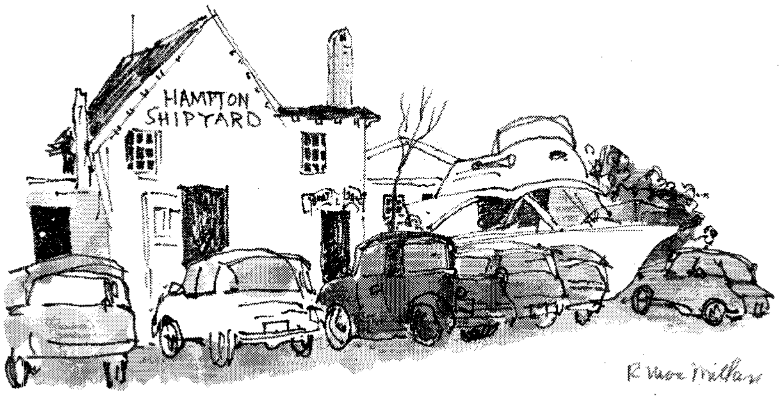
they can see that, on balance, the new arrangement works.

In his final speech to the Tanzanian Parliament, on July 29, 1985, Nyerere recited some of the accomplishments that he and his countrymen are proudest of. Since 1961, the number of children in the country's primary schools has risen from four hundred and eighty-six thousand to three million six hundred and sixty thousand—a "tremendous achievement . . . unmatched elsewhere in Africa." In 1961, eighty per cent of the adult population was illiterate; today, according to the government, eighty-five per cent of the adults can read and write, partly as a result of an adult-education program, and Tanzania has the highest adult-literacy rate in Africa. In 1961, eleven per cent of the people had access to clean water; today, just under fifty per cent have clean water within four hundred and fifty yards of their homes. The number of hospitals has increased from ninety-eight to a hundred and forty-nine, of rural health centers from twenty-two to two hundred and thirty-nine, and of dispensaries from nine hundred and seventy-five to two thousand six hundred and forty-four, while the number of Tanzanian doctors has gone from just twelve at independence to seven hundred and eighty-two—one doctor for every twenty-six thousand people, instead of one for every eight hundred and thirty thousand. The infant-mortality rate has declined from two hundred and twenty-five for every thousand babies born alive to a hundred and thirty-seven. Life expectancy, which was estimated at thirty-five years in 1961, is now fifty-one. "The infant-mortality rate is still very much too high, and an expectation of life of fifty-one years is very much too low," Nyerere said in his speech. "But if we make comparisons with where we came from, the advance is not small. We have laid the foundations for further advance." It is Nyerere's contention that these accomplishments are directly related to the grouping of most of the population into villages.

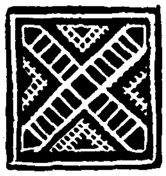
Meanwhile, the *ujamaa* program has foundered. The government tried to foster communal activity as a gradual process, encouraging farmers to grow part of their crops in collective plots and to sell them jointly. When Nyerere was asked a few years ago about the earlier pressure to create new villages, he replied, "I'm glad you didn't ask, 'How can you force people to take part in *ujamaa*?' You *can't* force them to work communally, and we're not trying to. This will take time to evolve—we're not going to force them." He may well have been disappointed that the process was not developing more quickly. A Western agronomist concluded about five years ago that there were no more than a dozen fully realized *ujamaa* villages in the country, and the number may be even lower today.

IN October of 1978, the problems of nation building were all but obscured by a new crisis—the invasion of Tanzanian territory by the army of Idi Amin Dada. Eight years earlier, Amin had seized power in Uganda, deposing the incumbent President, Milton Obote, and Obote had gone into exile in Tanzania. As President, Obote had sought to impose unity on his politically unstable country by crushing the power of the tribes—notably the Baganda tribe, of the former Buganda kingdom, in southern Uganda. He made many mistakes, but his government was succeeded by a regime so monstrous that his shortcomings were soon forgotten by all but his local enemies. Amin, though he was often depicted as an irrepressible buffoon, was in fact the continent's reigning despot, who killed and killed again to remain in power; as many as five hundred thousand of his country's twelve and a half million citizens are believed to have been murdered during his eight-year reign.

From the beginning, there were border clashes between Amin's army and the Tanzanians. In September of 1972, Tanzania allowed a force of armed Ugandan exiles to cross back into Uganda and confront Amin, but they were quickly defeated, in a skirmish that came to be known to Nyerere's detractors as his Bay of Pigs. On October 30, 1978, after a lot of blustering, Amin sent his army across the border and, two days later, announced that he had annexed a seven-hundred-square-mile finger of Tanzanian territory known as the Kagera Salient, which lies to the north of the Kagera River, between the western shore of Lake Victoria and Uganda. In mid-November, the Tanzanians counterattacked by crossing the river on a hastily constructed bridge, retook the captured territory with surprising speed, and within a day or two had driven the Ugandans back across the border. "It is true that a war between Tanzania and Uganda is a ridiculous war," Nyerere said at the time, meaning that it was a waste of the lives and resources of independent Africa. But after eight years of border threats he was determined to get the matter settled. He demanded that the Organization of African Unity condemn Amin's aggression—the Organization had exerted pressure on Amin to withdraw from Tanzanian territory, but thereafter tended to dismiss the matter as a conventional border dispute—and that Amin renounce his claim to Tanzanian territory. Nyerere angrily declared that Amin had killed more people than either the armed forces of Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith or those of South Africa's Prime Minister John Vorster. "But there is this tendency in Africa to think that it does not matter if an African kills other Africans," he said. "Had Amin been white, free Africa would have passed many resolutions condemning him. Being black is becoming a certificate to kill fellow-Africans." For two months, the border remained quiet, but in Tanzania mobilization was under way, and in the end the Tanzanians were merely awaiting a further provocation. It came when Amin spoke grandly about a forthcoming "second phase" of his war with Tanzania. On January 20, 1979, the first units of a force of forty-five thousand Tanzanian soldiers and militiamen and Ugandan volunteers crossed the border into Uganda. By late February, the invaders were nearly halfway to Kampala, the Ugandan capital; by early March, Amin's army was falling apart.

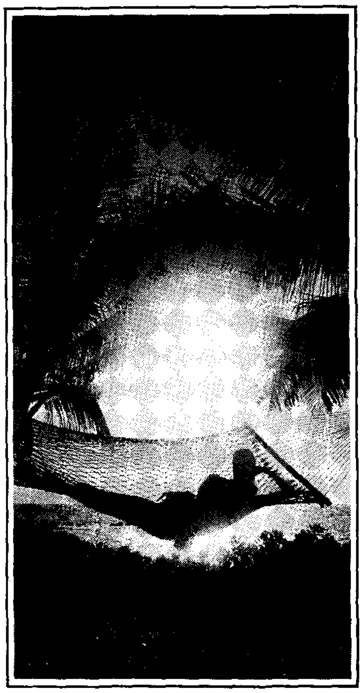


Nyerere decided to press on. He was concerned that the fighting on the Ugandan side had been largely taken over by a contingent of Libyan soldiers, sent by the Libyan leader Muammar Qaddafi to help a fellow-Muslim in distress; and he was fearful that if the Tanzanians withdrew, and Amin's forces were allowed to reoccupy southern Uganda, Amin would take revenge on thousands of Ugandans who had cheered the arriving Tanzanians. The invaders took Kampala on April 11th and reached the northern border of Uganda six weeks later. Amin escaped to Libya and later moved on to Saudi Arabia, where he lives today.



The political problems created by the invasion proved to be more vexing, and considerably longer-lasting, than the military ones. Once the decision had been made to press on to Kampala and overthrow Amin, the question was who should replace him. Nyerere was convinced that it should be someone who was "clearly unassociated" with Tanzania. Obote was an obvious possibility nonetheless, even though he had legions of enemies at home. A few months later, Nyerere explained, "I was not preparing Obote to take over. But I thought that if no obvious leader had emerged in all that time"—a span of eight years—"then anybody else would be a creation of Tanzania." It happened that on March 23rd more than twenty Ugandan refugee organizations held a meeting in the northern Tanzanian town of Moshi, on the slopes of Mt. Kilimanjaro, and formed the Uganda National Liberation Front. Nyerere urged Obote not to attend the meeting, and he did not. The group chose as its leader a sixty-seven-year-old retired educator and international civil servant, Yusufu Lule, who had lived for some years in London. Nyerere did not organize the Moshi meeting, but he welcomed it as a vehicle for creating some kind of interim Ugandan government, and thereafter he backed Lule (pronounced "*loo*-lay") and the Liberation Front for the post-Amin leadership of Uganda. As the interim President, Lule lasted just sixty-eight days. After quarrelling with his National Consultative Council, the de-facto parliament, he quit, charging that Nyerere was quietly backing Obote to replace him; a few hours later, Lule reversed himself and denied that he had resigned. In an extraordinary move—so uncharacteristic that it indicates how desperate he must have been—Nyerere ordered Lule brought to Dar es Salaam, and there, for two weeks, he tried in vain to talk Lule into resigning quietly and declaring his support for a successor in the interests of Ugandan unity. Recalling the situation later, Nyerere said, "It was incredible—this sophisticated, Western-trained man became almost intoxicated with power as he collected the feudal, traditional people around him. When I heard he was leaving Uganda for London, I said, 'He can't just leave without explaining. At least he can come here to explain.' " They argued day after day, but finally "it was quite clear that I could not convince him, and so I said to the British, 'You can have him,' and he went," Nyerere said, adding, "Ridiculous!" Lule flew back to London, and in January of 1985 he died there.

Next came Godfrey Binaisa, a one-time attorney general of Uganda, who had been practicing law in New York City. Binaisa had gone home to Kampala a few weeks earlier to see if there was a job for him in the new government, and he learned, in the middle of the night of June 20, 1979, that a vacancy had suddenly developed at the very top. As a former British diplomat in Kampala put it, Binaisa's situation was "like that of an actor who wandered in off the street and found himself playing Hamlet." Binaisa lasted eleven months as President. Then he, too, quarrelled with the Council, and was deposed by the Liberation Front's six-man military commission, which had the Army behind it. Binaisa had made the mistakes of trying to fire the chief of staff, Brigadier David Oyite-Ojok, who was a hero of the war and an Obote loyalist, and of thinking that Nyerere would support him in this endeavor. By that time, Nyerere felt that Binaisa, like Lule, had failed to unify the government, or even to broaden his political base. Had Nyerere thought of coming to Binaisa's aid? "No, I never considered it," Nyerere said later. "I believed that Binaisa had acted stupidly." The following year, Binaisa, during a visit to Mount Vernon, New York, where he had formerly lived, spoke bitterly of what had happened to him, but when he was asked whether he regretted that out of the blue he had been chosen President of Uganda he beamed and replied,



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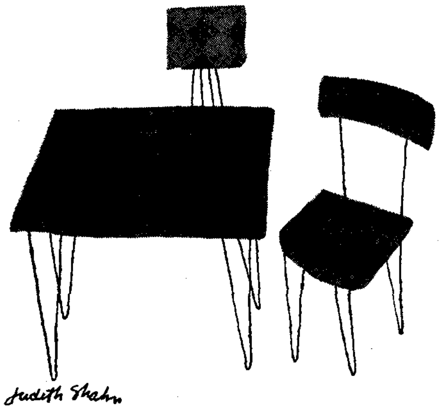
"No. If I were to live my life over, I wouldn't mind going through it all again."

Binaisa was succeeded by the military commission, under Paulo Muwanga, another Obote loyalist, and shortly thereafter by Obote himself, who had finally returned from Tanzania in May of 1980, a full year after the liberation of Kampala, and was elected President in a disputed election that December. He lasted four and a half years. He was a sad disappointment to those who had believed that, despite certain known shortcomings, he was the most able and experienced of the Ugandan politicians. He failed to create a government of national unity, or even to achieve any sort of reconciliation with the powerful Baganda people. Inheriting, as he did, a country that had been ravaged and very nearly destroyed, he was immediately faced with three military challenges: one from a band of former Amin soldiers in the north, another from a group of Baganda insurgents, and a third from a small private army loyal to a former defense minister, Yoweri Museveni, a member of the Banyankole tribe, of the southwest. In the continuing turmoil, at least a hundred thousand more Ugandans are said to have lost their lives. In July of 1985, Acholi tribesmen within the Ugandan Army rebelled, claiming that Obote had been promoting members of his own Langi tribe at their expense, and had been allowing large numbers of Acholi soldiers to be slaughtered in combat against Museveni's guerrilla force. On July 27th, Obote escaped by car to neighboring Kenya.

The military government that succeeded Obote, led by General Tito Okello, lasted six months. With the help of Kenya and Tanzania, it actually succeeded in signing a peace agreement with Museveni, but the guerrilla leader never went to Kampala to join the military regime, as he had agreed to do. Instead, from his stronghold in southern Uganda, he launched an offensive against the crumbling Ugandan Army. In late January, his National Resistance Army guerrillas—remarkably disciplined after five years in the bush, and almost all of them southerners—captured Kampala, and a few days later Museveni was sworn in as the new president. At forty-one, he is an obviously impatient and ambitious man who speaks with some passion about the need to rebuild Uganda after all the horrors it has borne. He promised a broadly based democratic government. But almost all of his first appointees, perhaps inevitably, were southerners from his own guerrilla movement.

Whatever Uganda really needs—such as a federal system that would protect the rights of the country's dissimilar groups—none of the post-Amin governments have yet come close to achieving it. The Tanzanians are concerned about Uganda's inherent instability, and about any signs of a possible resurgence of Idi Amin's strength in the far north. Though the removal of Amin from the scene in 1979 was an unarguable blessing, it is not at all clear how much security the Tanzanians bought with the five hundred million dollars that the war cost them. As for Milton Obote, he has few friends left in Tanzania. The coup de grâce was that after he fled Uganda last July for Kenya, and later Zambia, he didn't bother to stop in Tanzania, his place of exile for nine years, to say goodbye.

IN June of 1979, soon after the end of the war, Nyerere had set out on a series of trips to the twenty-five regions of Tanzania to thank his countrymen for their help in defeating Amin. In the upcountry town of Tabora, on the ancient trading route between the Indian Ocean and Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, he recalled that at an early stage of the fighting the government had announced that it needed twenty-two thousand head of cattle to feed its Army, and the Tanzanians had responded by donating seventy-two thousand. He then reminded his audience that the gargantuan Amin, a former boxer, had once offered to fight him—Nyerere is a slight man—while Amin had weights on his legs and one arm tied behind his back. "I think he would have beaten me," Nyerere said. "I do not have the fists. I would have had to duck. If one of his blows had landed on my cheek, I would have been floored." He warned his countrymen, as he often had in the past, of hard times ahead, and then, returning to the matter at hand, he said, "The Tanzanians fought so well, confounding the military experts, and the people remained so calm and uncomplaining that a stranger would not have believed that Tanzania, a poor country, was fighting a madman who was backed by the leader of a rich country"—Libya—"that was trying to sustain the madman's lust."

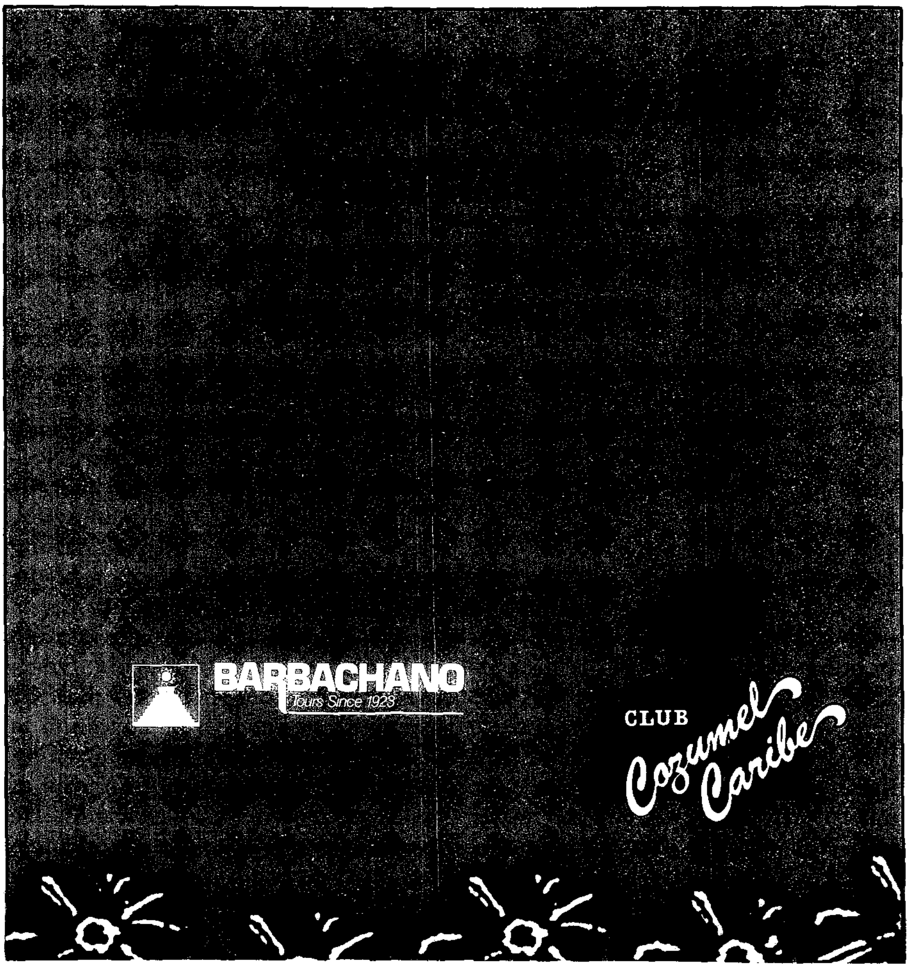


Some six months after the war ended, Nyerere was asked if he felt that, given the evils of the Amin regime, Tanzania should have received greater international support for reconstruction. "*No*," he replied, with unexpected gusto. "There *was* understanding in the West. I never fought to get rid of a tyrant. I fought an aggressor; I got rid of an enemy. The world owes me nothing. I'm working for stability in East Africa, and that devil changed East Africa. It's no longer the East Africa we were once so proud of. But at least we can make it stable once more."

The hard times that Nyerere had spoken of proved to be severe, both for reasons that are common to the Third World and for reasons that are peculiar to Tanzania. Over the past two decades, the over-all world-market prices of the agricultural products Tanzania exports—coffee, tea, tobacco, cotton, cashews, sisal—have declined, while the cost of petroleum, machinery, and other imports has risen sharply. In late 1979, after the second oil "shock," Nyerere said, "My problem is that this year Tanzania is paying nine times as much for its oil as it did seven years ago, and using less." To buy a seven-ton truck in 1981, Nyerere said a few years later, his country had to produce four times as much cotton, or three times as many cashew nuts, or three times as much coffee, or ten times as much tobacco, as it had had to five years earlier. He had become a leader in the Third World's call for "a new economic order" to give a country like Tanzania a better chance to compete against the industrialized world. In 1981, at the North-South summit conference, in Cancún, Mexico, he described the developing world's plight. "Our balance-of-payments deficits are enormous, and getting greater," he said. "This is not because we are trying to live as though we were rich. It is because our already low income is constantly being reduced as a result of our participation in international trade. . . . We find ourselves always selling cheap, and always buying dear. . . . We are asking for a chance to earn our own living in a just international system." Four years later, in his final address to the United Nations General Assembly as President of his country, Nyerere declared that the Cancún meeting had achieved nothing.

There were other problems besides world-market prices. For almost a decade before 1985, Tanzania suffered from sporadic drought and occasional flooding. Besides the cost of the Uganda war in the late seventies, it was faced during the same period with the breakup of the East African Community, in which Tanzania, Kenya, and Uganda had shared an airline, a rail system, and postal and telecommunications and other services. The Community was dissolved in 1977, following a series of disputes among the partners—Tanzania had always felt that the far richer Kenya was benefitting unfairly from the arrangement, and had found coöperation with the Ugandan government of Idi Amin increasingly difficult—and over the next few years Tanzania spent two hundred million dollars to replace the services that the Community had provided. The cumulative effect of these setbacks was disastrous. By late 1979, Tanzania's payments for imports were running at least six months behind, its foreign reserves were nearly exhausted, and shortages of consumer goods were becoming troublesome. By 1981, aircraft were being grounded for lack of spare parts, factories were running at a third of capacity or not at all, and gasoline was being sold, at five dollars a gallon, only three days a week. The country was being kept afloat by as much as eight hundred million dollars a year in foreign aid, from a variety of sources, and at one point was receiving the highest level of aid in sub-Saharan Africa—a bitter irony to a nation whose policies were based on the dream of self-reliance.

During the nineteen-seventies, the total output of the country's principal export crops declined by twenty per cent. Again, this was partly the result of worldwide market factors; over the past several years, per-capita food production is said to have dropped in as many as sixty developing countries. But what was even more disturbing to Tanzanians was a feeling that, to some degree, they, too, were at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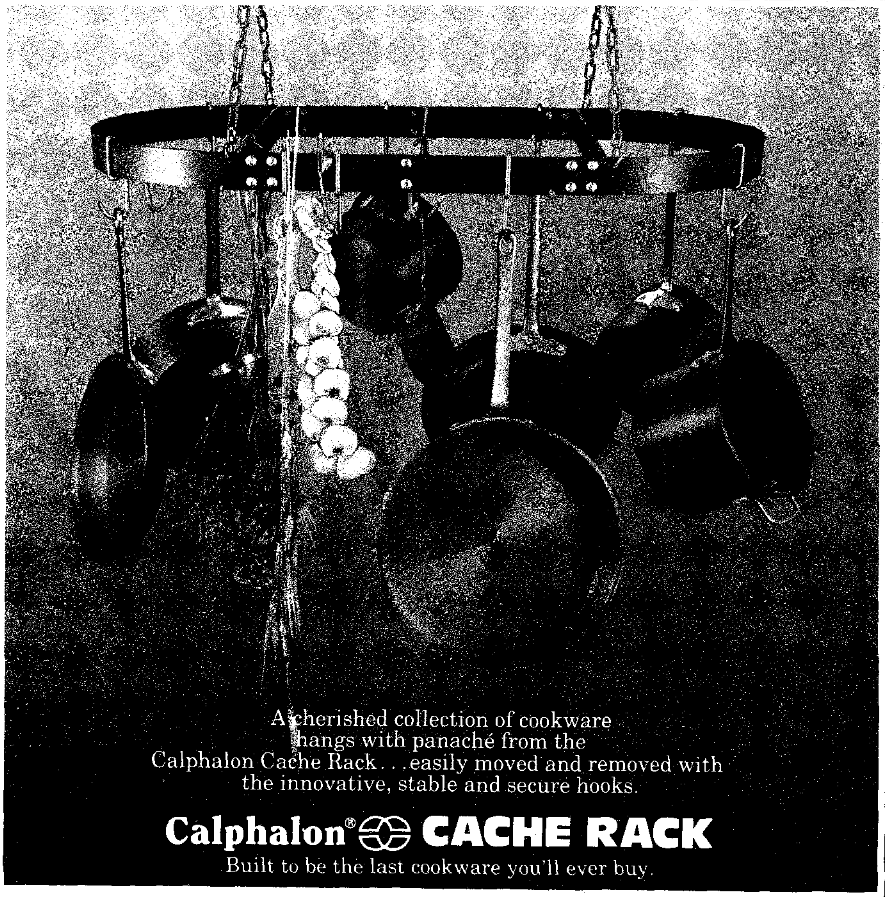
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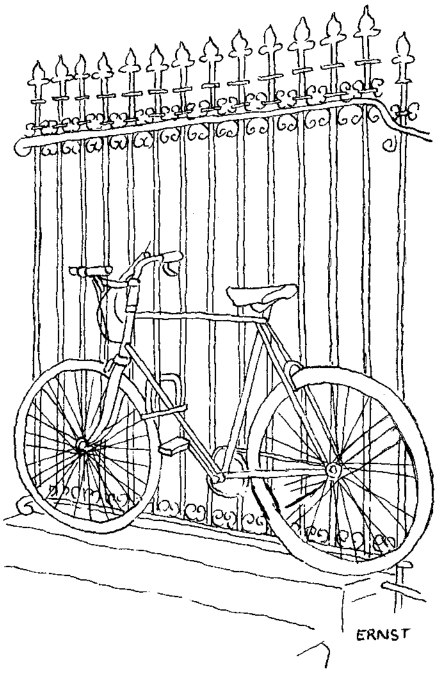
fault. For one thing, in the seventies the government abolished local government agencies and many coöperative unions, and, in the interests of centralized control of the economy, built up a system of "parastatals," or national boards. These boards, which were in charge of buying foreign goods and selling export crops and generally controlling the various sectors of the economy, were spectacularly unsuccessful. For another thing, villagization, despite its benefits in social services, tended to separate peasant farmers from their land. And nationalized farming operations didn't work very well. Trying to explain what had happened, a Western aid official in Dar es Salaam said last October, "The farmer in Tanzania, as in every country, is a capitalist; he is out to help himself. Put him in a village away from his crops and he will be discouraged. If he is not paid, or is paid late, he will be less inclined to produce. If there is nothing to buy in his village, the Tanzanian shilling will not mean much to him. So you get the farmer selling across the border when he can, for hard currency, or producing just enough to feed himself. And so the agricultural figures have taken an incredible drop."

The official continued, "Take the cashew industry. Ten years ago, this country was producing a hundred and forty thousand tons a year and sending them to India for processing. The World Bank thought, Wouldn't it be better to process them in Tanzania? So the Bank granted a loan and put up twelve factories in cashew-producing areas. But in the meantime the farmers had not been given incentives to produce; cashew prices were low, and, besides, there was a blight on the trees, and the farmers didn't have the money for pesticides. And so production dropped to thirty thousand tons last year. At the same time, the cost of processing turned out to be higher than the gains. So at the moment only two of the new factories are running at all; the ten others are closed. And of the thirty thousand tons of cashews a large part is still being sent to India, because it is more cost-effective. That's aid to Tanzania."

The official paused, and then said, "Mind you, even if they had had a good internal system they would still have had problems. And the amounts of foreign aid they have received are very deceptive. It's a disgraceful system; foreign aid to Tanzania is disgraceful. Everybody is giving aid, without any real coördination among the donors. The recipient has to exert very strong leadership or the whole thing collapses. I'm not sure that that kind of leadership has been exerted anywhere, but I know it hasn't been in Tanzania. The country didn't have the expertise it needed to create such an elaborate system. At the senior level, the leadership is very good; but it is a thin veneer."

Tanzania desperately needs the kind of huge credit line that can be extended only by that lender of last resort the International Monetary Fund. For the past five years, however, Nyerere and the I.M.F. have been quarrelling over the terms of a new agreement. The I.M.F. proposed strong medicine: a drastic devaluation of the Tanzanian shilling, higher prices to farmers, less emphasis on education and social services. At one point, when the I.M.F. told Nyerere that he should divert funds from education to "development," meaning export crops, he replied that he knew of no form of development better than education. He resented the I.M.F.'s dictates, regarding its conclusions as irrelevant to a poor country like Tanzania and biased against his socialist policies. Recalling the food-price riots that have broken out in recent years in Tunisia, Sudan, and Egypt, Nyerere has declared, "I cannot simply sign and have riots in the streets and then turn the police against the people. This has never happened here." At the United Nations in September, he noted that although Africa's external debt was small compared with that of some other regions of the world, such as Latin America, whose countries "have the power of their own debt with which to protect themselves," Africa's debts were larger in relation to income than those of any other area. "Consequently, we have the ludicrous position that billions of dollars are exported from Africa in servicing high-interest debts, billions more are lost through a deterioration of the terms of trade of primary-commodity exporters, and African states beg for food to prevent their people from starving," Nyerere said. The argument goes on and on, and in the meantime foreign aid to Tanzania is gradually drying up. The Reagan Administration cancelled all but emergency food aid in 1984, under the terms of the Brooke Amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act, after Tanzania defaulted on interest payments coming due on loans that the United States had extended in the sixties and seventies. A rescheduling of Tanzania's debts under a new I.M.F. agreement would help to solve that problem, insofar as American aid is concerned, but such an agreement is not yet in sight.



The country lumbers on, with an annual inflation rate of about thirty-five per cent and a thriving black market, also known as a parallel, or unofficial, economy. In currency, this means that the American dollar, which at the official rate is worth sixteen and a half Tanzanian shillings, can buy anywhere from a hundred to a hundred and sixty shillings on the black market. In 1984, the unofficial price of corn sold in Dar es Salaam was five times the legal price, but as of October, 1985, it had dropped to between two and three times the legal price. Tourists and other foreign visitors complain about the cost of living in Dar es Salaam, where a bar of imported soap costs three dollars at the official rate, and a tube of toothpaste seven dollars, but it is nothing to what the Tanzanians are going through. A worker on a minimum wage does not earn enough to support a family; after taxes, a high-ranking civil servant makes about three thousand shillings a month—or less than two hundred dollars, even at the legal exchange rate.

Nyerere has acknowledged mistakes —particularly the abolition of local government and coöperatives—and during his last term he reversed both decisions. Over the past two years, the government has raised farm prices, devalued the shilling slightly, and encouraged imports by permitting merchants to use foreign exchange for purchases without explaining where the foreign exchange came from. As a result, the shops along Samora Avenue, the main commercial street in Dar es Salaam, are filled with consumer goods, but at prices that few Tanzanians can afford.

Another international-aid official talked at length about the country's problems, but when he was asked to compare the situation in Tanzania with that of Ghana, where he had worked in the early eighties, he replied, "Oh, it's better in Tanzania. Here they do have political stability." After all the years of hardship, that is perhaps the most remarkable comment one could make about Tanzania today. Though the level of corruption, which once was almost nonexistent, has increased in recent years, it remains negligible compared with that of Nigeria or Zaire or Kenya. As a foreign diplomat in Dar es Salaam once explained it, "There is a social stigma attached to corruption in a society founded on enthusiasm. But as the society becomes more blasé corruption comes to seem less reprehensible than it did before." Over the years, there have been a few conspiracies against the government—mostly on Zanzibar but also on the mainland. In 1971, several politicians associated with an exiled former Cabinet minister were convicted of plotting to overthrow the government. One of them was Bibi Titi Mohamed, a former head of the national women's organization; she was sentenced to life imprisonment but was released a few years later. In 1982, a band of dissidents hijacked a Tanzanian airliner as an expression of their discontent. The following year, the government stopped an attempted coup by detaining twenty soldiers and nine civilians. At times, the country has had fifty or more political detainees, held without trial, as well as a thousand or more others detained for "economic crimes," mainly black-marketeering. When Nyerere was once pressed on the subject of preventive detention—the Tanzanians are quick to point out that they inherited the practice from British colonial times—he replied, "We have very few political detainees, maybe none. We do have detainees. For example, a few years ago we had a problem in the Mwanza region. We think some people misused their powers, and really committed a crime themselves. We arrested these suspects after a long inquiry, and I still have them under detention."

But, he was asked, isn't justice arbitrary if it is applied in this way?

"I inherited a legal system that was as slow as a snail, and the wriggling system is still wriggling," he answered. "Nobody is locked up for vindictive reasons." If a person who is known to have committed a crime goes unpunished, or if punishment is unduly delayed, he argued, "the legal system can be a detriment to the sense of justice." And so, he said, begging the question of why Tanzania had been unable to build a strong and effective legal system, "we take a risk: we detain people, sometimes, by purely administrative action; we take that risk."

During his last decade in office, Nyerere served as chairman of the "front-line" states, which played an important political role in bringing about the transformation of white-ruled Rhodesia into black-ruled Zimbabwe. In 1984-85, he also served as chairman of the Organization of African Unity, which he had helped to establish, in Addis Ababa, in 1963. Having seen political change come to Angola, Mozambique, and Zimbabwe, he seemed serenely convinced that majority rule would also come to South Africa and Namibia. "On the surface, it may seem almost hopeless," he once said. "But, historically, things do change. A few years ago, Ian Smith was saying, 'Never in a thousand years.' To the Portuguese before 1974, merely to advance the idea that Angola and Mozambique should be independent was a crime. So you never know. The [black] South Africans must continue the struggle; Africans must support them, and the international community must support them, too." In his final speech to the United Nations, in which he called for mandatory economic sanctions against the Pretoria regime, he described the struggle in South Africa as "basically that of an unarmed people rejecting apartheid . . . with their blood, fighting bullets with stones and the sheer force of numbers. They no longer seem to care about dying. . . . So apartheid is clearly doomed. And the longer it takes to come to an end, the greater will be the misery and the more devastating the chaos."

EDWARD SOKOINE, a popular politician who had been serving as Prime Minister, was in line to succeed Nyerere, but he was killed in a highway accident as he drove from Dodoma to Dar es Salaam in April of

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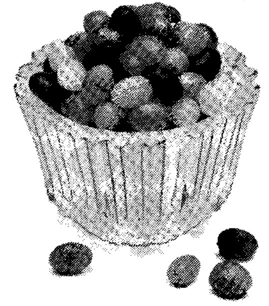

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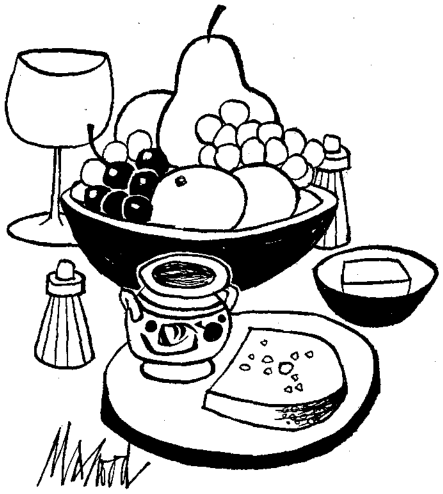
1984. In the end, three main candidates emerged: Rashidi Kawawa, fifty-six, a mainland politician and Nyerere loyalist, who had made an assortment of enemies during a quarter century of government service; Salim Salim, forty-three, an intelligent and capable Zanzibari, who had succeeded Sokoine as Prime Minister, had previously served as Tanzania's United Nations delegate and later as Foreign Minister, and in 1981 had been a leading candidate to succeed Kurt Waldheim as United Nations Secretary-General; and Ali Hassan Mwinyi, sixty, a Zanzibari who had held a variety of Cabinet posts and since April of 1984 had been President of Zanzibar, which is semi-autonomous, and First Vice-President of the United Republic. It was noteworthy that the islands of Zanzibar, whose population is only about one-fortieth that of the mainland's, should have produced two of the three contenders. Salim was considered too pro-Western by some Party leaders. Worse than that, he was from Pemba Island, rather than from Zanzibar Island, which in the Zanzibari context is on the wrong side of the political tracks. Moreover, he was a veteran not of Zanzibar's Afro-Shirazi Party, which had come to power following the 1964 revolution, but of the smaller, opposition Umma Party, which no longer exists. The Zanzibari kingmakers thus considered him an outsider, and Nyerere had stressed the importance of unity in choosing the candidate. That eliminated Kawawa as well, leaving the quiet-spoken, self-effacing Mwinyi (pronounced "*Mwin*-yee"), who had done an effective job as President of Zanzibar—liberalizing the economy, making the place more democratic, and improving the islands' often strained relations with the mainland. "He is competent and very humble—in fact, *too* humble," a colleague of Nyerere's has remarked. "He really didn't want the job. After the Party chose him, people saw him and assumed from his downcast look that he had lost out. But I knew it meant that he had been chosen." A diplomat describes him as "a transparently honest man," adding, "And that may be the most important reason that he was picked." Nyerere, in introducing Mwinyi as the Party candidate, called him "a righteous man, impartial and respectful," and went on, "Mwinyi does not believe in intrigues, and has never sought fame or used his position to advance ambition. . . . Today, I am starting a campaign for *my* President."

The three weeks of campaigning were a frenzied time for both Nyerere and Mwinyi as they toured the country addressing rallies, opening bridges and rebuilt railway lines, laying foundation stones, and decrying corruption and inefficiency. In one speech, Mwinyi, a stocky man with a broad grin, complained that when he visited a government store and found the floor unswept he was told that it was because of the shortage of foreign exchange. "But nobody needs hard currency to buy a broom!" he exclaimed. Nyerere continued to collect dairy cows as presents. On the Friday before the Sunday voting, he made a quick state visit to Kenya, with which Tanzania's relations had been improving for some time. Nyerere told his hosts in Nairobi that the countries' common border, over which Tanzanian goods in considerable amounts are smuggled nowadays, was "peaceful as well as porous, to the despair of our national economists and customs officers." A foreigner might well have wondered why, since the Presidential candidate was running unopposed, Mwinyi and Nyerere were working so hard in the campaign; it was because Nyerere was determined to rally the country behind his designated successor.

As soon as the campaign was over, Nyerere began a series of goodbye ceremonies. On the night before the voting, he said goodbye to the diplomatic corps, declaring, "My hobby will continue to be the state of affairs in southern Africa." Later, he said goodbye to the Asian merchants, urging them to be honest, and chiding them for importing such "useless items" as lipstick, nail polish, and spaghetti. He said a private goodbye to the men and women who had served on his personal staff. Six days before he left office, he greeted a crowd of perhaps five thousand women on the State House lawn, all of them singing and marching. They made speeches, they chanted, and they gave him presents, including a lion skin and three cows. Nyerere quickly got them laughing as he told them he didn't know what he would do with all their presents. Then he spoke of the history of the freedom movement in Tanzania and the importance of women's rights. He recalled the traditions in his own small tribe, the Zanaki—how by renouncing a wife a husband could regain the cows he had paid in dowry, and how when a case was tried before a male judge the man would always win. He told them that equality must be maintained by legislation and by the abolition of discriminatory traditions, and he told them how important it was for them to be active in politics. And then, in one of the most extraordinary events of the whole process of leave-taking, he called to the stand a heavy-set old woman, gray-haired and very proud in her bearing. It was Bibi Titi Mohamed, who was once the leader of the national women's organization and had later fallen into disgrace. He said that she had been a true leader of the Party in its early days and a leader of the fight against colonialism, and he congratulated her, and then allowed her to sit down. He smiled and said softly, "After that, she slipped a little. But that's all right, that happens." He started to speak again but changed his mind, and then he, too, sat down.

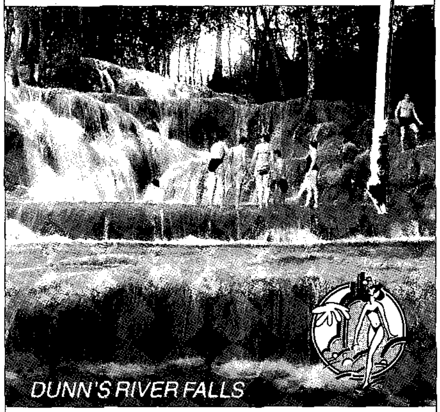


Yes, Nyerere said the following afternoon as he sat on his veranda at Msasani Bay, he had intended it as an act of forgiveness. He then spoke briefly about the Arusha Declaration and villagization, defending both policies but acknowledging mistakes in execution. Yes, he said, it had been wrong to abolish the coöperatives and the local government agencies, because these institutions had been more democratic than the centralized ones that replaced them, but the mistakes had been corrected. As for the war in Uganda, he said, "I never wanted the blessed war, but we were invaded. And if someone else were to invade our country the next President would have no choice but to fight back." Concerning his own future, he spoke of the time he hoped to spend in Butiama and in Chamwino, and continued, "I am permanently a political man. That doesn't mean remaining head of state but continuing on a different platform. My commitment to the liberation of Africa is for life, and that doesn't stop when I cease to be President."

Later, in a farewell speech to his countrymen, he congratulated them on the fact that although there are said to be a hundred and twenty-three African tribes in Tanzania, "as well as groups of people with ancestry in other continents," they had "never allowed this to matter politically." As for the fairly even split in Tanzania between Muslims and Christians, he went on, "I am now in the happy position of sometimes not knowing whether a new member of Parliament, a new minister, or a new principal secretary in our government ministries is a Muslim or a Christian or neither, unless his first name happens to give it away. And even that is not a sure guide in Tanzania, for we have Christians with Muslim names and Muslims with Christian names."

On November 1st, the results of the United Republic elections were announced at a special ceremony in the Diamond Jubilee Hall, in Dar es Salaam, by Chief Adam Sapi, the speaker of Parliament. It had previously been announced that in the separate Zanzibar elections only sixty-two per cent of the voters had supported the islands' new leader, Idris Abdul Wakil. It was also known that of the members of the previous Union Parliament, most of whom faced opposition under the country's electoral system, about half had been defeated. But at the ceremony in Diamond Jubilee Hall the speaker announced that almost seventy-five per cent of those registered throughout the Union had voted, and that ninety-two per cent of them had voted yes. It was a triumphant moment, signifying that the mainland had accepted Ali Hassan Mwinyi; that the Zanzibaris had learned unmistakably that they had a stake in the Union; that Tanzania had undergone a peaceful transition of power, the third in black Africa; and that four days hence Julius Nyerere's long tenure as President would come to an end. As a band played, Nyerere rose and embraced Mwinyi. Later in the program, the speaker said, "And now a few words from the chairman of the Party, Mwalimu." For once, Nyerere was caught off balance; he had obviously not expected to be called on. He rose, gazed at the crowd, and, overwhelmed, said, "I can't." The audience applauded as Mwinyi stood and embraced him. Then Mwinyi spoke briefly, thanking those who had supported him and promising to do his best.

—WILLIAM E. SMITH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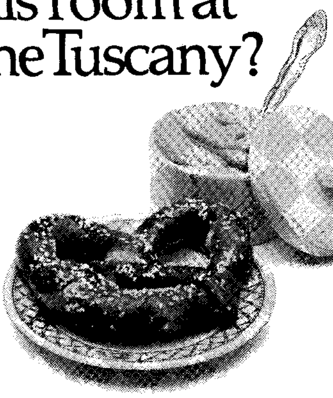
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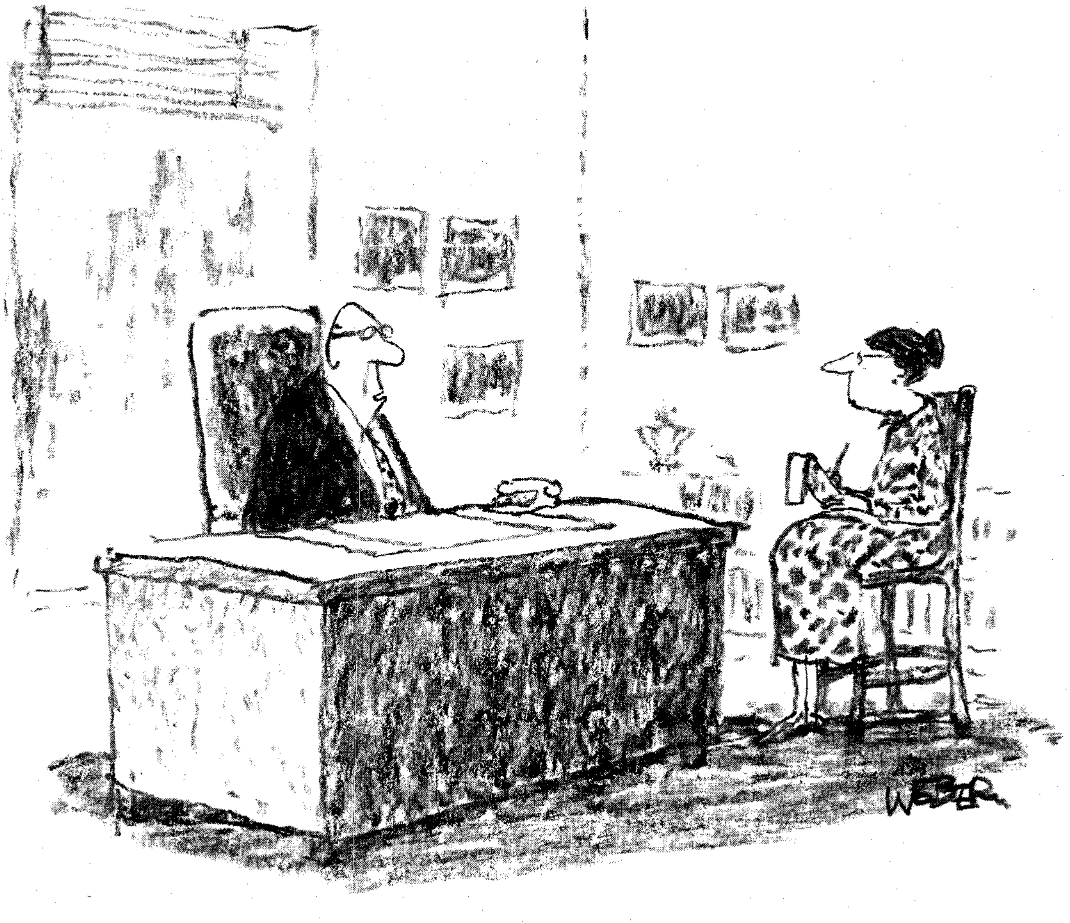
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE Manhattan Theatre Club's revival of "Loot," Joe Orton's fierce and marvellous high farce of low life and criminal activity, is far too tame. One of the funniest plays of the twentieth century, "Loot" should also be one of the most shocking, and the shocks here, although not completely removed, have certainly been muffled, perhaps in a mistaken effort to make the action acceptable to the audience; there was a lot of mirth at the matinée performance I attended, but there were no stunned silences. The components of the show (which brims with horrid little surprises that I'll try not to spoil) include a woman's corpse that is removed from its coffin and hidden upside down in a wardrobe, so that the coffin can be stuffed with stolen banknotes; the dead woman's grieving husband; the couple's homosexual son, who is in love with the undertaker (a bisexual) and, with him, stole the banknotes; a murderous, lascivious, devoutly Catholic trained nurse, who assists the son and the undertaker in stripping the corpse and wrapping her like a defunct ancient Egyptian ("Whose mummy is that?" asks a police detective. "Mine," replies the truthful son); and, above all, that detective, lightly disguised as an inspector from the water board and as crooked as everyone else.

As many before me have said, Orton's lines are as polished and artificial as any by Oscar Wilde—I think Orton is funnier than Wilde—or even Saki. But Orton's startling shenanigans are all his own. The usually admirable director John Tillinger seems to have been unable to find the right style for his company, and the play demands a style as precisely calculated as that for "The Importance of Being Earnest." Of the individual performances, however, Joseph Maher, as the duplicitous detective, has exactly the right knack of artificiality; Maher, while never attaining the perfection of George Rose in the original Broadway production, is an Orton actor. I also admired Željko Ivanek, all exposed nerves and suppressed guilt, as the son; Charles Keating, as his dazed, mournful father; and Kevin Bacon, as the undertaker. In his review of "Loot" for this magazine, eighteen years ago, Brendan Gill wrote, "Nothing is sacred to Mr. Orton, least of all those middle-class institutions that he evidently sees as having long ago consented to profane themselves—the Church, the law, the family, and so on." There is little evidence of social comment or rebellion at the Manhattan Theatre Club. It must be said, though, that "Loot," for all its shortcomings, is the only "Loot" in town. Why am I complaining so much when I laughed so hard?

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S "The Circle," a production of the Mirror Repertory Company, at St. Peter's Church, gives Geraldine Page another opportunity for glorious clowning—an even more ample opportunity than she was given in "A Lie of the Mind." (In all other respects, Sam Shepard beats Maugham by several miles.) This time, Miss Page appears as Lady Kitty Champion-Cheney, who returns to England from exile in Italy, where she and Lord Porteous have lived together since she ran off with him, thirty years ago. She is visiting her former home, a stately country house that is now the residence of her thirty-five-year-old son, Arnold, and his young wife, Elizabeth. Lady Kitty's husband, Clive, a completely recovered cuckold, keeps a cottage on the estate, which he uses mostly for weekends. Everybody (so far) is very rich. Elizabeth thinks of her unknown mother-in-law, who gave up all for love, as a most romantic figure, and has invited Lady Kitty and Lord Porteous to stay. What the young woman expects is a fragile white-haired beauty in black silk and lace, and what she gets is Geraldine Page, her hair a vivid henna and her clothes a succession of gaudy, outrageous outfits (one for each of the three acts). Lady Kitty's lover, His Lordship, has grown portly and irascible and suffers noisily from badly fitting false teeth. Elizabeth is tired of her husband, who is much taken with interior decoration as well as with his career in politics; she has fallen in



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love with a young businessman on holiday from Malaysia and plans to run away with him, hoping eventually to get a divorce and marry him. (Facts, facts, facts—the early part of the play bulges with exposition.) Lady Kitty and Lord Porteous appear at first to have been set up by the dramatist as an Awful Example, but things don't work out that way. Also on the premises, most of the time, is the mischievous Clive Champion-Cheney, invariably cheerful, stirring up trouble between Kitty and Porteous and giving his son the wrong advice on how to hold on to his unloved and unloving wife.

Mr. Maugham, as clever and as shallow as they come, does have some sound information to impart on the unenviable place of women in society in 1921, when the play was originally presented—their helplessness without money of their own, and, without respectability, their desperate existence in the demimonde, at home and abroad. Most interesting of all, though, is the implication of homosexuality, which, I suppose, could never be made overt at that time. Arnold tells his miserable Elizabeth straight out that, after three years of marriage, he doesn't want to be bothered with sex, having apparently switched his passions to period furniture. When Champion-Cheney accuses Lord Porteous of having stolen his wife, Lord P. replies, "Why didn't you look after her?" By the time the evening is over, we know exactly why Kitty left Clive and why Elizabeth must leave Arnold. As for the performances, the luscious, funny Geraldine Page gives her audience full measure and more; W. B. Brydon is exactly right as the decayed Lord Porteous; and Bryan Clark, as Clive, raises the spirits every time he sets foot on the stage. The rest of the acting doesn't amount to much. James Tilton's scenery and lighting, on the other hand, are admirable, and Gail Cooper-Hecht's costumes, notably those for Miss Page, are quite wonderful. Stephen Porter directed.

—Edith Oliver

•

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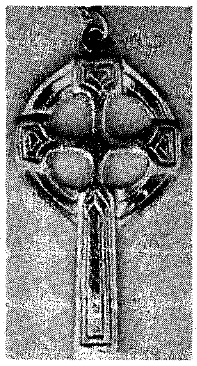

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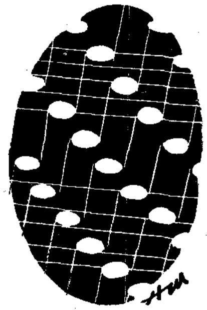
MUSICAL EVENTS

Prodigal

Bohuslav Martinů is not an easy composer to assess, and his reputation has never been settled; as the 1954 Grove remarked, "Martinů's music has been pronounced outstandingly good by some and outrageously bad by others." He was immensely prolific. Someone who would bill a work of his hardly knows where to start; in his lifetime, it may have seemed easier simply to commission a new piece. His death, in 1959, was followed by a partial eclipse of his music. Now, it seems, there is reawakened interest in it. In his native Czechoslovakia (which he left in 1923), his orchestral music is played and his operas are staged. In Britain, the Paris-period opera "Julietta" (1937) and the late opera "The Greek Passion" (1959) have been taken up by major companies. In this country, Indiana University has mounted "The Greek Passion," and brought it to the Met in 1981. Attention seems to be settling on his six symphonies. Václav Neumann and the Czech Philharmonic have recorded them all (Supraphon). In London in 1984, Christopher Adey conducted them in a five-concert cycle. In Moscow in 1984-85, Gennady Rozhdestvensky billed all six. The Sixth Symphony ("Fantaisies Symphoniques") has been heard widely in recent years—most often as the score for the last act of Kenneth MacMillan's ballet "Anastasia." Earlier this year, two of the symphonies were played in New York: the First by the New York City Symphony, conducted by Richard Fletcher, in Alice Tully Hall, and the Fourth by the Philharmonic, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, in Avery Fisher Hall.

Martinů's music, the annals suggest, once held a commanding place in America's symphonic life. He came to this country in 1941, and from 1942 to 1946 composed a symphony annually—Nos. 1 to 5. Four of the five had prominent premières. The First Symphony and the Third were introduced by the Boston Symphony and Serge Koussevitzky; the Second was introduced by the Cleveland Orchestra and Leinsdorf, the Fourth by the Philadelphia Orchestra and Eugene Ormandy. (The Fifth, composed for the Czech Philharmonic, reached New York in 1948, in an NBC performance conducted by Ernest Ansermet.) Then there was a gap, until the very successful Sixth, introduced by the Boston Symphony and Charles Munch in 1955, crowned Martinů's American career. In 1956, he returned to Europe. During the years in America, he had also composed a much-played two-piano concerto, a piano concerto (his third), a violin concerto for Mischa Elman, a violin-and-piano concerto, a viola concerto, a cello concerto, the "Memorial to Lidice," four operas, a ballet for Martha Graham, a good deal of chamber music, and much else.



Virgil Thomson hailed the First Symphony (when Boston brought it to Carnegie Hall, soon after the première) as "a beaut," and went on to explain why it was one, in a review headed "Smetana's Heir": the symphony is "wholly lovely;" it "shimmers;" and "it is like Smetana because the shining sounds of it sing as well as shine." But Martinů is not performer-proof. The New York City Symphony's performance of the First, in January, was spirited, but it was thick-textured, sometimes lumpy. My faith in the work was restored when I listened to the Neumann recording, in which it not only shines and sings but also dances. Similarly with the Fourth. Mr. Leinsdorf has long been a champion of this symphony: he conducted it with the Rochester Philharmonic back in 1948 and has done it more recently with the Chicago Symphony and the San Francisco Symphony. He did not get the Philharmonic to make of it "a delight to the ear, weightless and iridescent, as of light shining through powdered crystal" (Thomson's phrase when Philadelphia brought it to Carnegie Hall, soon after the première). The performance was drab, not captivating.

The unevenness of Martinů's works has long been stressed. The effect of unevenness, I am sure, has been exaggerated by the unevenness of the performances they receive. Not only can one work sound like a masterpiece and the next self-indulgent, unlicked; the same work can in two different performances leave impressions no less contradictory. Toward the end of his life, the composer said to his biographer Miloš Šafránek, "My whole life has moved concurrently along two opposing lines: between a kind of innate and genuine naivety . . . and the other pole of consciousness, knowledge, and intelligence taught me by life." And he added, "My conclusions and thoughts are, I think and hope, right and clear, but my intuitive life is like a boy's. . . . My view is that art is just when those two opposites meet." Like Berlioz, Martinů, largely self-taught, was intransigent and impatient of discipline. The influences on him, he said in 1942, were many, and the main ones were Czech national music, Debussy, and the English madrigalists. Piquant combination! Like Berlioz, Martinů made himself a master of large forms that defied accepted wisdom and disturbed any conventional expectations. Like Berlioz—I'm suggesting only likeness, not parity—he found his own way, attentive to what he admired but not to regular procedures. His music sounds ill-made when it is badly performed. It sounds fresh, exhilarating, and unlike any other when it is brought to life by champions who follow along his paths with something of his own elation, boyish enthusiasm, and springiness, united to refined, subtle execution. In an age when much of the music offered to us is underpinned by formulas, Martinů's unconstrained, instinctive utterance makes a welcome change.

Three Madrigals (1947), for violin and viola, which were memorably recorded by Joseph and Lillian Fuchs—for whom they were written—provide an introduction to Martinů's chamber music at its most inventive, individual, and beautiful; in their long, elegant structures the composer's admiration of Debussy and the English madrigalists can be traced. The Hungarian cellist Csaba Onczay, with the pianist Márta Gulyás, made his New York début last month at a Frick Collection Sunday-afternoon recital and played Martinů's Variations on a Slovak Folk Song. This is a late piece (1959)—his last chamber composition—and is engaging, poetic, generous. Mr. Onczay has a big (but not fat) tone and a romantic (but not flashy) style. The Variations were good to hear. So were Schumann's Adagio and Allegro, Brahms' F-Major Sonata, and the "Fifthmusic," for solo cello, of Kamilló Lendvay, one of the contemporary Hungarian composers (he was born in 1928) whom we read about more often than hear. Carl Nielsen, in an essay enjoining reverence and respect for simple intervals (which "should be to our art what corn and bread and holy water were to the people of the Old Testament"), described a fifth as "the supreme bliss." Fifths are points of departure and arrival in Lendvay's piece, which was composed (in 1979) for Mr. Onczay. The journeys between them are surprising, imaginative, sometimes dizzying in their virtuoso progress. This is an exciting piece.

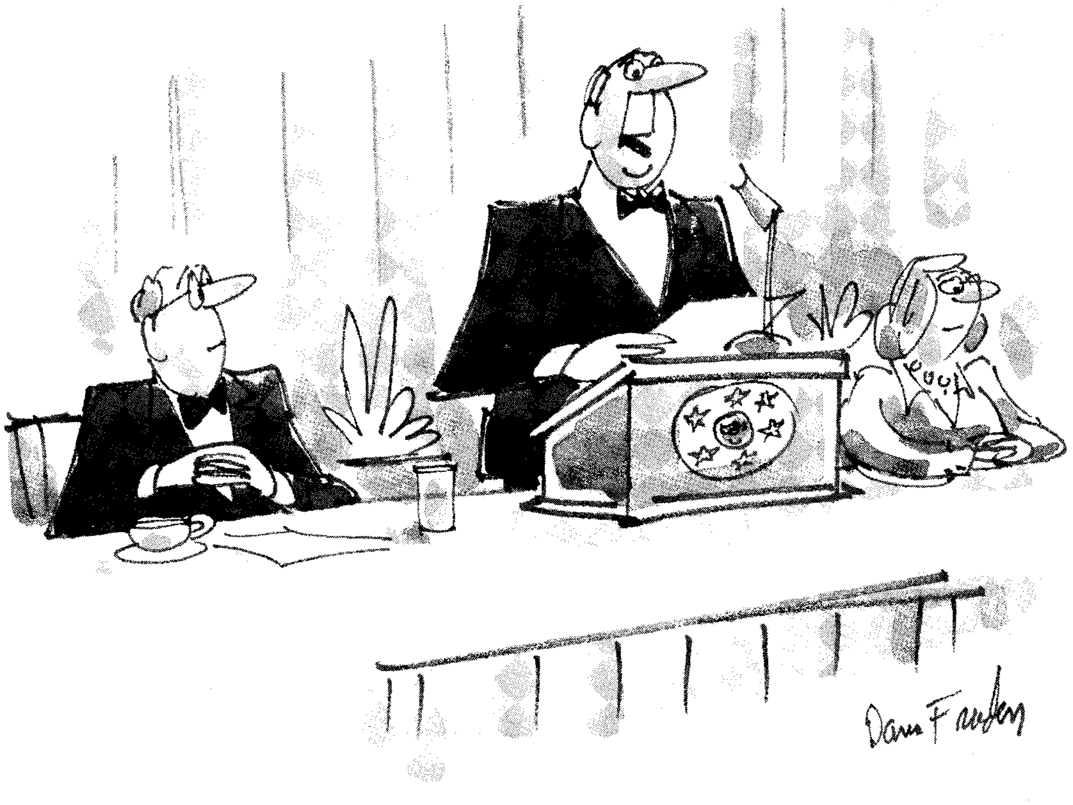
Frick recitals are packed. Would it be unbearably élitist to suggest that they would be more enjoyable still if the director removed a row or two of chairs, instead of sardining as many listeners as possible into the intimate music room?

Michael Gielen's six seasons as music director of the Cincinnati Symphony are coming to a close; later this year, he goes to Baden-Baden as chief conductor of the Southwest German Radio Orchestra. He will be missed here. For his last Manhattan concert with the orchestra as its music director, in February, Carnegie Hall was filled, and the applause was loud. The program was characteristically bold: just two big works in D minor, written by composers in their twenties—Schoenberg's symphonic poem "Pelléas and Mélisande" and Brahms' First Piano Concerto. "Pelléas" is a dense score, an exuberant web of close motivic working, but Mr. Gielen is a great clarifier. Peter Serkin was the soloist in the concerto. The performance was laid out broadly and clearly. One had the feeling that conductor and pianist had come to full agreement in advance about the interpretation and had left little room for sudden impulses, unforeseen inspirations that might arise during the performance itself. In fact, Mr. Serkin finished one or two phrases a hairline ahead of the orchestral entries. The effect was as of catches not exactly dropped but grabbed, rather than of the ball's falling precisely, after its flight, into poised, waiting hands. In the second subject of the finale, Mr. Serkin flicked the grace notes, as modern singers do in comparable passages—did not give them melodic value. (His father does the same in the famous recording with George Szell.) But his playing was energetic, lyrical, and vital. All in all, it was a noble, slightly severe, and satisfying performance.

Mr. Gielen does not give the impression of being a spontaneous conductor. He doesn't take chances, "go for broke." That may be one reason that he has not, until recently, been acclaimed as one of the world's most distinguished conductors. Vogue epithets such as "charismatic," "glamorous," "sexy" could not be applied to him. He does not lack passion—a passion for getting things right. (It came as a shock when the orchestra closed the Adagio of the concerto with an ill-tuned chord.) Nor does he lack a spirit of adventure. His other post is artistic director of the Frankfurt Opera, and that company under Gielen has been likened to Berlin's legendary Kroll Oper under Otto Klemperer. In my personal annals, Gielen's performances of Schoenberg's "Moses und Aron," Bernd Alois Zimmermann's "Die Soldaten," Luigi Nono's "Al Gran Sole Carico d'Amore," and, with the Cincinnati orchestra, Elliott Carter's Variations for Orchestra and Piano Concerto loom large. The Carter performances were recorded and will appear later this year on New World Records. They should confirm that Mr. Gielen has brought the Cincinnati orchestra to a level of excellence it may not have known since the years (1922–31) when Fritz Reiner was conductor there.

Cincinnati's excellent program notes for the whole season, written by the composer Jonathan Kramer, are collected into a book that is available at the start of the season. Listeners have time to study and digest them in advance. An admirable practice. In the Carnegie program booklet Mr. Kramer's introductory remarks about the two works concerned were reproduced, but his essays were cut short at the point where they began to deal with the music.

Barbara Kolb's "Millefoglie," commissioned by IRCAM and first performed there last year, had its American première at the second concert this season of Merkin Hall's Music Today series, in December. It is a challenging, attractive, and exhilarating composition, scored for oboe, clarinet, bass clarinet, trombone, two percussionists, harp, cello, and computer-generated tape. It lasts about nineteen minutes. The title refers to the superimposition of layer upon layer of rhythmic and harmonic structures. The work made a favorable first impression; I have delayed a review until now for two reasons. Years ago—at



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the 1960 ISCM Festival, in Cologne, when new musics of many exciting kinds (by Berio, Boulez, Ligeti, Nono, Sessions, Stockhausen, Stravinsky, Zimmermann) were clamoring for critical attention—that subtle, stimulating musician the late Hans Keller advised me when in doubt to fall back on "intuition." By that he meant "Concentrate on the works that give you the impression that there's something there worth getting to know; and get to know it." Intuition is a fallible and imprecise critical tool, but it does provide a possible starting point. The alternative, when one is attracted yet baffled by some difficult, elusive new strains, is fudging. (Milton Babbitt's Piano Concerto, played at January's American Composers Orchestra concert, in Carnegie Hall, is obviously an important new piece, but it baffled me, and anything I might try to write about it before hearing it again would be fudge.) The other reason is that the Merkin Hall performance of "Millefoglie" provided no fair basis for assessing the work: the computer tape's important contributions to the music were abruptly interrupted by a loose electrical connection. From Kolb's publishers, Boosey & Hawkes, I was able to borrow a tape recording of the IRCAM première and a copy of the score. It would be presumptuous to say that I now know the work, but at least I now know my way around it. And at each hearing of "Millefoglie" I have liked it more.

Marimba, vibraphone, and amplified harp give a precise but mellow definition to the timbres, which at times have almost gamelanlike sonorities. There are five distinct episodes, and they form a varied but shapely discourse. The first of them is rhythmic: developing variations on a phrase of crisp, arresting outline, announced at the start. A computer solo—the instrument treated romantically, singing to its own accompaniment—and a trio for marimba, vibraphone, and harp follow. The oboe begins piping a Morse-code-like pattern, which initiates what might be thought of as a modern analogue of a Rossini crescendo, increasing in density of texture, in volume, in harmonic richness, in rhythmic intricacy; one of the percussionists moves to a jazz drum set. Suddenly, the movement subsides into a dreamy final section, a tranquil flow of quietly glowing lyrical thoughts, through which the computer, whispering in a high register, sounds like a voice singing words that one can't quite catch. This final section reminds me of Martinů's "Julietta"—not musically but by its evocation of a mysterious world where memories of events that may or may not have happened are lapped in enchanted layers. Many of the scores coming from IRCAM are experimental—essays, often of great interest and promise, in means or methods. "Millefoglie" is achieved. The Music Today performance was conducted by Gerard Schwarz. How accurate it was I have no idea; it certainly made beautiful sounds.

The concert was also notable for two gleaming vocal performances. Cynthia Munzer—an Amneris, Maddalena, and Carmen—made something very striking of Jacob Druckman's early (1962) psalm sequence "Dark Upon the Harp," for mezzo-soprano, brass quintet, and percussion. She was flamboyant as she recalled strong bulls of Bashan opening wide their mouths like a ravening and a roaring lion; she shivered deliciously when her mourning was turned into dancing. Carmen Pelton—celebrated as Susan B. Anthony in Thomson's "Mother of Us All" and Lady Billows in Britten's "Albert Herring"—revived George Crumb's "Ancient Voices of Children" (1970) in a performance at once emotional, tender, and pure-toned. How often the vocalists at new-music concerts seem content simply to render composers' notes accurately. One wants to press on them Lotte Lehmann's little book "More Than Singing" (which has just been reprinted as an inexpensive Dover paperback):

> Not only your voice sings—no, you must sing with your whole being—from head to toe . . . Your eyes sing, your body, animated by the rhythm of the music, sings, your hands sing. How great is the power of expression conveyed by the eyes and the hands! . . . You must feel what you sing with your whole being, from head to toe, then your eyes *cannot* be cold and lifeless —they will also have to sing, as an essential part of one complete harmony.

It was in this spirit that Miss Munzer and Miss Pelton sang Druckman's and Crumb's music. —ANDREW PORTER

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Ashland* (*Ore.*) *Daily Tidings*]

Thursday afternoon police received a report of suspicious and deviant behavior at the corner of Fourth and C streets. The anonymous caller said he observed a man talking to a paper bag. Upon investigation, police found a 55-year-old man holding a paper bag and chatting with his dog.

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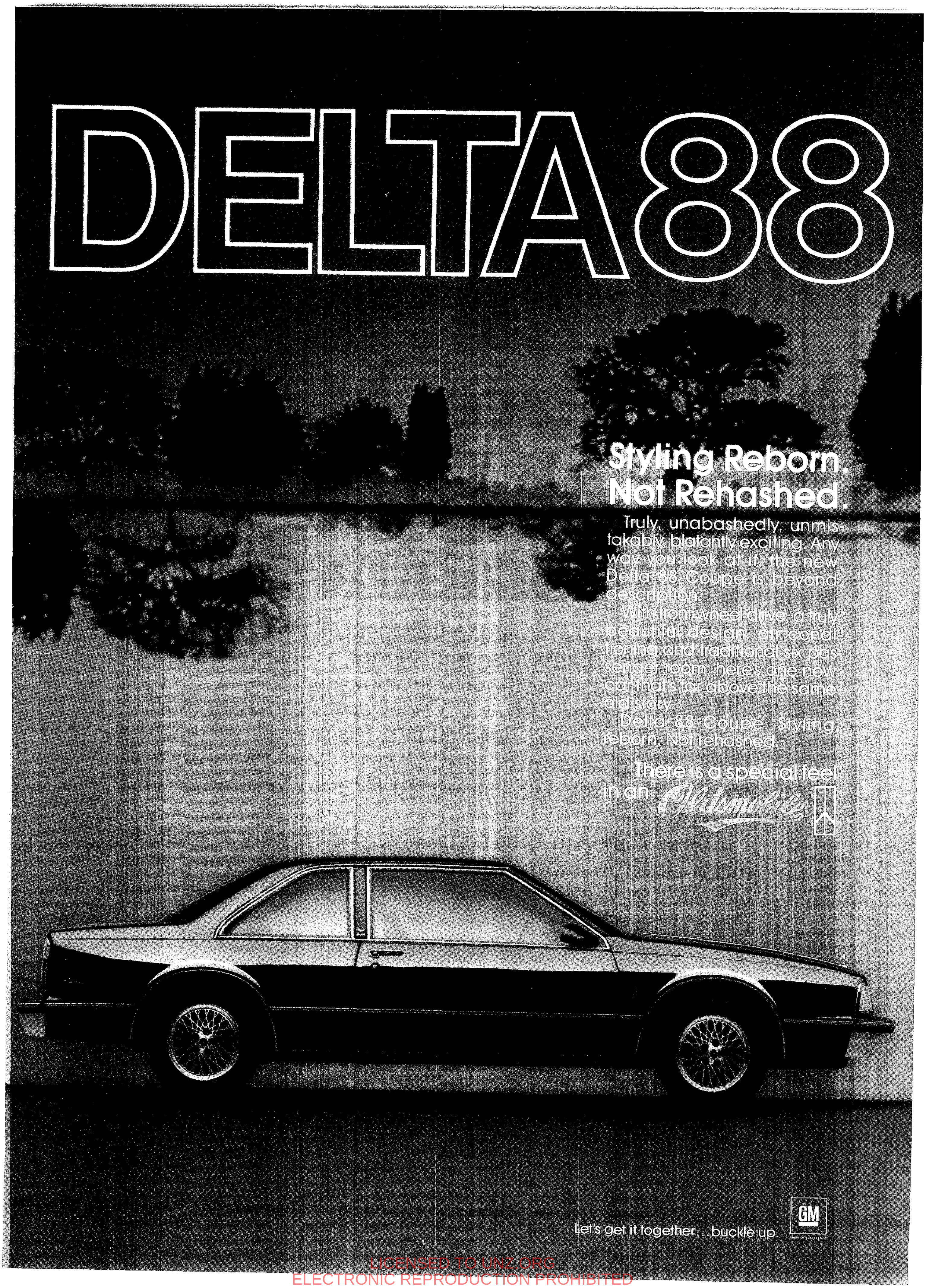

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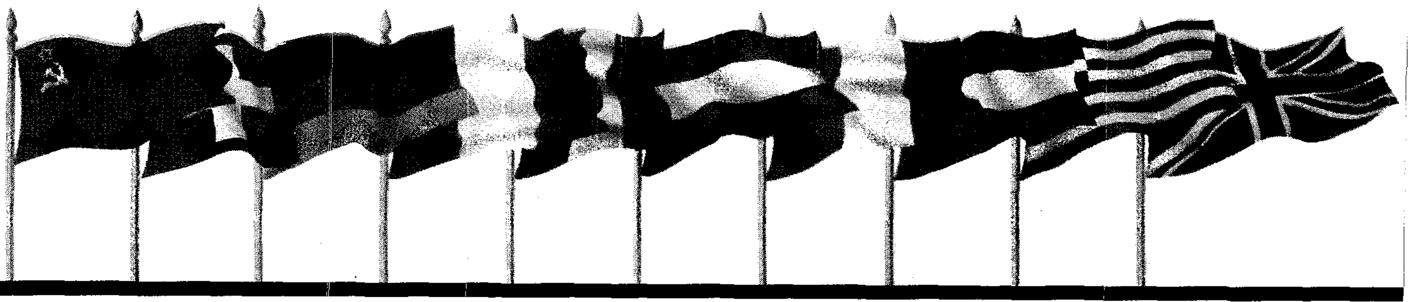

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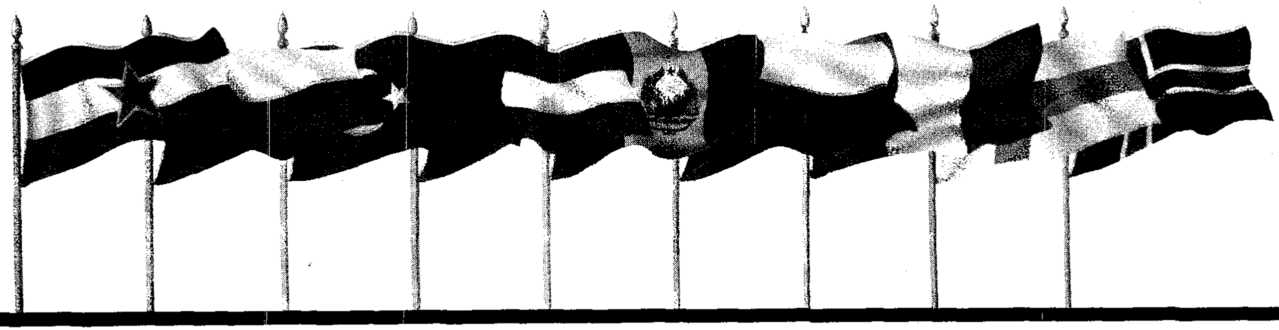

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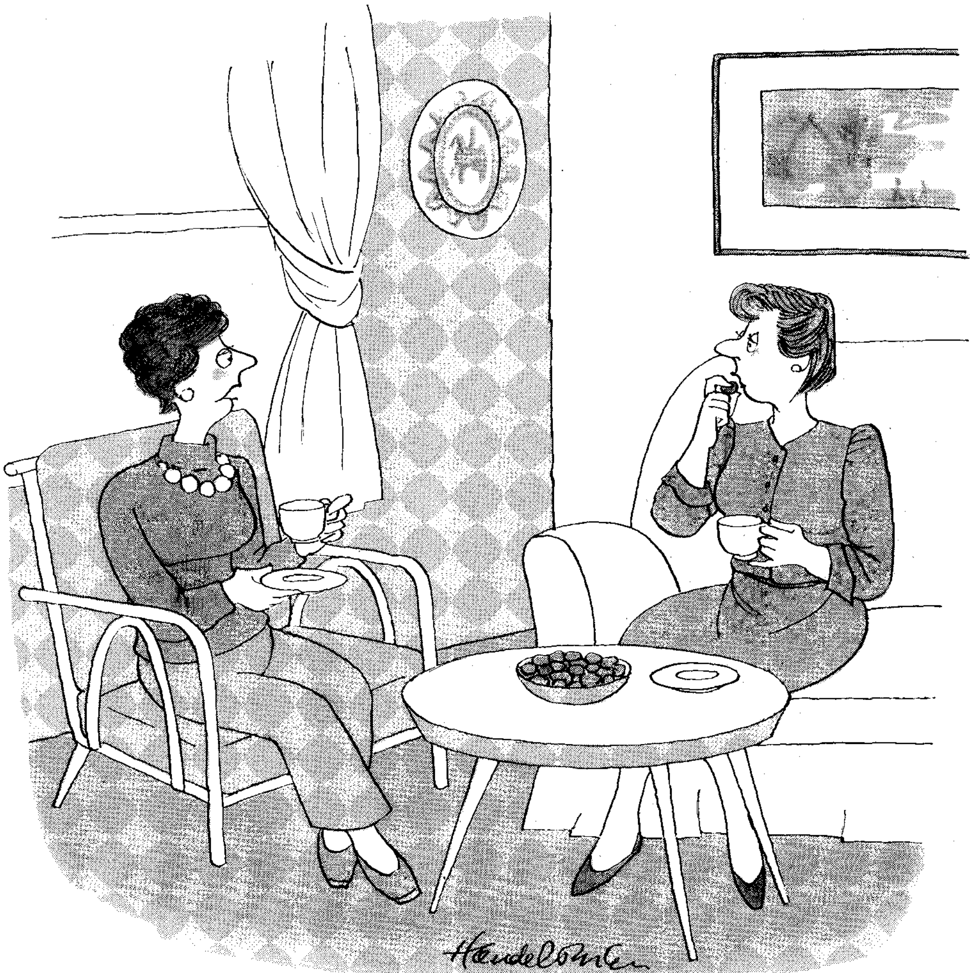
AROUND CITY HALL

LIKE IT WAS

“The Best Is Yet to Be,” read the new sign that appeared on the desk of Mayor Edward Koch at the beginning of 1985, the year of his campaign for reëlection to a third term. The sign did not include “Grow old along with me,” which is the line of verse that precedes it in Robert Browning’s “Rabbi Ben Ezra,” although the couplet, a popular choice for many a garden sundial, would have fitted in nicely with Koch’s frequent reminders that he planned to be around, presiding over City Hall, “forever.” Still, “The best is yet to be” was a reassuring sentiment, and, in presenting his State of the City address at about the same time, the Mayor offered New Yorkers another such encouragement. “That rosy glow on the horizon is real,” he said. The theme that there were serene and happy times ahead was even more insistent in his inaugural speech this year, on January 1st, in which he promised the big crowd at the ceremony in front of City Hall that in his coming term New Yorkers could look forward to the same highly successful policies that he had brought them in his first eight years in office, noting that their satisfaction with his way of doing things had been ratified by his landslide victory in the November election. However, the Mayor, a shrewd politician, understands that the same constituents who want to be assured that there are rosy times on the horizon are also full of nostalgia for the good old days. From time to time during the past campaign year, he had mentioned the man who came up to him during his first mayoral campaign, in 1977, and pleaded with him to “Make it like it was”—that is, the Mayor implied, like it was before everything was messed up by “my predecessors,” a term that is nearly always used at the Koch City Hall as a pejorative.

Koch has had a hundred and four mayoral predecessors, but those whom it nearly always turns out he is referring to when he speaks in jeering tones of “my predecessors” are the two who served just before him: Abraham Beame (1974-78) and, especially, John Lindsay (1966-74). Late in January, when he went to California to plug his new book, “Politics,” on the Johnny Carson show (Joan Rivers, guest host), the only politician Koch mentioned was Lindsay, who, the Mayor assured Miss Rivers, would not like the things the book said about him. In regularly attacking Lindsay and Beame for inefficiency in handling the city’s money and thus helping to bring about a major fiscal crisis in 1975, Koch has not, of course, been alone. That year, in the annual musical satire put on by the Inner Circle, an association of present and former City Hall journalists, a reporter playing the part of James Cavanagh, Beame’s first deputy mayor, did a number, to the tune of “I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store,” that went, “I got an office next to Abie . . . We run a billion-dollar city like a corner candy store.” Koch has also often compared his patronage policy—under which, he has said, the clubhouse leaders are given “nothing”—with those of his predecessors, particularly Beame, who was a product of the Brooklyn Democratic machine. Taking Koch at his word about giving the back of his hand to the county bosses, the 1981 Inner Circle revue included a number in which, to the tune of “Give Me a Little Kiss, Will Ya, Huh?,” a band of reporters impersonating party bosses and district leaders were shown beseeching the Mayor for just a little patronage. (“Give us a little deal, will ya, Ed? Grease up our little wheel, will ya, Ed? Gosh, oh gee, Why do you refuse? I can’t see What you’ve got to lose.”) The Mayor’s sharp differentiation between his own refusal to oblige the county bosses and his predecessors’ alleged generosity in this regard has been so heavy-handed that some Koch-watchers half expected to come down to City Hall one day and find that the sign on the Mayor’s desk had been changed to the often quoted slogan used in his television commercials during the 1977 mayoral campaign: “After eight years of charisma and four years of the clubhouse, why not try competence?”

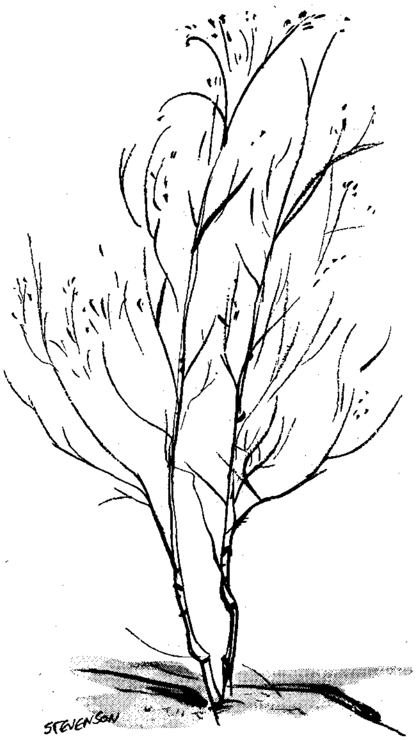
That slogan has been cited in tones



“One enchanted evening, I saw a stranger across a crowded room, and it was Jim, and I should have left him there.”

of some derision during recent weeks, when the headline stories have featured numerous indulgences that the Koch City Hall has granted some Democratic county chairmen, most notably Donald Manes, of Queens, Stanley Friedman, of the Bronx, and Meade Esposito, the former Democratic boss of Brooklyn, and the revelations about the city's Parking Violations Bureau, whose top officials, federal prosecutors believe, may have received as much as two million dollars in bribes during the Koch era for awarding lucrative contracts to private companies that collect overdue parking fines. The agency's records are in such wretched shape—by the testimony of the head of Koch's own Office of Operations, for several years no records at all can be found for certain contracts—that it will be difficult to establish what went on in that department. "AUDIT: PVB WAS RUN 'LIKE A CANDY STORE' " was the headline across the top of the front page of the *News* one day last month.

FACED with the mounting charges of corrupt activity by members of his administration, Koch, who in last year's election was accused by his opponents of never standing back and taking the long view of anything, has taken the ultimate long view of his predicament. Corruption, he says, "has been around since the first men stood up on their two hind legs" and, as an innate human propensity, is essentially beyond anyone's control. After evidence of dirty work was discovered in the P.V.B., he said he expected that it would be found in other agencies. Beame and Lindsay, his former favorite whipping boys, and their City Hall predecessor Robert Wagner as well, have become the current mayor's cherished rhetorical companions, as politicians who, he keeps reminding reporters, were considered personally honest despite scandals involving graft during their City Hall years—although in their eras none of the charges led to as many investigations of city agencies, by various levels of government, as those that now beset the Koch administration. From time to time, the Mayor is asked whether he takes responsibility for the corruption that has been found so far, and some reporters have reminded him of the sign "The Buck Stops Here" on President Truman's desk. (An especially disrespectful cartoon in the *News* last month showed Koch's desk with a sign on it reading "The Buck *Starts* Here.") The Mayor's response is that of course he takes responsibility but that the questioners must also blame previous mayors for *their* problems. In one television interview, he referred three times to the fact that at City Hall under Fiorello LaGuardia, whom he has often identified as the mayor he most admires, there was a scandal over cadavers' being stolen out of the morgue. "Cadavers! Out of the morgue!" said the Mayor, in his familiar tone of outrage—adding that, even so, everyone had known that LaGuardia was an honest man. Nearly all the commentators on the developments in the city since the early morning of January 10th—when Koch's friend Donald Manes, who was not only the Democratic county leader of Queens but its elected borough president (in a sense, the equivalent of mayor of that borough of nearly two million people), was found bleeding profusely from what he later said were self-inflicted knife wounds—have specified that the present mayor is personally honest. In the last few weeks, Manes has resigned, and Bronx Democratic Chairman Friedman's influence on the awarding of city contracts has been under investigation by federal authorities. (For the moment, both men continue as this state's representatives on the Democratic National Committee.) Koch's commissioner of investigation and the head of his Department of Transportation have resigned, as has the director of the P.V.B., which is a subsidiary of the Transportation Department. On February 24th, the P.V.B.'s deputy director, Geoffrey Lindenauer, was indicted in federal court on thirty-nine counts of racketeering, extortion, conspiracy, and mail fraud. Michael Dowd, a Queens lawyer, had told a federal grand jury that he regularly paid off Lindenauer at Manes's direction. The borough president of the Bronx and a member of the City Planning Commission are under subpoena, as is the deputy director of the Transportation Department. It is not true, however, as a popular around-the-town joke claims, that when the oath of office is administered to city officials it is now preceded by "You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to an attorney. . . ."



Most of the people who work at City Hall or keep close track of what goes on there are now bent out of shape trying to adjust not only to the day-after-day allegations of criminality and gross misfeasance in local government but to one of the consequences: the extraordinary disarray of the relatively charmed political existence that Koch had enjoyed. Meanwhile, those who work in and around the Mayor's office itself face another kind of acrobatic challenge: having to bend over backward trying to pretend that nothing bad has happened, really. Koch has said many times that he will not allow the barrage of headlines to become an obsession and distract him from the business of running the government as usual—rising above the circumstance that what has constituted business as usual in the Koch regime is the subject of much of the attention of the eight or ten official investigations that are now going on. Mayoral press releases still come thick and fast, and Koch's schedule each day is about as long as it was in less troubled times. There is some suspicion that the Mayor's office has another anti-distraction agenda: keeping the press too busy to follow up on the damaging headlines. On Valentine's Day, a Friday, reporters were coping with a series of conflicting statements from the Mayor and others about how much Koch had known to be at stake when, in 1982, he refused to take action that would have made possible a sting operation that federal prosecutors believe might have led much earlier to indications of possible Manes corruption. In the middle of the afternoon, Koch's criminal-justice coördinator, Kenneth Conboy, released a seventy-five-page report on a highly controversial proposal to merge the transit police with the regular city police force—a document that reporters had been requesting for many months. The criminal-justice coördinator explained that it was essential to get the report out right then so that it would be available for a meeting of the executive board of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority on March 28th. The date on the report was July 3, 1985.

City Hall is more crowded than ever nowadays, with not only regular City Hall reporters on hand but day-trippers from various news agencies, who often don't bother even to go into the Mayor's office or the more stately Blue Room to record the events that are being staged there: proclamations, complete with photo opportunities; courtesy calls by dignitaries from other cities or from the show-business world; and announcements of gratifying developments in areas of city government safely removed—so far, at least—from those that currently preoccupy the investigators. Instead, many of these reporters and photographers stay in the corridors, leaning against the walls, waiting for the next startling development in what is known as the corruption watch. In 1975, when the city was threatened with financial ruin, a member of the news team at one local television station would say, "Now it's time to go to the default desk," and a colleague would give the latest on the city's brush with bankruptcy, the default desk having become a routine stop, like the ones for sports and weather. Similarly, in recent weeks local newscasters have treated as a regularly scheduled stop, usually at the top of the program, what was at first called the Manes Mystery, in reference to Manes's attempted suicide, which preceded by only a few days the news that Rudolph Giuliani, the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York (which includes Manhattan and the Bronx), was investigating the awarding of parking-fine-collection contracts. Although the P.V.B. headquarters is in Manhattan, Queens politicians had been allowed to treat it as their private and highly profitable fiefdom. By early February, when official inquiries into the degree of corruption among prominent local figures had spread to other boroughs and to other city departments (just one of the investigators—Giuliani—was said to be looking into at least eleven agencies), it became nightly-news routine to repair to the city-scandals desk.

Newsday has been running a weekly chart labelled "City Scandal Rap Sheet," which lists the various investigators and their targets. Among the major targets listed on the most recent rap sheet was Friedman, the Bronx Democratic boss, who until lately was even closer to the Mayor than the Queens Borough President was. At the private ceremony at which Koch was sworn in for a third term, the night preceding his formal inauguration before several thousand people, Friedman and his wife, Jackie—who is the forty-seven-thousand-five-hundred-dollar-a-year deputy director of Koch's Office of Special Projects and Events—were among the hundred invited guests. Most of the others were members of Koch's family and old friends. *Newsday* has boldly listed Friedman and Manes—an affable figure, known affectionately to all, including the Mayor, as Donny—and other principal City Hall players under a heading more familiar in police stations and the holding pens of the Criminal Court. The roster of active prosecutors on the rap sheet included, besides Giuliani, United States Attorney Raymond Dearie, of the Eastern District of New York, who has jurisdiction over Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island; Robert Abrams, the State Attorney General; and the District Attorneys of Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Queens—Robert Morgenthau, Elizabeth Holtzman, and John Santucci. The Bronx D.A., Mario Merola, is involved in an investigation of Department of Transportation towing contracts. Also on the list was former United States Attorney John Martin, who on January 20th was appointed by Koch to study the city's methods of awarding outside contracts, the abuse of which is central to a large share of the inquiries now going on. Such contracts cost New York a billion dollars a year, of which half is awarded without competitive bidding—an obvious temptation to corruption. Still another prosecutor listed on *Newsday's* rap sheet was Commissioner of Investigation Patrick McGinley, an appointee of the Mayor, whose office, with the help of a system of inspectors general in all major departments, is empowered to track down corruption wherever it is found in city government. During the first days after the P.V.B. scandal broke, the Mayor explained many times that his administration had been keeping

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close track of corruption through the inspector-general system, which he instituted soon after he took office, in 1978. It turned out, however, that inspectors general are appointed by agreement between the commissioner of investigation and the heads of the respective departments. Not surprisingly, the inspectors general have tended to find signs of bribe-taking and extortion among workers who are nowhere near the top of the various departments' tables of organization. Most of the P.V.B. employees being investigated received salaries in the seventy-to-eighty-thousand-dollar-a-year range. (One of them, the P.V.B. director, was a former Transportation Department inspector general.) After McGinley admitted that he had not detected any signs of corruption in the P.V.B., the Mayor called on him to emulate Inspector Javert in "Les Misérables" and relentlessly pursue the P.V.B. malefactors—who, in fact, were already being pursued by Giuliani and others. On January 29th, Anthony Ameruso, the head of the Department of Transportation, announced his resignation; a few weeks earlier, the Mayor had named him as one of the commissioners who would surely be retained in his third term. A mayoral aide explained that Ameruso "had to be held accountable for those under him." He had been appointed by Koch in 1978 at the urging of former Brooklyn boss Esposito (who refers to him as "my guy"), although a search committee named by Koch to help select a transportation commissioner had declared Ameruso to be unqualified. At the press conference at which his resignation was announced, Koch described him as a man of honesty and "impeccable" integrity.

When it was announced, two days later, that McGinley was about to resign, it was assumed that it would be for similar reasons. However, the plot in this case had taken a bizarre turn: the commissioner of investigation was resigning because he himself was under investigation. In June, 1983—as McGinley explained the matter to reporters at a crowded press conference—a corrections officer assigned to his agency had offered to install an air-conditioner in McGinley's apartment, had later declared that he was injured in the process, and had then put in for a three-quarter-pay disability pension, which McGinley had supported in a way that was now the subject of an inquiry by the Mayor's close friend Manhattan District Attorney Morgenthau. On the surface—if this was all that was involved—it seemed not to be a matter of sufficient weight to cause a city official to be required to resign under fire, but McGinley, looking angry and distraught, noted that at New York's City Hall "these are not normal times." On being asked if he had ever thought of running for Manhattan District Attorney, McGinley—who, at forty-eight, is almost twenty years younger than Morgenthau—agreed that it had crossed his mind for "sometime in the future." When he was asked why he thought Morgenthau was so aggressively pursuing the investigation of the air-conditioner incident, McGinley had a historical quotation at the ready. "In the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.," he said, " 'the Devil himself knoweth not the mind of man.' "

GIVEN the grubby connotations of municipal corruption, it is understandable that some of those whom it has brushed against may try to dignify their plight by comparing themselves to historic or literary figures not associated with boodle and precinct leaders. The Mayor had told reporters that he kept asking himself "What did I do to deserve this?" and that sometimes "I feel like Job"—who, the *News* pointed out, was "a righteous man persecuted unfairly by God." In another presentation of himself as victim, he has said that, on some days, he feels like imitating the lead character in the movie "Network"—that is, like "sticking my head out the window and yelling, 'I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!' " There also may be comfort in associating a municipal predicament with some more famous governmental crisis. When reporters suggested to Koch that his representatives in the local criminal-justice system had not done a very good job of noticing corruption at the P.V.B. and elsewhere, the Mayor reminded them that it was the press that had led to the exposure of Watergate. As the days have passed, however, Watergate has become a less welcome reference at City Hall. A front-page editorial in the *Amsterdam News* called on the Mayor to step aside, saying there was a cancer on the mayoralty. Commentators on the scandals began asking the question "What did the Mayor know—and when did he know it?" Often mentioned was the blocking of the sting operation against Manes. And there was the scene at a City Club luncheon in October, 1984, when a speaker asked Koch why the Board of Estimate had voted to allow the P.V.B. to award a twenty-two-million-seven-hundred-thousand-dollar contract, for small hand-held computers that would record parking violations, to a company in which Bronx Chairman Friedman owned a substantial amount of stock. The award had been made although the company had no engineering staff, and not even a prototype of the computer. The Mayor had bullyragged the speaker, urging him, if he had any evidence of criminality, to "rush to the district attorney." At town-hall meetings and at press conferences, when the propriety of any of the actions of his appointees or his political allies was questioned he often urged the doubters to "run—do not walk—to the nearest district attorney." It seems unlikely that the injunction will be used so often—now that quite a few people are running, not walking, to their nearest district attorney. The Mayor apparently didn't give the question about the Friedman contract another thought until this January, after the P.V.B. inquiries began, when his administration suddenly cancelled the contract, "in the public interest."

So far, there has been little public discussion of a smoking gun in Koch's case. Instead, he is being accused, day after day, of inattention to what has been going on in the government he is in charge of. Part of the problem has been that, by his own choice, his daily agenda is crowded with campaign-style events that often have, at best, only a ceremonial relationship to the city's serious concerns—and sometimes not even that. A United Press International story by Mark Mooney pointed out that between January 26th and February 12th, in the midst of the breaking scandals, he visited six cities to promote his new book, appearing on twelve television programs and seven radio shows. The Mayor was out of town again, in Philadelphia, on February 19th, to speak to students at the University of Pennsylvania. On that day, the *Village Voice* revealed—and U.S. Attorney Dearie said he had under investigation—the fact that Transportation Commissioner Ameruso had made a profit of at least a hundred thousand dollars in a parking-lot venture (in which he had been a partner of Queens Supreme Court Justice William Brennan, who was sentenced last month to five years in jail for taking bribes), and had not listed the investment on his Civil Service disclosure form. Noting the out-of-town trip that day, Bruce Lambert, Jr., the City Hall bureau chief for *Newsday*, said of the Mayor, "On the whole, he'd rather be in Philadelphia." Meanwhile, several City Hall figures whose resignations could be announced in the near future have been described as "twisting slowly in the wind," and the word "Donnygate" has made its appearance in local headlines.

NO matter what the legal outcome of the investigations, they will leave their mark here. Certainly they have left their mark on the Borough of Queens. Manes, in his speech at the ceremony, on January 6th, at which, with Koch at his side, he was sworn in for a fourth term as borough president, said, "Queens is the place where the American dream is alive and well." It is the borough whose residents, many of them small homeowners, have liked to portray themselves at town meetings and at Board of Estimate hearings as the real New Yorkers, who fork over the taxes that pay the bills of the crazies, welfare cheats, and other unsavory types elsewhere in the city. Last month, after Koch named Joseph Bruno to replace the head of the P.V.B., Bruno indicated that he wanted to get one thing straight. "I've never lived in Queens," he told reporters. And when a member of a community school board was charged with owing over eleven thousand dollars in parking tickets he asked why people were giving him a hard time. "I'm not from Queens," he said. The scandals have also provided a new profile of a local criminal type which is quite different from the one favored in many of the city's small-homeowner neighborhoods. The figures who are major targets are all white, middle-aged, and unpoverty-stricken. All of them, too, it seems, are members of the Democratic Party. Paul Curran, who was a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor in 1982, has said that he was astonished that more Republican leaders had not rushed forward to declare their outrage over the Democratic scandal. But then, he observed sadly, in this city "the term 'Republican leaders' is an oxymoron."

In addition, the scandals have provided a new image of the Mayor, one that came as a surprise to some of his admirers. Various familiar televised scenes that he has used in his campaigns and, on occasion, to entertain Gracie Mansion dinner guests have

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shown him in amusing or dramatic poses—riding a camel on a trip to Egypt, for example, or standing on the Brooklyn Bridge exhorting New Yorkers to defy union leaders during the 1980 transit strike. Although it was not recorded by a camera, there is now another scene featuring the Mayor that is quite vivid in the minds of many of his constituents. It is the one that took place in Donald Manes's hospital room the night after he said that the knife wounds he had suffered were his own doing rather than, as he had maintained for a time, the result of a kidnapping attempt. As the Mayor described the meeting to reporters afterward, he kissed his good friend Manes on the forehead, gave him a hug, and told him, "Don't worry about anything, Donny, we all love you." A few days later, after Dowd's testimony and the widespread assumption that what had brought Manes to the brink of suicide was not some private problem, as Koch had apparently believed, but the Queens leader's involvement in corrupt acts that would severely embarrass the Koch administration, the Mayor was on television denouncing Manes—now Donald—as a crook, adding that although the Queens Borough President had not yet been charged with anything, he was clearly guilty and should go to jail. The shift was so sudden that it seized the imagination of many New Yorkers, and within a few days the view of Koch friendship as another oxymoron had taken hold. The head of the Independent Taxi Owners Council, denouncing a Koch plan to increase the number of taxi medallions, said, "It appears that Mayor Koch is as loyal to us as in his 'friendship' to Donald Manes." Mario Cuomo, the Mayor's sometime adversary, did his part in an appearance on "The Phil Donahue Show." With the Mayor having serious problems, he said, "I'll be a better friend to Ed Koch now than I've ever been before, because just now he needs friends"—a statement that some took as a pointed reminder of what kind of friend Koch had been when someone he knew was in trouble. Koch said later, "To describe a friend as a crook is not easy," but then, at a meeting with *Newsday* editors, he again described Manes as a crook, and added that he had never visited Manes's home, but "maybe he'll invite me to the big house." It seemed that before long the Mayor would succeed in giving political cronyism a good name. The *Post* ran a cartoon showing the wounded Manes in his bed with birds of prey all about him. The bed was at the end of a plank suspended from a ship on the deck of which Koch stood, brandishing a knife and shouting, "Jump, Donny! Jump! Jump! Jump!" A few days later, the lawyer Roy Cohn denounced the Mayor's treatment of Manes, calling Koch "a double-dealing hypocrite," and was then moved to add a footnote to national political history, based on his own recollection of it. Toward the end of the 1980 Presidential election campaign, he said, Koch had met with New York Republican leaders and agreed to pretend to help Jimmy Carter, whom he had formally endorsed, but really to do everything he could for Ronald Reagan, in return for a promise that the Republicans, in the expectation that they would become eligible for City Hall patronage, would give him their nomination in the 1981 mayoral race—as they in fact did. In 1980, said Cohn, Koch had "slit Carter's throat from ear to ear." The Mayor said he had never met with the Republican leaders before the 1980 election, and there was no truth whatever to the story. "The people of this country cut Jimmy Carter's throat from ear to ear," he said. Later, he agreed that he *had* met with the G.O.P. leaders in 1980. However, he said, he had assured them that, so far as political influence at City Hall, they would get what the Democratic Party leaders got from him, and that, he said, one more time, was nothing.

WHEN he left office on February 21st, Commissioner of Investigation McGinley did not leave behind, for the benefit of Conboy, the criminal-justice coördinator—whom Koch had named as McGinley's successor on February 6th—the evidence in several cases of further high-level corruption in the Koch administration on which, McGinley told reporters, he had been making great progress. Instead, he gave the evidence to U.S. Attorney Giuliani, who, unlike Conboy, does not work for the Mayor, and, moreover, is a Republican and thus likely to pursue the cases with considerable zeal. Before he took over from McGinley, Conboy declared that there was a "crisis of confidence" in the agency because of its failure to track down corruption in the P.V.B. McGinley's accurate response was that no one else in the local criminal-justice system was in a position to take credit

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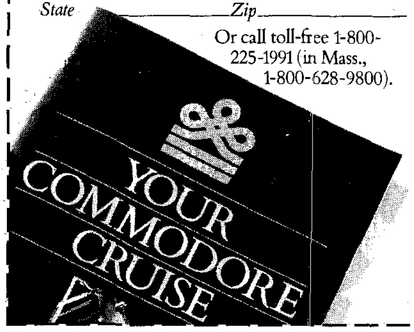

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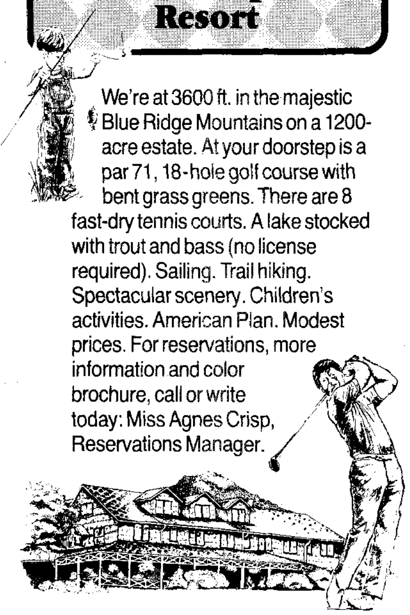

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for the discovery: it had been a Chicago case. Bernard Sandow, who is the head of Systematic Recovery Service, a local collection agency, and who, by his own admission, has laid out a couple of hundred thousand dollars in bribes to the P.V.B., decided last year to expand his profitable way of doing business to Chicago. Within a few months, the federal authorities there had apprehended him. The information was relayed to Giuliani, and Giuliani persuaded him to try for a lenient sentence by wearing a wire when he dealt with P.V.B. operatives here, which is how the local scandal started. Some New Yorkers have speculated about what things would have been like if Sandow had stayed in New York, where he had been operating for years without interference from the forces of law. Ameruso, and perhaps McGinley, might still be in office, and the P.V.B. conducting business as usual; the Friedman contract for hand-held computers might still be in effect; people might still be referring to Manes as the King of Queens; and the atmosphere at City Hall might now be just as serene and self-congratulatory as it was on Inauguration Day, less than nine weeks ago.

Last month, visitors to Koch's office noticed he had a new sign on his desk, a translation from the Latin. Some years ago, when a century-old garden structure was being dismantled at Yale, it was found to have a Latin inscription very different from the happy-passing-hours messages to which those who select such passages are usually partial. It said "*Vulnerant Omnes Ultima Necat*," which was translated as "Each Hour Injures. The Last One Slays." Though there may have been days recently when the Mayor felt that such an inscription was surely appropriate to his circumstances, the Latin sentiment he chose for his desk was from Horace: "*Dimidium Facti Qui Coepit Habet; Sapere Aude; Incipe!*" The usual translation of these lines from the "Epistles" is "He Who Has Begun Is Half Done. Dare to Be Wise: Begin!" The one Koch chose was "Begin, Be Bold, and Venture to Be Wise." He had ordered the sign about two weeks before—or soon after the corruption crisis began. It seemed noteworthy that in his ninth year in office he would choose a slogan whose first word was "Begin." In any event, in the days ahead he will have many opportunities to venture—or even dare—to be wise.

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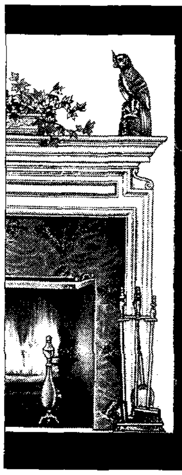

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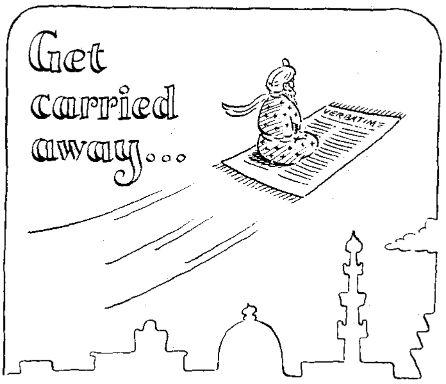

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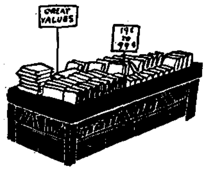
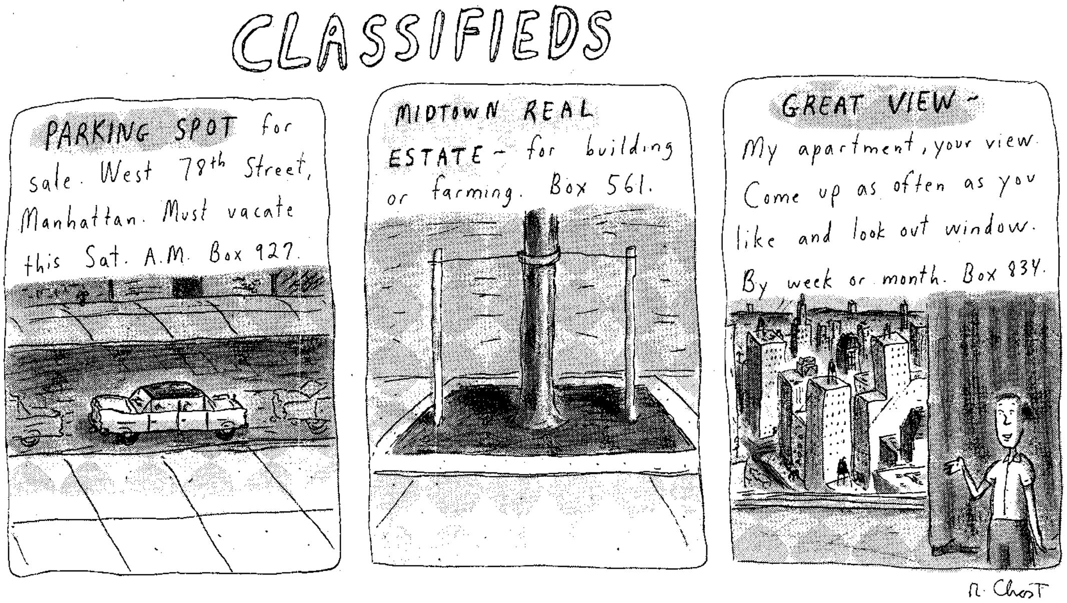


WHEN, in the summer of 1938, I was hired by the London *Times* as its special correspondent on American affairs, it was made plain to me in the gentlest way by the foreign editor that I was privileged to be entering, if not a holy order, at least an élite corps committed to certain self-denying disciplines unknown to the denizens of the vulgar popular press. It was, for example, to be understood that while no actual vow of poverty would be exacted it would be considered tasteless in the extreme to question the salary scale, which was at best, even by the current standards, penurious. The secret glow of working for the *Times* was to be compensation enough for a pinched life. Moreover, and most important, a staff correspondent was sworn not to write a book during what was referred to as his "term of duty," and even a spot of moonlighting by way of outside writing would be considered a dereliction. (The day after Pearl Harbor, my chief, the renowned Washington correspondent of the *Times* Sir Willmott Lewis, was persuaded to do a short broadcast for the BBC contrasting the congressional declaration of war with the similar scene in 1917, which Lewis had witnessed. He received overnight a reproving cable: "Gratefully request our own correspondent confine mellow recollections to the Times.")

This bizarre convention, comical and odd as it seems today—and surely unenforceable—must have been originally a method of reminding the staff that it belonged exclusively to a national institution of fierce independence: to, in fact, "The Thunderer," which, far from being an organ of what today is known as the establishment, was its most alert critic, always at the ready for blasts at Parliament, the Foreign Office, the law courts, the City, the Army, the Navy, and, not least, the Royal Family. While the *Morning Post* wrote of the dying George IV that "we have had few [monarchs] more deserving of veneration and esteem," the *Times*, in an obituary editorial of unmitigated savagery, wrote, "There never was an individual less regretted by his fellow-creatures than this deceased King. What eye has wept for him? What heart has heaved one throb of unmercenary sorrow?" But by the nineteen-twenties the *Times* was practically the voice of the Tory Party, and in the late thirties, under the appeasement-minded Geoffrey Dawson, it had become the mouthpiece of the Chamberlain Government. By then, the conception of staff loyalty could be usefully exploited as an extension, rather than—as it was—a distortion, of the stricter Foreign Office code, which kept its permanent staff loyal to the Government of the day, whatever its political complexion. This admirable tradition guaranteed that the diplomatic service was there to provide exactly the same information to every Government—to serve its superior officers, the political appointees of each succeeding administration, with equal devotion and disinterestedness.

An archetypal survivor of the type is John Colville (now Sir John), who at a casual glance seems to have been created in the blood and the bone for just such a peculiarly British form of service, or servitude. Grandson of a marquess, son of one lady-in-waiting at Buckingham Palace and later husband of another, he was appointed Page of Honour to King George V when he was twelve, and moved on to his education at Harrow and Cambridge. His two elder brothers went into banking and stockbrokering, respectively, but to young John, flushed with a first-class honors degree in history, the Foreign Office beckoned, although he has admitted to being well aware even then that "the honour of belonging to the Diplomatic Service was thought to outweigh the need for reasonable remuneration." However, such lofty credentials did not, and do not, automatically grant a passport into that wing of the establishment. Eighteen three-hour papers and four interviews were required of all applicants, and fluency in two foreign languages was presumed. Colville came through at the first attempt, and in 1937, at the age of twenty-two, he arrived in Whitehall and was immediately assigned to the Eastern Department, which just then was busy with the plan to partition the territory between the Arabs and the Jews—a plan that managed to enrage both parties. It was an early baptism, of cold water, in the facts of imperial life. Colville was soon required to keep a watchful eye on Iraq, on Saudi Arabia, on Persia, and on Turkey. He later said that he found Persia "just a little tiresome, as the Shah, Reza Pahlevi, was a temperamental despot." There were more exciting goings on in Turkey, whose own despot, Kemal Ataturk, while equally temperamental, was being diligently and successfully seduced away from the Germans by a British Ambassador who gave his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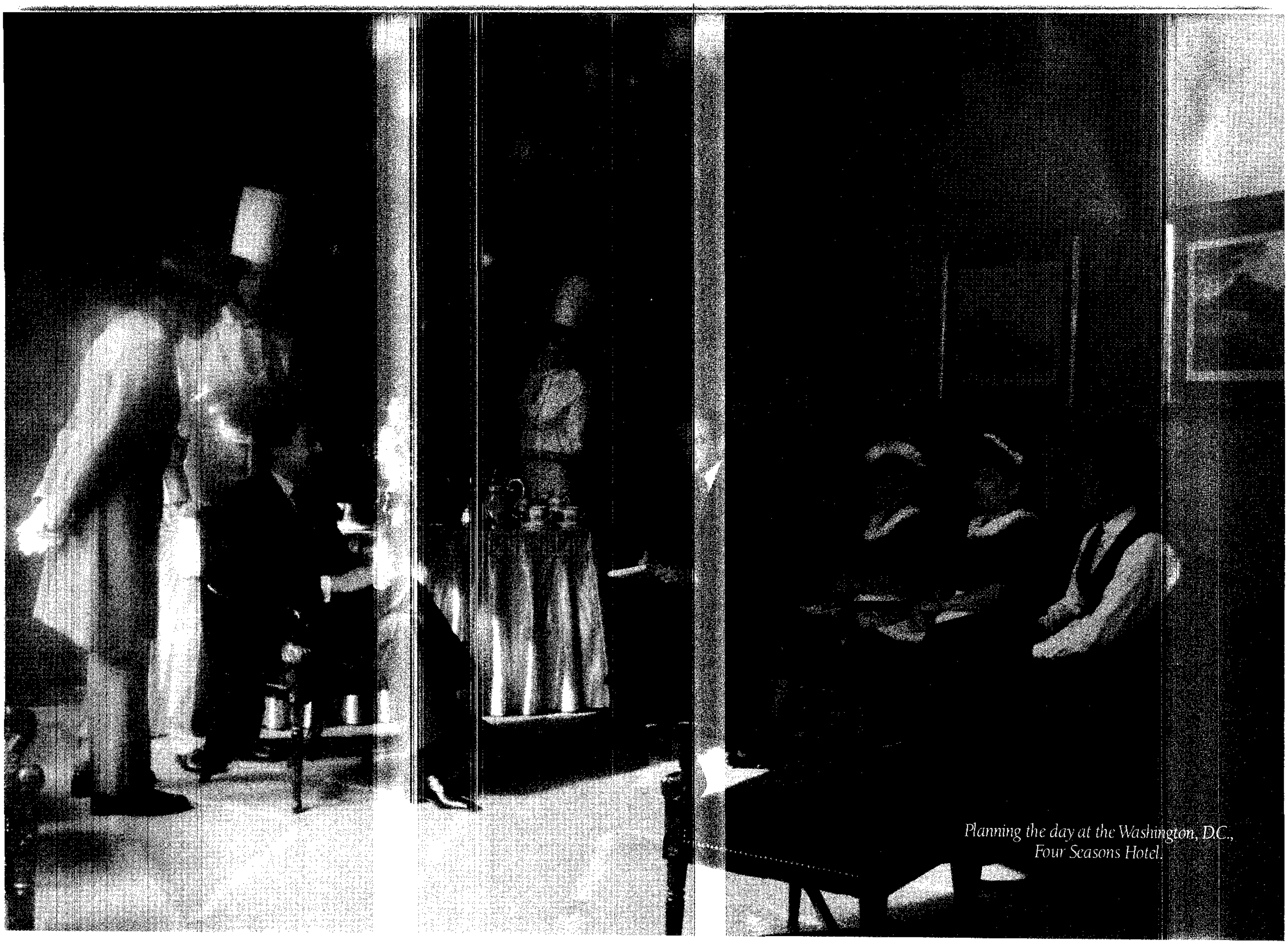

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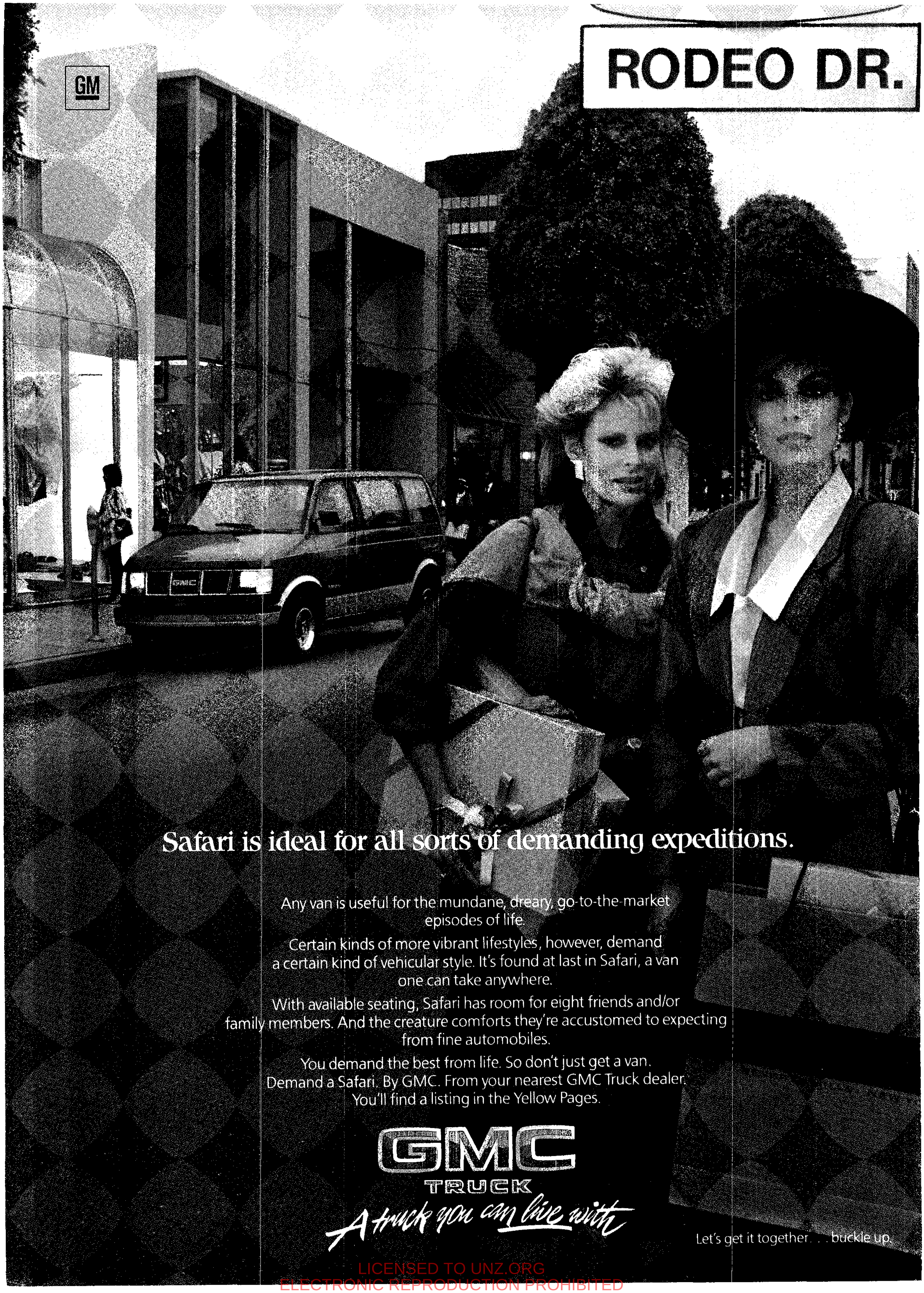
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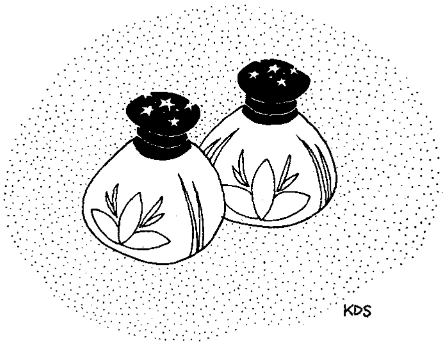
all for his country by sharing Ataturk's all-night sessions of drinking and gambling.

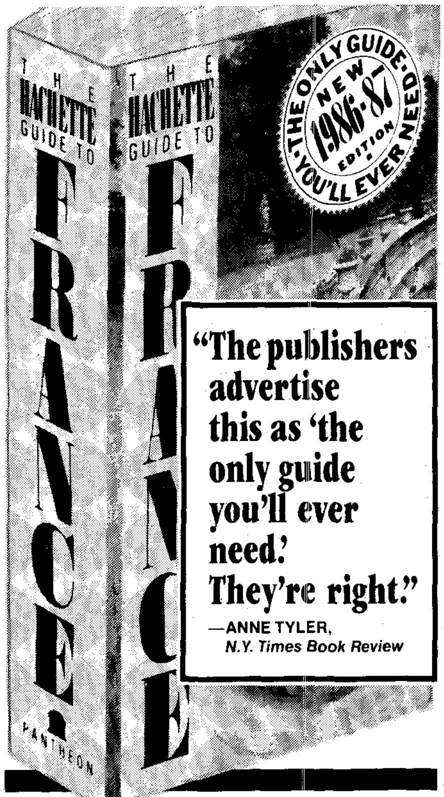
Thus in the course of a year the young Colville learned some of the various resources and trials of diplomacy. The shattering of this new-found knowledge by Adolf Hitler, a despot who recognized none of its niceties but only, as Churchill put it, the "formalities of perfidy," came shortly, and suddenly, when Colville was shocked out of his immersion in Oriental intrigue by the Munich Agreement. Within a month of the outbreak of the Second World War, he was invited to become an assistant private secretary to Neville Chamberlain, thereby unwittingly establishing the firm tradition that the Prime Minister's small secretariat should always include a man from the Foreign Service. In this job, which entailed a good deal of drudgery, relieved by the zest of "being in the know," he served Chamberlain until the following, fateful tenth of May, which in twenty-four hours saw the Nazi invasion of the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg, the resignation of Chamberlain, and Churchill's arrival at 10 Downing Street. From that day on, except for a two-year absence with the Royal Air Force, Colville stayed with the new Prime Minister throughout the war; and, again, through Churchill's second administration, in the nineteen-fifties. When, as a result of the 1945 general election, Clement Attlee replaced Churchill as suddenly as Churchill had replaced Chamberlain, Colville was surprised to find himself private secretary to Attlee. His surprise was nothing compared with that of Truman, Stalin, and their counsellors at the Potsdam Conference, which had been adjourned for a few days to allow Churchill and his Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, to fly home for the election and then fly back again. Instead, it was Attlee and Ernest Bevin who arrived in Potsdam, to the stupefaction of Stalin, who had assumed that Churchill would have "fixed" the results. Only slightly less astonished, but for another reason, were the Russian and American conference teams, who saw, trooping behind the new Prime Minister and the new Foreign Secretary, thirty-three assistants—exactly the same team that had served Churchill and Eden: yet another example of the curious British practice of training a diplomatic corps that may be trusted, not alone through its "desk" men but through its highest ranks, to provide a continuous expert service to heads of government of any political party. It is as if Reagan had taken to Geneva exactly the same team that served Nixon at Peking, Ford at Helsinki, Carter at Vienna.

There is a case to be made against this system: the arrogance that can come from long familiarity with the same problems; the attractions for temperamental fence-sitters; the danger of growing insensitivity to the moral issues of politics. But much that is best in the system—the presence of a body of informed opinion, the value of a continuity of expertise addressed to the main questions, the advantage of having always on hand as objective a commentary on the shifts of events and opinions over the long haul as a dispassionate human being can muster—is exemplified in Sir John Colville's "The Fringes of Power: 10 Downing Street Diaries 1939-1955" (Norton; $25). A week after the invasion of Poland, Colville began to keep a diary (in violation of wartime regulations). He ended it in April, 1955—when Churchill resigned, in his eighty-first year, completing, not without a wrench, nearly sixty years in public life. Shortly afterward, Colville, having just turned forty, left the Foreign Service and went into merchant banking, where, for a change, "the need for reasonable remuneration" was no doubt better understood.

The title of the book is a modest misnomer, reflecting the author's deceptively humble status in the political hierarchy. A man in his position was no more on the fringes of power than the regular caddie of a world-champion golfer is on the fringes of golf. On the contrary, while he is expected to have boned up on the hazards of the battlefield and to advise on the choice of weapons, he is silently present at every moment of pride, every twitch of anxiety, loss of concentration, tactical blunder, strategic guess, concern for the enemy's plans. Colville shared as much as anyone around Churchill, including his wife—and more than his cronies in and out of the Cabinet—the ups and downs of the war and of the moods of the man who was running it; the machinations of colleagues and ill-wishers; the private thoughts and ambitions of the milling politicians and civil servants in Westminster; and the fusses and fears of the generals and admirals and air marshals and Allied leaders around the globe. It was the Montgomerys and Eisenhowers and Hulls and de Gaulles who were on the fringes of power, though doubtless privileged to receive the signals from the center which concerned their actions and duties. Colville was an ever-present observer at the very hub of power—the resident fly on the wall of 10 Downing Street. He has unlocked his private record and published it after a silence of thirty years—a period of time that is, hardly coincidentally, the new statutory limit of the embargo on all secret official documents.



It is being said that these must be the last of the memoirs of the Second World War. Probably so, but they are unlike, in valuable ways, practically all the other war memoirs, not to mention the memoirs of contemporary politicians, which are rushed into print as soon as one administration is voted out of office, or even (*vide* Alexander Haig) soon after the author has left his government job. There is in Colville no chop-licking paying off of old scores, no testy insistence on the rightness of a policy that was not adopted, no floating of favorite political theories, except in tentative asides. Everything is well tempered, judicious, and—though frequently tart and wry—fair. An omen, this. For the reader might fear in a well-bred civil servant the planing effect of "good form" on such natural protuberances as indignation, enthusiasm, indiscretion, bad taste, mean rumors, and malicious gossip. The fear is unfounded. Colville allows full play to most of the quirks and intimate blunders and absurdities of the hundreds of characters he came to observe. He confesses at one point that he has set down some things he perhaps ought not to have written—a penitential note that should not excite anyone's taste buds in the expectation of juicy scandal. He is simply admitting that from the perspective of seventy years the diaries of a man in his twenties and thirties "contain views on people and events which now seem to be dubious." Happily for all of us, he decided not to tamper with the text of the diaries. Many footnotes record a



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change of mind about initially unsympathetic types. And this must surely be the only book dedicated, with apologies, to a lady (Mary Churchill Soames) who did not take to him and who is first described in the text as "rather supercilious."

An ultimately more drastic change of mind, and heart, about the character and abilities of Churchill took time. Colville had great "esteem," if not affection, for Chamberlain—"this austere man" of "such integrity, such devotion to duty and such high ideals and standards." But on that dreadful evening of the tenth of May, 1940, when the Low Countries had been overrun, the refusal of the Labour leaders to serve in a coalition government under Chamberlain, and Churchill's refusal to serve under Lord Halifax, made it certain that the King would send for Churchill (as he did with great reluctance). Colville and his Foreign Office intimates drank a toast to the ousted Chamberlain and bemoaned, with the Conservative R. A. (Rab) Butler, then Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the fact that the country was about to be abandoned to the leadership of "the greatest adventurer of modern political history . . . a half-breed American." Three days later, Colville had bought himself a new suit, "cheap and sensational looking, which I felt was appropriate to the new Government." Within forty-eight hours, he was already deep in Churchill's correspondence, announcing new appointments and conducting embarrassing dismissals over the telephone, finding himself on call night and day at the whim of his new master, and discovering that "patience is a virtue with which [Churchill] was totally unfamiliar." Unlike Chamberlain, however, Churchill "treated his Private Secretaries as part of the family," and Colville came to find him lovable, exasperating, kind, irascible; depressed over small slights but bristling with courage and pugnacity when everybody else was resigned to the doom of invasion; totally inconsiderate of secretaries and servants, yet always touched by the plight of poor people; relishing in many a barbed remark the discomfiture of people he disliked, but magnanimous—a man who "hated vindictiveness above all things." Most of all, through the harassments and frustrations and conflicting recommendations that besieged the leader of a wartime coalition, Colville marvelled at "a quite inexplicable facility for reaching the right decision on faulty logic and against all the best advice."

Because Colville served with Chamberlain for only seven months, and for less than three months with Attlee (a man of "total honesty, quickness, efficiency and common sense"), Churchill, faithfully attended for most of seven years and watched unblinkingly during the last fifteen years of his political life, is obviously the central character of the book, which, of course, is peppered with fresh anecdotes, not, as in biographies and essays, as illustrations of character traits but as the ripples and snags of the stream of a life—the life of a statesman, a father figure, a card, and a tolerated nuisance. And because Colville is not seeking or celebrating a hero or a guru but observing and reporting on the boss he was assigned to, the accumulation of all these remarks, tantrums, jocularities, and small and tremendous decisions amounts to a continuing portrait of Churchill that, even measured against the vast body of Churchill memorabilia, is incomparably intimate and vivid. It is as if Churchill were a permanent legend of British history and had been reincarnated for the ordeal of the Second World War. His presence so transcends that of the hundreds of characters he moves among that it has the effect G. K. Chesterton ascribed to the great Dickens characters: "a peculiar quality as of celestial pre-existence . . . Not only did they exist before we heard of them, they existed also before Dickens heard of them."

Apart from the obvious pleasures of fresh insights into the old cast of characters, the sheer completeness of the diaries—their daily clinical chart of the advances, setbacks, maneuvers, disappointments, pleas, rebukes, initiatives, second thoughts—confirms as few other sources do Henry Kissinger's rueful assertion that "rather than the dramatic peaks of the public imagination" high office "usually means an accumulation of seemingly endless pressures and tensions in which every apparent solution proves to be only a ticket to a new set of problems." The book reveals, too, that many of the great man's judgments of men and events were arrived at with nothing like the processional majesty

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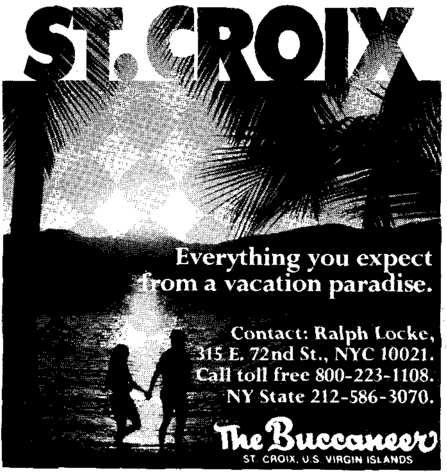

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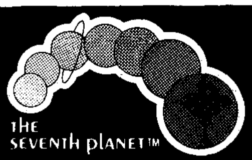
of Churchill's prose in his own history of the war. We learn, for instance, that he was "greatly disturbed" by Eisenhower's election to the Presidency, partly because he thought "this makes war much more probable;" mainly, we may guess, because he had to "cut much out of Volume VI of his War History and could not tell the story of how the United States gave away, to please Russia, vast tracts of Europe." Indeed, the most depressing revelation in the diaries comes in the last three years of Churchill's premiership, in the form of a startling reassessment of the Churchill-Eisenhower relationship. Most of us, I think, have gathered from previous memoirs that Churchill, having proclaimed at Fulton, Missouri, his warning about the menace that lay behind the Iron Curtain, continued for the rest of his life to nurture the worst suspicions of the Soviet Union and to shun its leaders. On the contrary, Colville details a dramatic turnabout in the feelings of both leaders, which was evidently caused by a radically different evaluation of the political consequences of the atomic bomb. At the Bermuda Conference, in December, 1953, Eisenhower told Colville that "whereas Winston looked on the atomic weapon as something entirely new and terrible, he looked upon it as just the latest improvement in military weapons . . . all weapons in due course became conventional weapons." From then on, Churchill, while nursing no illusions about the prospect of Soviet expansionism, believed that a new look in Soviet policy was bound to come. "Ike followed," Colville reports, "with a short, very violent statement . . . that as regards the P.M.'s belief . . . Russia was a woman of the streets and whether her dress was new, or just the old one patched, it was certainly the same whore underneath." Colville comments, "I doubt if such language has ever before been heard at an international conference." At any rate, Churchill persisted in his view that the bomb had changed everything (after the explosion of the first hydrogen bomb he told Colville that "we were now as far from the age of the atomic bomb as the atomic bomb itself from the bow and arrow"), and from then until the day of his resignation, two years later, he never faltered in his insistence that a meeting, or a series of meetings, with the Russians was "crucial to our survival." But at the end of March, 1955, Churchill—"a sad old man"—told Colville he "did not re-



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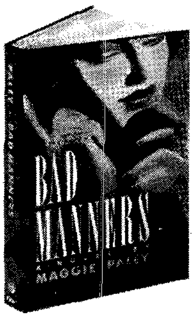

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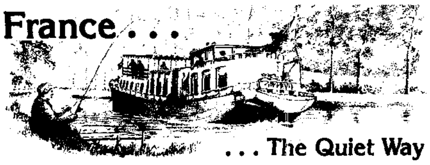

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ally think there was much chance of a top-level conference" with the Russians, "and that alone would be a valid reason for staying." Six days later, he "put on his top hat and frock coat, which he always wore for audiences, and went to Buckingham Palace to resign."

If Sir John has a fault, considered as a Foreign Service officer, it is one long embedded in the British diplomatic establishment. It is the dormant virus of anti-Americanism, which flares into activity on contact with American politicians, but only on the occasions when they are to be considered negotiating equals. (It ought to be said that the virus is even more deeply, if forgivably, rooted in the British Labour Party, whose postwar leaders never forgave Truman for his abrupt termination of Lend-Lease only seven days after the Japanese surrender—an act that threw the new Labour Government, and the exhausted British people, into a period of austerity more severe than anything they had known during the war itself.) Anti-Americanism runs, like a chronic cough, through the diaries of Sir Harold Nicolson, of Sir Alexander Cadogan, of almost anyone I can think of who was trained in the British diplomatic establishment before Britain had, as Acheson infuriatingly put it, "lost an Empire" and "not yet found a role." Thus, in these diaries, Colville did not think Acheson "anything out of the way," and appears to have shared Churchill's view that Truman was "a novice, bewildered by the march of events." Eisenhower, though a man of "real goodness of heart," was a "genial and dynamic mediocrity." For a lawyer, Thomas E. Dewey "seemed to have a remarkably inaccurate memory for dates and places." Personal charm was "not among [the] attributes" of John Foster Dulles, whose "grasp of foreign affairs was slight . . . It would have been better if he had stuck to the law." (To be truthful, it has to be said that both the British and the French view of Dulles ranged from distaste to detestation, and Churchill in old age recalled him as "the only bull I ever knew who carried his own china shop around with him.") The moral stature of General Marshall went unnoticed. There are only two redeeming hints that Colville could appreciate the American political animal: he writes that Roosevelt was "America's one great international figure;" and he liked Speaker Sam Rayburn. On the whole, it is astounding that the United States, led by this dim procession of postwar mediocrities, survived as a great power into the second half of the twentieth century.

However, this characteristic lapse is far outweighed by the merits of Sir John's chronicle: the detachment; the sharp and (Americans aside) unprejudiced observation of people of all sorts and nationalities; the careful attention to facts at the expense of high drama or anecdotal neatness; the blessed absence of gung-ho propaganda. In the rewarding context of so many virtues, it is probably niggling to stress the transatlantic myopia of mid-century British officialdom. The memoirs of a later generation have other values to offer, other flaws. —ALISTAIR COOKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HAWKSMOOR, by Peter Ackroyd (Harper & Row; $16.95). This novel begins under the foundations of some eighteenth-century London churches built on pre-Christian sacred sites. That it is partly a twentieth-century murder mystery is not apparent at first. Odd-numbered chapters recall Defoe's "A Journal of the Plague Year": writing in 1712, their fictional narrator, Nicholas Dyer, Assistant Surveyour at Her Majesty's Office of Works, Scotland Yard, recalls his parents' death during the Great Plague, and his own survival of the Great Fire of 1666. He also explains his fiendish plan, which dates from those days, to erect seven fireproof churches in a black-magical pattern. An even-numbered chapter introduces Hawksmoor, an eccentric detective working out of New Scotland Yard. He hopes that the "comparability factor" (forensic jargon) in a string of murders committed at various London churches will help him predict the next attempt; meanwhile, the reader sees uncanny parallels between these cases and those in the odd-numbered chapters. Mr. Ackroyd dovetails the two Londons so deftly that soon it is difficult to say which one his poor hero inhabits.

A SIMPLE STORY, by S. Y. Agnon, translated from the Hebrew by Hillel Halkin (Schocken; $14.95). A complex story, first published in 1935, by a master storyteller (1888-1970). The setting is the Jewish quarter of a town in Agnon's native Galicia, in what is now Poland, during the reign, early in this century, of the Emperor Franz Josef. The opening pages introduce a flawless, if penniless, orphan girl, and seem to promise an old-fashioned case of true love pitted against parental practicality, but then the hero lets himself be tricked into a matchmaker-made marriage. The reader assumes that this is just a temporary setback, and the plot seems to be in familiar territory when the hero goes mad. But then he recovers. In a first-rate afterword, the translator cites, it seems, every romance that might have misled the well-read reader of "A Simple Story"—from "Tristram and Isolde" and "The Sorrows of Young Werther" to "Lady Chatterley's Lover"—and charts every twist and turn in Agnon's maze of "mock naïve antimodernism." He also offers biographical background, including an amusing anecdote in which a young Amos Oz is the victim of Agnon's "penchant for pulling legs."

THE ANDERSON QUESTION, by Bel Mooney (Hamish Hamilton/David & Charles; $18.95). A thoughtful, tired doctor retreats to his neighborhood's version of Lear's heath, where he ponders the nature of "unaccommodated man." The rest of the book describes how the doctor's wife and son cope with increasingly accurate and difficult information—his disappearance, his suicide—and with their neighbors' curiosity and condolences. This is a thorough, earnest work about catharsis, but a slight one nonetheless.

NOTE: "Whites," a collection of stories by Norman Rush, has been published by Knopf ($14.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF LIMERICKS, edited by E. O. Parrott, illustrated by Robin Jacques (Viking; $16.95). Characters ranging from Robin Hood to Jane Austen and creatures ranging from a dead cat to a dozen old skunks are maligned in Mr. Parrott's dozen contributions to this naturally off-color collection. Between "Prologue" and "Envoi," he has organized eight hundred-odd examples under eighteen irreverent headings: from "Genesis," in which swans and dons suffer decent and indecent fates at the hands of Arthur Clement Hilton and Anon.,

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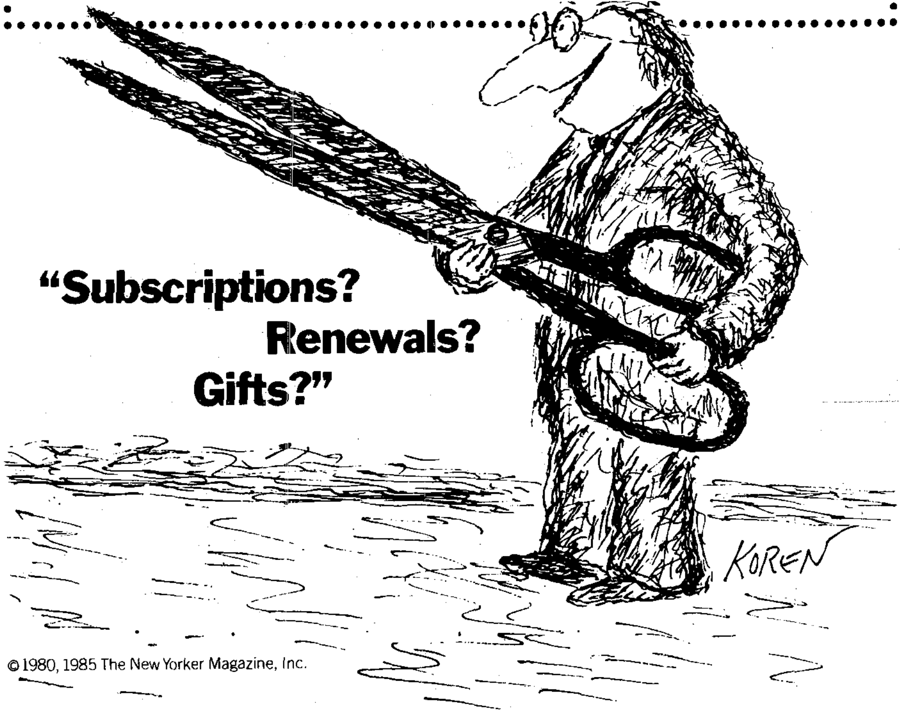
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to "Revelations," in which Anon. takes the blame for much of what happens—in the three lines between "Fife" and "wife," say, or between "Beirut" and "flute." In the section titled "Old Faithful," a young man of Calcutta with a speech impairment sets a kind of record with a three-word last line—"And the b...b...b...b...b...b...butta"—but that record is broken in "Theory and Practice," by "Diphenyltrichloroethane." In an introduction, Mr. Parrott reports that "another distinguished English publishing house" once thought about publishing just such a book, and then thought again.

VISIBLE LIGHT, by Michael Lesy (Times Books; $22.50 cloth, $14.95 paper). Four striking studies of four American photographers. The first, Angelo Rizzuto—the only one not now alive—was a prolific paranoiac who focussed his camera on Manhattan's skyline and pedestrians, and sometimes, in his ratty rented room, on his own angry face. Mr. Lesy compares his contact sheets to Krapp's tape. The second, William Burke, took peyote and discovered a world untainted by anger. Literally scarred by his surgeon grandfather, he found that fear could focus him; Mr. Lesy suggests that his pictures of hard-bitten Kentuckians are self-portraits, in a way. The third, John McWilliams, went from Atlanta to Alaska and from a cynical faith in man's apocalyptic power to contempt for his puniness. The fourth, Andrea Kovács, takes three days to tell Mr. Lesy her story, which becomes a happy one. Illustrations by the four photographers justify Mr. Lesy's allusions to Prufrock, Ozymandias, Hogarth, and Robbe-Grillet.

THE WAR OF THE TWO EMPERORS: THE DUEL BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER—RUSSIA, 1812, by Curtis Cate (Random House; $24.95). This fine history demonstrates that Napoleon's invasion of Russia was something worse than a diplomatic and military error. It represented, the author thinks, Napoleon's entry into a dream world in which he, the self-made leader of a revolutionary nation, had become a legitimate dynast. Although his most trusted advisers counselled against the war, Napoleon envisioned a short, decisive campaign whereby he annihilated the Russian armies and he and the czar negotiated an amicable peace. But the French Revolution, which had brought Napoleon to power, had taught Europe nationalism, and his invasion evoked total war with Russia. Mr. Cate regards the Russian General Kutuzov as a hedonistic sluggard, not the shrewd hero that Tolstoy drew, and believes that a less popular general, Barclay de Tolly, was the originator of Russia's victory. He makes it clear that a younger, more realistic Napoleon would not have been vulnerable to any Russian commander.

POEMS FROM ITALY, edited by William Jay Smith and Dana Gioia (New Rivers; $12 paper). "*Traduttore-traditore*," the editors—who are themselves poets—remark in a preface: "Translator-traitor." For the most part, though, if the translations they've chosen for this bilingual collection are treasons at all, they're honorable, even loving, ones. Spenser does tack his own, blithely catty ending on to Petrarch's "Visions," but Chaucer, when translating Petrarch, sticks to the text ("If no love is, O God, what fele I so?"). And, when translating Dante, Shelley (in the fond "Sonnet to Guido Cavalcanti") and Byron and Seamus Heaney (in the Circles of Lust and Treachery, respectively) can apparently do no wrong. The Italian poets represented here, about half of whom wrote before 1700, were born between 1182 and 1923; their translators cover a century or so less. All the work is set out in a nice straight chronological line—just over four hundred well-printed pages, scattered with spare woodcuts out of Francesco Colonna's "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," from Venice of 1499. Somewhere in the middle, George Santayana philosophically bear-hugs Michelangelo, and Anthony Burgess finds a light-verse, black-humor comrade in Giuseppe Gioacchino Belli. Toward the end, in the twentieth century, James Merrill meets Eugenio Montale in "In the Park": "I laugh with you on the warped wheel of shade."

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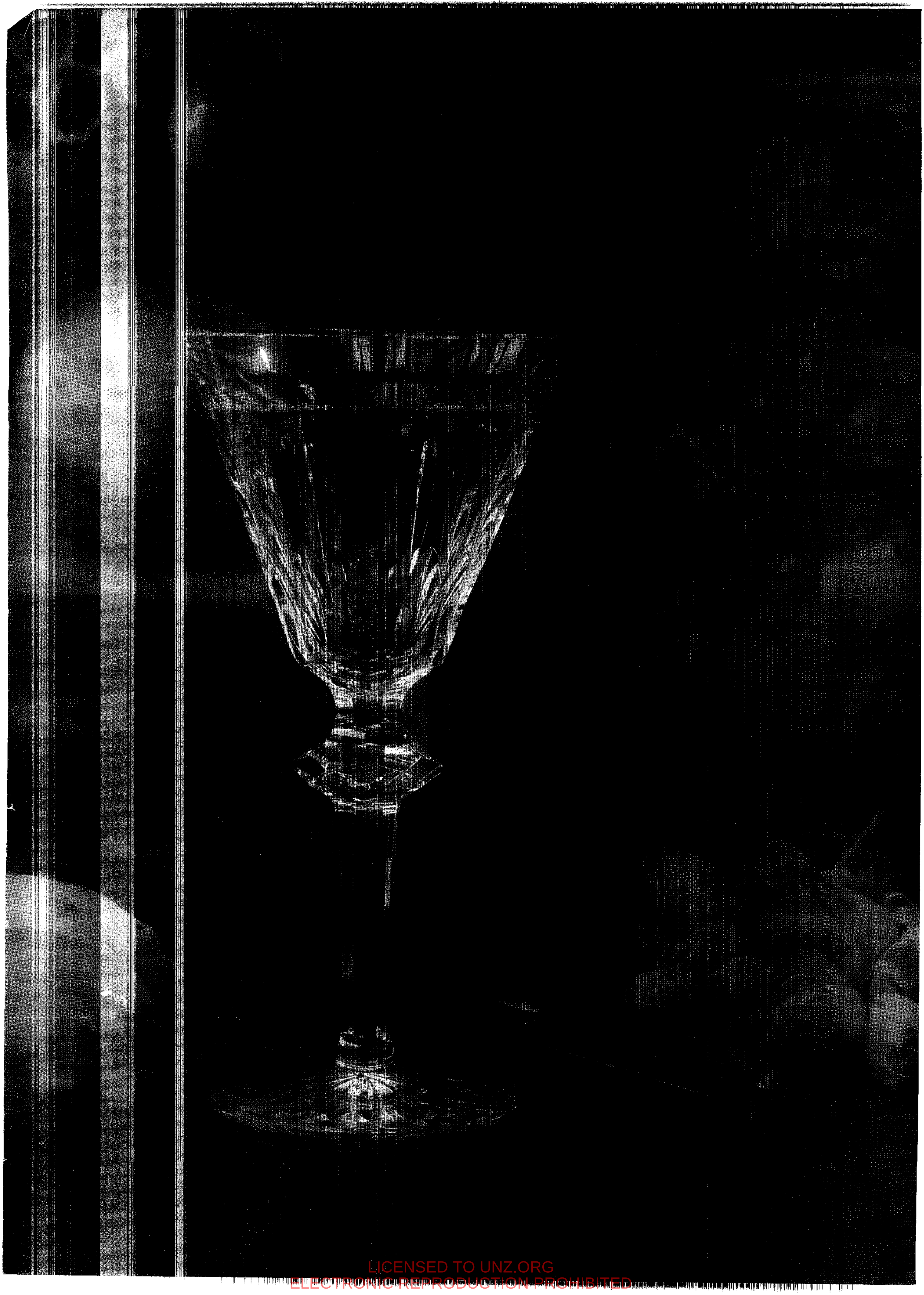

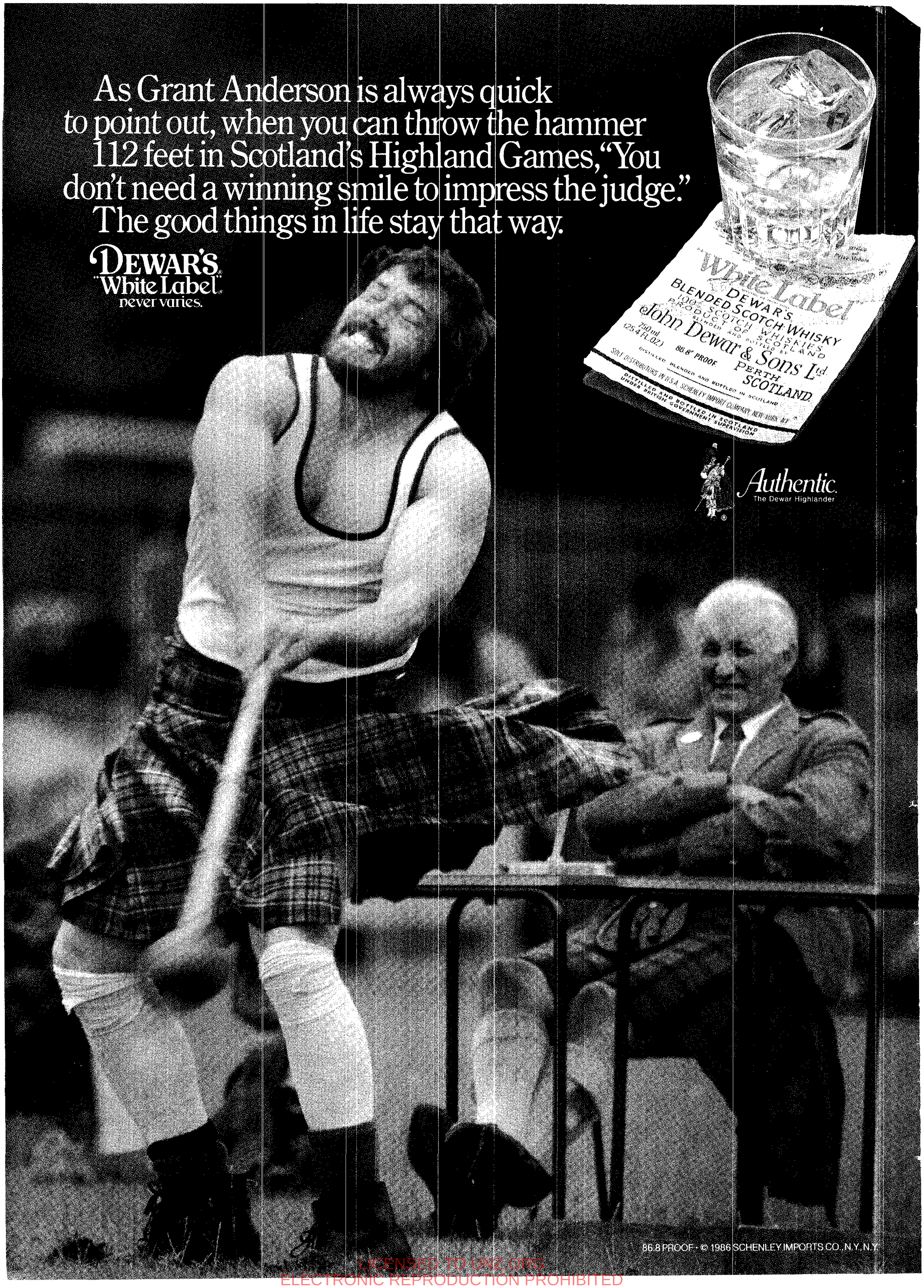
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